

DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1863.

1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	1920	1921	1922	1923	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2433	2434	2435	2436	2437	2438	2439	2440	2441	2442	2443	2444	2445	2446	2447	2448	2449	2450	2451	2452	2453	2454	2455	2456	2457	2458	2459	2460	2461	2462	2463	2464	2465	2466	2467	2468	2469	2470	2471	2472	2473	2474	2475	2476	2477	2478	2479	2480	2481	2482	2483	2484	2485	2486	2487	2488	2489	2490	2491	2492	2493	2494	2495	2496	2497	2498	2499	2500	2501	2502	2503	2504	2505	2506	2507	2508	2509	2510	2511	2512	2513	2514	2515	2516	2517	2518	2519	2520	2521	2522	2523	2524	2525	2526	2527	2528	2529	2530	2531	2532	2533	2534	2535	2536	2537	2538	2539	2540	2541	2542	2543	2544	2545	2546	2547	2548	2549	2550	2551	2552	2553	2554	2555	2556	2557	2558	2559	2560	2561	2562	2563	2564	2565	2566	2567	2568	2569	2570	2571	2572	2573	2574	2575	2576	2577	2578	2579	2580	2581	2582	2583	2584	2585	2586	2587	2588	2589	2590	2591	2592	2593	2594	2595	2596	2597	2598	2599	2600	2601	2602	2603	2604	2605	2606	2607	2608	2609	2610	2611	2612	2613	2614	2615	2616	2617	2618	2619	2620	2621	2622	2623	2624	2625	2626	2627	2628	2629	2630	2631	2632	2633	2634	2635	2636	2637	2638	2639	2640	2641	2642	2643	2644	2645	2646	2647	2648	2649	2650	2651	2652	2653	2654	2655	2656	2657	2658	2659	2660	2661	2662	2663	2664	2665	2666	2667	2668	2669	2670	2671	2672	2673	2674	2675	2676	2677	2678	2679	2680	2681	2682	2683	2684	2685	2686	2687	2688	2689	2690	2691	2692	2693	2694	2695	2696	2697	2698	2699	2700	2701	2702	2703	2704	2705	2706	2707	2708	2709	2710	2711	2712	2713	2714	2715	2716	2717	2718	2719	2720	2721	2722	2723	2724	2725	2726	2727	2728	2729	2730	2731	2732	2733	2734	2735	2736	2737	2738	2739	2740	2741	2742	2743	2744	2745	2746	2747	2748	2749	2750	2751	2752	2753	2754	2755	2756	2757	2758	2759	2760	2761	2762	2763	2764	2765	2766	2767	2768	2769	2770	2771	2772	2773	2774	2775	2776	2777	2778	2779	2780	2781	2782	2783	2784	2785	2786	2787	2788	2789	2790	2791	2792	2793	2794	2795	2796	2797	2798	2799	2800	2801	2802	2803	2804	2805	2806	2807	2808	2809	2810	2811	2812	2813	2814	2815	2816	2817	2818	2819	2820	2821	2822	2823	2824	2825	2826	2827	2828	2829	2830	2831	2832	2833	2834	2835	2836	2837	2838	2839	2840	2841	2842	2843	2844	2845	2846	2847	2848	2849	2850	2851	2852	2853	2854	2855	2856	2857	2858	2859	2860	2861	2862	2863	2864	2865	2866	2867	2868	2869	2870	2871	2872	2873	2874	2875	2876	2877	2878	2879	2880	2881	2882	2883	2884	2885	2886	2887	2888	2889	2890	2891	2892	2893	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INDEX TO MAGAZINE.

JULY.

	Page.		Page.
The Life Secret - - - - -	5	Little Charley - - - - -	59
The Sale of the Picture - - - - -	21	Mrs. Clough's Daughter-in-law - - - - -	59
A Powder-Mill Romance - - - - -	22	The Florist - - - - -	69
Cheer up - - - - -	27	The Housewife - - - - -	70
Wed of Flirtation - - - - -	27	Curious Matters - - - - -	71
Wed of Old - - - - -	31	EDITOR'S TABLE - - - - -	72
Wed Picture - - - - -	31		
Wed - - - - -	35	Wonderful Mechanism—A Quakeress on Crino-	
World - - - - -	35	line—The Old Maids of England—The Widower's	
ood - - - - -	40	Victory—An expensive Luxury—The properties	
Greatest." - - - - -	40	of Milk—Table Etiquette—A Soldier of the Lord	
- - - - -	44	—A Parisian Family—Strong-Minded Women—	
- - - - -	44	The Upward Class of Men—Human Nest—A Mis-	
- - - - -	48	take about Distances.	
- - - - -	48		
- - - - -	54	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	80
- - - - -	54	Mr. Faintheart's Attempts to evade the Con-	
- - - - -	54	scription—(Humorous Illustrations).	



shine after Rain - - - - -	134
's last Payment - - - - -	134
mistaken Mission - - - - -	138
- - - - -	142
- - - - -	142
- - - - -	148
- - - - -	148

SEPTEMBER.

	Page.		Page.
French Scenes - - - - -	173	The Wheel of Fortune - - - - -	224
Scenes in Norwalk, Conn. - - - - -	177	Carrie's Tomb - - - - -	230
Citadel of St. Petersburg - - - - -	181	Wounded - - - - -	230
Falls of the Chaudiere, Canada - - - - -	183	Making a Name - - - - -	233
State Street, New London, Conn. - - - - -	185	We met in Crowds - - - - -	237
Clifton, an English Watering-Place - - - - -	188	The Father's Devotion - - - - -	237
Song of the Indian Maid - - - - -	189	The Florist - - - - -	239
Who shall be King? - - - - -	189	The Housewife - - - - -	240
Gone - - - - -	196	Curious Matters - - - - -	241
Living in the Country - - - - -	196	EDITOR'S TABLE - - - - -	242
The old Man's Plaint - - - - -	202		
Lina Weitzel - - - - -	202	Facts about Women—Irish Girls—English Palaces— —A smart Woman—England and America— Handsome Men—Classification of Klasses—Parisian Thieves—A few plain Facts—A Duke and his Diamonds.	
The Moonbeam - - - - -	206		
The Minister's Wife - - - - -	206	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	243
The Songster - - - - -	212	Mr. Jollypaunch and his Fishing Excursion— (Humorous Illustrations).	
Auguste Dupin's Suit - - - - -	212		
To Mother in Heaven - - - - -	218		
What I found out at Mt. Calder - - - - -	218		
I have met thee - - - - -	224		

OCTOBER.

Sir John Franklin's Expedition - - - - -	257	An Apple-Gathering - - - - -	299
St. John's Gate, Quebec, Canada - - - - -	261	Change - - - - -	299
Forrest Castle, Yonkers, N. Y. - - - - -	263	Donna Inez Espagne - - - - -	303
Russian Fortifications - - - - -	264	Jeannette and I - - - - -	303
Gen. Prescott's Headquarters, Newport - - - - -	265	Song for Poland - - - - -	311
Schuylkill River, Pennsylvania - - - - -	267	Galbridge Hall - - - - -	311
Scene on the Danube - - - - -	269	The Consoler - - - - -	317
Taking a Pilot on board - - - - -	271	Annie and I - - - - -	317
Bell and Surf Boat - - - - -	273	The Florist - - - - -	323
In Thought - - - - -	273	The Housewife - - - - -	324
Miss Primrose and her Protege - - - - -	273	Curious Matters - - - - -	325
Why - - - - -	279	EDITOR'S TABLE - - - - -	326
Moraima - - - - -	279		
My Boy - - - - -	283	The Empress and her Hair—The Human Eye— The Riot Mania—The Nile Explorers—Male and Female Manners—The Women of France—How they vote in France.	
Twice Won - - - - -	283		
The Flag of our Union - - - - -	291	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	332
My Two - - - - -	291	Mr. Jollypaunch and his Hunting Excursion— (Humorous Illustrations.)	
Cloud Land - - - - -	295		
Mrs. Grey's Story - - - - -	295		

NOVEMBER.

Exterior and Interior of an English Castle - - - - -	341	Violets - - - - -	384
Cadets making Fascines - - - - -	345	The old Oak Tree - - - - -	393
Cadets' Monument and Cemetery - - - - -	346	The Secret of a Life - - - - -	393
Encampment of a Persian Army under the Walls of Shiraz - - - - -	347	The Travellers - - - - -	399
Costume of the Abyssinian Soldier - - - - -	348	The Half-Way Rock - - - - -	399
Autumn Leaves - - - - -	350	The Tragedy of Easter Sunday - - - - -	404
View of Lake Ontario - - - - -	351	The Florist - - - - -	407
Boulogne Shrimp Woman - - - - -	353	The Housewife - - - - -	408
Jewish Synagogue, St. Louis, Missouri - - - - -	355	Curious Matters - - - - -	409
Procession of the Fete Dieu, on the Lake of Gmunden - - - - -	356	EDITOR'S TABLE - - - - -	410
The Tear - - - - -	357		
The False and the True - - - - -	357	Ladies' Dresses—Time for cutting Flowers—Recol- lections of a Dandy—Hair Dyeing—Sheffield Cutlery—An Illinois Farm—How the Sultan marries a Daughter—Surgery in Afghanistan— Scientific Paradoxes—About Beards—Russia and Persia.	
Song - - - - -	369		
Dr. Woodbury and Miss Rolfe - - - - -	369	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	416
The Rose and the Violet - - - - -	375	Mr. Jones and his Family on a Tour of Plea- sure—(Humorous Illustrations.)	
The Captain's Cousin - - - - -	375		
Mother, Home and Heaven - - - - -	384		

DECEMBER.

	Page.		Page.
Confederate Salt Works, Georgia - - -	425	Childhood's Home - - - - -	461
Boston Railroad Depot, Lowell, Mass. -	426	Hester Harding's Sin - - - - -	461
Gloucester Fishermen - - - - -	427	The Captain and his Mate - - - - -	468
Court House, Fonda, New York - - -	429	To my own little Cot - - - - -	473
Inclined Plane on the Morris Canal - -	430	The Prisoner of Cabezas - - - - -	473
Gov. Lincoln's Monument, Augusta, Me. -	431	My Widow - - - - -	479
Flying Proas of the Ladrone Islands - -	433	A Night on Mount Monroe - - - - -	479
Winter - - - - -	434	Bells - - - - -	484
Church of St. James the Less, Philadelphia -	435	Cousin Roger's Letter - - - - -	484
Arcade at Providence, R. I. - - - - -	437	The Florist - - - - -	491
French Vivandieres - - - - -	439	The Housewife - - - - -	493
Houses of Parliament, London - - - -	440	Curious Matters - - - - -	493
Autumn Leaves - - - - -	441	EDITOR'S TABLE - - - - -	494
Victoria Stanton - - - - -	441		
Onward - - - - -	449	The Depth of Space—Millionaires—A great Artist.	
A fearful Hour - - - - -	449	Facts and Fancies - - - - -	500
A Shadow on the Sill - - - - -	455	The Wing and Feather Fever as displayed on	
The missing Link - - - - -	455	Washington street—(Humorous Illustrations).	

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[ORIGINAL.]

THE LIFE SECRET:

—OR,—

THE ROSE OF MONTAUBAN.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

It was near sunset of a spring day, that the young Count Louis D'Artois—no less no-

ble in valen and character than in name—was riding through the heart of a forest lying toward the south of France, and not far from the beautiful windings of the Rhone. He had preferred this road to the one which skirted the wood, it being by miles the shortest way to the chateau of his uncle, the Marquis de Montauban, whom he was about to visit. Count Louis had been in the neighborhood two years before, for a short time, and knew

the route he was now travelling to be not the safest; yet, armed with pistols and brave by nature, he had no fears for himself; not even though the servant who had accompanied him on his journey had been obliged to stop at the last inn to attend to his beast, which had fallen lame by the way. He thought rather of the welcome waiting him from his honored uncle and regal cousin Helen—a lady, however, whose proud beauty and grace had never mingled in his dreams of a happy future. As he rode on, a faint murmuring of thunder came to his ear, while lightnings played fantastically across his darkening pathway. The wind, too, had risen, and wailed among the dense boughs that tossed with almost human life and pain. Suddenly, a vivid flash lighting up the forest, our traveller distinctly saw, a little beyond his horse's head, the fig-



A STRANGE MEETING IN THE FOREST.



COUNT MONTAUBAN AND HELEN AWAITING LOUIS.

ure of a man creeping out from the underbrush by the roadside. The count involuntarily drew rein, and tried to discover the form again, but the darkness rendered this impossible. With a quick motion he placed his hand in his bosom, and firmly awaited the action of the person who must be near him.

"Count D'Artois, you are in danger!" said a low, friendly voice, while a man's hand was laid upon his knee.

"Who are you?"

"Your friend—which is all I can tell you now. My face the lightning shows you at this moment—a rough face, you see, belonging to a figure coarsely clad, and prepared for rude encounter. By accident I obtained the information which I have just imparted to you; you do not remember me, but you once did me a service which remains unforgotten. With the warning, take this brace of pistols."

"I thank you," Louis replied, "but I do not need them. My good fellow, I have arms already."

"Ay, but the charges were withdrawn previous to your leaving Corbigny this morning. You take these; be wary, calm and brave, as is your wont, and you will outlive the peril which is not far off. Good night."

Another broad flash of lightning showed Louis alone. He rode forward, wondering but not dismayed. In a quarter of an hour his suspense terminated. A branch above his head was bent, and cracked sharply; and while Roland, affrighted, reared violently, a strange figure swung lightly down from the branch to the pathway, a strong hand seized the horse's bridle, a pistol was presented, and a stern voice uttered:

"Stand, and deliver your money!"

Louis fairly laughed in derision, as with one

blow of his slight but powerful arm he struck aside the uplifted weapon, and with the second stretched the ruffian senseless among the bushes by the path. No sooner was this foe vanquished, than two more appeared, one of whom grasped the bridle, despite the rider's attempts to spur past, while his companion leaped upon the young count, endeavoring to tear him from the saddle, at the same time firing off a pistol close to his ear, the ball missing its deadly aim by scarce a hair's breadth. Louis jerked his arm from the grasp of his assailant, and aimed at him a blow with the butt of a heavy riding-whip, but it was wrenched from him. Then laying hold of one of his pistols, as a last resource, he fired at the villain, who dropped with a smothered curse; and as the other, letting go the bridle, sprang in turn upon the count, a blow from the discharged pistol prostrated him across the body of his comrade. With a terrified snort, Roland galloped onward, till his master, becoming assured that the danger was now past, slackened the brave creature's speed, and patted his quivering neck with soothing and cheering words. It was not long before horse and rider emerged from the main forest, and the latter, seeing a light gleaming out amid the darkness, remembered that a small cottage, inhabited by some quiet peasants, stood just here, at the distance of half a league from the Montauban chateau. As in passing the cabin his eye turned naturally on the little uncurtained window, he beheld within, a young girl of not more than sixteen, with a charming petite figure, and a face whose artless loveliness, as with a warm smile for some one it turned responsive to the sound of coming hoofs, it would be hard to equal in the gay capital, his home. It was a picture that cheered the traveller through the remainder of his journey. If we precede Count

Louis to the chateau, recalling the hour when we first saw him riding in the forest, we find in the library the marquis, whom everybody loves, and his daughter, whom everybody admires at a distance. She was, like her mother, the first wife of the marquis, an Italian, with a nature violent and very passionate. He had been married twice, to a beautiful French woman after the death of La Marquise Guidette, and it was said he mourned the last wife more than the first. Only Helen comforts his approaching old age; though another infant, violet-eyed Marguerite, was the fruit of his happier marriage. In the drawing-room hangs her portrait, at which during many years the father has often looked, sighing.

"Still my cousin comes not," spoke Made-moiselle de Montauban, without turning her proud gaze from the winding road she had watched through the window until weary. For Louis had sent forward a messenger to announce what time he expected to arrive. Her tones were soft and silvery as she sat toying with her jewelled fan.

"He comes not," repeated the marquis, closing his book, and turning to mark through



ROSE ON HER WAY TO THE CHATEAU WITH FLOWERS.

the window the gathering storm. "Yet let us not fear for Louis," he added; "his valet is with him, and the count is brave."

"None braver," returned Helen, and the heart beneath that cold exterior throbbed on with tenderest emotions.

When Louis, the following morning, sat by

reality. The marquis, too, grew excited with contemplating the peril to which his young relative had so recently been exposed, and walking back and forth, talked of rallying the district to search for the secret haunt of the audacious robber gang who had so long infested the forest, and systematically waylaid the unsuspecting traveller.



COUNT LOUIS ON A SKETCHING EXPEDITION.

the side of his fair cousin on the terrace enjoying the fragrant, sunlighted air, vocal with the songs of birds, he found it difficult to believe that his last night's adventure was more than a dream. But though the hero spoke of it lightly, it was quite apparent, from the blanched cheek and lip of Mademoiselle Helen while she listened, that she felt its fearful

It would have astonished the Marquis de Montauban not a little, could he have heard on the previous night some conversation that passed between the neighboring peasant Hugh Lamonte and his nephew Gasparde, as the pair followed on the trail of Count D'Artois, coming in sight of the lighted cabin only a short time after the latter had passed.

"Humph! spare your explanations," said Hugh, gruffly. "Three to one, and beaten at that—there is no more to be said. A fine story to tell the men!"

"But, captain," persisted the other, "who knew he had his pistols? He must have found out before starting, I say, that somebody had drawn his teeth. But I'll take care of that count yet."

"Enough," interrupted Hugh, authoritatively. "Gasparde, turn back now, and silently. Do not enter my child's presence armed like a brigand, to reveal our calling. Go—I shall be at the rendezvous to-morrow night."

The father took a few rapid strides towards the cottage, and through its small window beheld Rose, whose quick ear had detected his footsteps, hastening to unbar the door for his admission.

"Poor innocent!" he muttered, struck with sudden remorse; "for your sake, I would quit this miserable way of life, but I cannot—I dare not."

"Dear father," cried Rose, gladly, throwing her arms around his neck as he came over the threshold, "how late you are. Supper has waited so long."

"Take care, petite," he said, gently, "my clothes are none of the driest. I came as soon as the rain would let me."

Rose never thought of doubting her father's word, or she would not have slept so sweetly that night under the same roof with the captain of the highwaymen.

In the next morning's early sunshine the peasant maiden, having plucked from her cherished garden a small basketful of dewy roses and arranged them with exquisite taste, set off towards the chateau.

She was bearing this graceful gift to Mademoiselle Helen, whom she looked upon as something angelic, and who ever seemed less haughty and cold to her than to any one else. Rose had not gone far when a shadow fell across her path, and her cousin Gasparde, saluting her, took his way, unwelcome enough, by her side.

"They say that Count D'Artois has arrived at the chateau," he remarked. "He is going to marry Mademoiselle Helen." Then, after a pause, determined to get some word from her: "What do you say to that?"

"That is no affair either of yours or mine."

"Rose," cried the young man, "why will you be so short with me? You know I love, and wish to marry you."

"And you know your wish is in vain," she

said. "What I wish is to part company with you here and now."

"I will at least have a kiss first," returned her cousin, with a reckless air.

"Gasparde, let me go!" she cried, struggling unsuccessfully with the arm that was flung about her waist.

It was a light form that sprang out of the thicket by the wayside, a graceful arm with iron force that smote the insolent fellow to the ground. Gasparde had seen that form and felt the weight of that arm to his cost, before. Kissing, not without difficulty, he gave a vengeful glance, and bolted away in the direction he had come. The count looked after him an instant, then joined Rose, who with blended fear and interest had watched this brief scene. She knew, even before he told her, that he was the Count D'Artois.

"I thank you very much, monsieur," she said, modestly.

The count, in the most respectful manner, expressed his happiness in having been of service to her, and the two walked on to the chateau in company. And, when later, Rose returned to the cottage, Louis was still by her side; for, after what had happened, he would not suffer her to walk that lonely way without a protector. Rose seemed to have brought her fairest flowers with her, so beautiful were those blushing cheeks, and in truth the count fully appreciated her loveliness. He discovered, too, that she had quick and delicate perceptions, a refined love of the beautiful, and a mind cultivated to a degree extremely unusual in one of her station. On returning to the chateau he expressed his surprise to his uncle, the marquis.

"There is a mystery," the latter replied—"at least, I have often thought so—about Rose and her father. Lamonte wears the garb of a peasant, yet has sometimes the bearing of a king. He came to this neighborhood some twelve years ago with Rose, then a little fairy of three or four years, and they have lived at the cabin ever since. Uncommunicative and distant to all besides, he is yet the most affectionate of parents to his motherless little girl."

Louis was inwardly considering that it would be worth his while to visit the cabin again and see its strange proprietor.

A week after his arrival at the chateau, the handsome young count stepped from the terrace, where he had bidden his cousin a gay good morning, and gun and sketchbook in hand, went forth for a day's converse with nature.



ROBIN THE GARDENER.

He had a fancy to sketch the cottage, and fortune favored his purpose; for when the count came in sight of the lowly roof, there, without the open door, sat Rose, bending in simple grace over her sewing, thus adding her living charm to the scene. Louis sketched rapidly, and not until the miniature was complete, had the maiden a thought that any human eye was upon her. Then closing his sketchbook, he advanced and spoke to Rose, who looked up, welcomed him with a smile, and invited him to a seat. He inquired first what had become of Gaspard, and was glad to learn that Rose's father had spoken sharply to him concerning his conduct to her, and had

sent him away to a distance, where he would not soon annoy her any more.

Louis had opened his portfolio, and now passed to her the sketch he had just taken, saying:

"Tell me who and what is this, my little friend."

She looked at it, and a bright smile shone in her hazel eyes and rippled over her face.

"It is my own little home, monsieur. How faithfully you have sketched it. There is the mignonette on the sill, and my pretty cat asleep in the sunshine beside the box. There is the open door, and one edge of the book-case which hangs by the window."

"But who is this," asked the artist, "seated in her rustic chair sewing?—my cousin Helen?"

"No, monsieur," she said, with artless pleasure, "it is, I think, Rose Lamonte."

The count would rather have lingered at the cottage than return to the chateau; but the hour drew near when he had promised to be there, and reluctantly he bade Rose good-day. As he went his way he heard a merry whistle, and rousing from his reverie, beheld a man approaching at some distance. The latter, it was evident, had recognized the count already, but did not desire to be recognized in return. He came up with his eyes fixed on the earth, but Louis, who had been attracted by his manner, catching a glimpse of those features, stopped short, with an involuntary exclamation, and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"My friend!" he said—"for such you called yourself in the forest and darkness a week ago, and well did you prove your right to the title."

"I see you are determined to know me, count," speaking respectfully, and removing his hat.

"I do not know your name," Louis rejoined, "but beg you will tell it me."

"Jacques Leroux, monsieur. Ask me no more questions, if you please; since one is more than I cared to answer."

The perplexed nobleman could only allow Jacques to proceed, after expressing an earnest hope that they might be brought together again at no distant day, and he have the opportunity of rewarding in some measure the service he had received.

One day when Louis was out shooting, a bullet from an unknown hand whistled through the air, struck his left arm, and ploughing a deep furrow in the flesh, continued its course till it lodged in the trunk of a tree. The warm blood flowed freely, completely saturating the sleeve, ere Louis could fold his handkerchief into a bandage and apply it to the wound. Determined to know more of the affair, which occurred almost on the exact spot where he had the encounter with Gasparde, Louis did not correct the impression among his friends, that his injury was caused by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

A month passed; his arm was entirely healed; and now the count, greatly to the regret of his uncle and cousin, announced the necessity of his departure for Lyons. With a promise of returning in the autumn, he left the chateau; wondering as he rode along, wheth-

er pretty Rose Lamonte would likewise regret his absence and miss his quiet visits at her home.

On the same day, or the next, a young peasant, dressed in a coarse but neat garb, and carrying, slung across his shoulder, a bundle tied up in a cotton handkerchief, called at the cottage to inquire of Hugh Lamonte whether he could not direct him to some farmer of the neighborhood who would give him employ. He was a gardener, he said, though he would gladly perform any honest labor.

"There is Antoine Lebrun," Hugh said, "about a mile from here—he is in want of another hand, and I think would be satisfied with you," looking at the athletic form and honest, open face of the applicant.

"Thank you, monsieur—I shall go there."

He bowed, even with grace, as he passed Rose in going out, and when he was in the road again, the maiden whispered to herself:

"His is a handsome face, though browned by exposure to sun and wind. Shapely limbs, too, for a peasant." She was probably contrasting this young laborer with the person she had sometimes seen of late, who was by birth above the ranks of toil.

One sunset, a few days after, the stranger, Robin by name, came over to the cottage after his day's work was finished. He wished to thank Lamonte, for directing him to Monsieur Lebrun, of whom he had readily obtained employment; but whether the beauty and shy grace of Rose had any influence in detaining him for nearly two hours, I leave others to judge. Hugh and his daughter were in the garden when Robin came, and as the former treated him with rare cordiality, he was emboldened, being a professional horticulturist, to suggest certain improvements among shrubs and flower-beds. Rose was delighted with such assistance; and it came to pass that Robin asked and received permission to come sometimes and work in the cottage garden. There, nearly every fine afternoon, he might be seen with spade and pruning-knife, making skilful alterations in the training of the flowers; till they became even finer than in the earlier part of the season.

It was happiness that made Rose so much more beautiful than ever—more and more lovely every day. But as this world's bliss has many alloys, hers had soon to share the common fate. Her worthless cousin Gasparde had returned to the neighborhood (if, indeed, he had been out of it), and having sought her



PARTING INTERVIEW OF ROBIN AND ROSE.

father's pardon and her own, renewed his visits to the cottage. It was evident he entertained a bitter jealousy of Robin, and poor Rose was secretly tortured lest he should do him harm. Hugh, for some reason that he would not be prevailed on to make known to his daughter, had become gloomy and dejected, appearing to find little comfort in anything.

Once when Robin came as usual, half an hour before sunset, instead of working in the garden, he and Hugh walked away to the field; and Rose could see them standing there talking together for a long time. She wondered what it was about. At dusk they en-

tered the cottage. Robin did not speak, but Hugh advanced at once to Rose.

"My child," he said, gently, "here is Robin, who wishes to marry you. What answer will you give him?"

Rose was silent, her eyes cast down, her fair cheek reddening, tears gathering in her eyes. Hugh turned away, and with folded arms paced the room. Robin came to her side, and pressed her hand.

"Dear Rose," he said, "I know I am asking a great deal. I am poor, and almost a stranger; but O! I love you, and, God willing, I will one day be rich enough to give you a

comfortable home. Will you not promise to marry me then? I did not think you disliked me."

"But my father," faltered Rose. "No, Robin, I cannot leave him to his loneliness."

"Daughter," said Hugh, turning to her, "the future is not in your hands. If you love Robin, marry him."

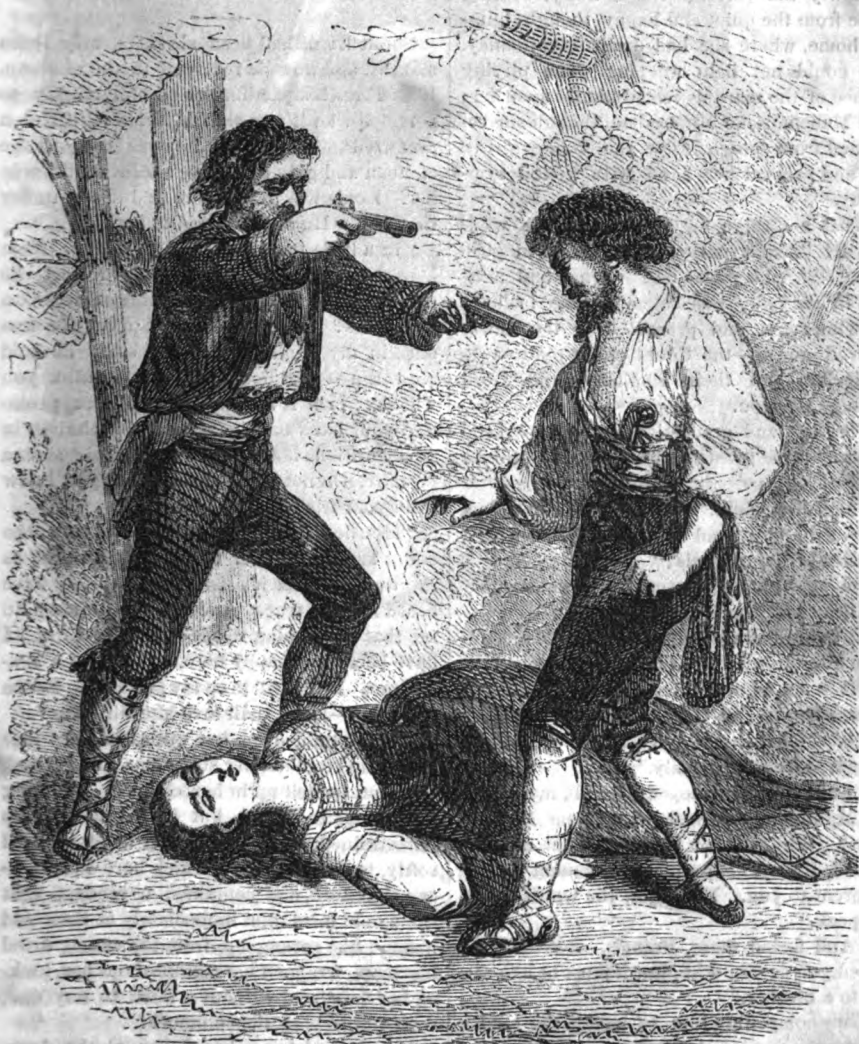
So the two young persons were betrothed. However, they were shortly to be separated. The next morning Hugh startled Rose with the information that he was going away, for how long he could not tell, and that the marquis and mademoiselle had requested to re-

ceive her under their care, and would come down to take her to the chateau that very evening. Robin entered with a serious face, and said that he, too, was going away, and had come to bid her farewell. How sad she was!

"It is better so," he said. "I could not visit you at the chateau; but, Rose, if you are true to me, we will meet again and be happy."

He silently clasped her to his heart, her arms were thrown around her lover's neck, her lips met his.

There was one witness whose sudden presence was unnoticed by them, and who now



GASPARDE'S DESPERATE THREAT.

stood at a little distance regarding them with a scowl as black as night on his lowering brow. It was Gasparde.

The day waned, and with the approach of evening came the Marquis of Montauban and his daughter Helen. Rose did not know it then, but by the request of the marquis and the consent of her father, she had become in a manner the adopted daughter of the former; and for her sake, Hugh Lamonte was to enter into a voluntary exile from his home. This was the cloud that shadowed his brow to-day. He took his farewell of her; gave her silently to Helen Montauban.

Slowly the carriage rolled away, bearing Rose from the quiet and happy though humble home, where she had dwelt from infancy. She could not help weeping. The pitying glance of the marquis rested kindly upon her; and Mademoiselle Montauban, though she refrained from speech, drew the young girl to her and pressed her hand with gentle sympathy.

What a change for the timid little wildflower! That evening, Rose, robed in pure white silk, with pearls on her arms and neck and in her hair, was taken to the brilliant drawing-room and presented to the newly arrived guests—the Count and Countess de Clairville, and their English friend, Lord Francis Egerton.

The fair and graceful stranger embraced Rose with the greatest kindness, and still regarding her earnestly, said:

"My dear child, you seem to resemble a person whom I used to know. Are you a relative of the marquis?"

"O no, madame," returned Rose, shaking her head sadly, as if lost in thought.

At the upper end of the saloon Mademoiselle Montauban and Lord Edgerton stood.

"It is six months since I bade you adieu," he was saying, in a quiet, somewhat grave voice. "That time I have spent with these friends travelling in Italy."

"And have you enjoyed yourself, my lord?"

"My lord! You will not call me Francis, then? Why will you be thus distant and reserved, Helen? You know I cannot be indifferent to you. You know the words I long to speak."

"And forbid them, Francis. See—I have called you as you wish, but it must be as a sister to a brother."

Thus compelling him to resign the tender theme, she put into his hands a book of engravings, and, while he carelessly turned the

leaves, made her escape from his side and joined Rose, who was studying a large picture on the left of the vast chimney-piece—the portrait of a lovely child.

"My sister, darling Marguerite," murmured Helen; "lost when she was but two years old." She glanced at her father to make sure that he was too much occupied with the guests to observe them particularly, and proceeded: "Her nurse took her out for an airing, and no trace of either was ever discovered afterwards. Ah, Rose, had she lived, I might have been a different person from what I am; but you shall supply her place, and henceforth I will have some one to love."

Count Louis had been absent nearly three months, and now he returned to the chateau. Lord Francis's passion helped him quickly to perceive who it was that Mademoiselle Helen preferred to himself; yet he could not quit the chateau and give over the endeavor to win her. Louis was gratified to find Rose under that roof. He one day said to her:

"In a little town, not many leagues from here, I met a friend of yours. At least, he claimed to be that, and something more. Can you guess? Robin was his name. He was once in my employ. But the story he told me was a very ridiculous one, as I think you will say; or if it is true that you once promised your hand to this peasant, the change in your position should absolve you from such a promise. Do not be offended, ~~but I~~ know I am your friend."

"Monsieur," replied Rose—though the count had desired her to call him cousin, as she was now Helen's sister—"what you have heard is quite true. And I am beginning to see that my coming to the chateau, though I have been very happy here, was really a misfortune. But I will keep my promise to Robin—yes, yes—and I shall love him till I die."

Tears trembled on her eyelashes, but her voice was resolute, her step firm. She turned, and shut herself up in her chamber, pleading a headache to Helen, but in reality to keep unrestrainedly. By-and-by her maid came softly, to deliver a note, which bore her father's signature, and contained a request that she would meet him immediately at their old home. She sprang up from the couch, dried her tears, wrapped her mantle about her, locked her door, and without a word to any one, went out to obey the summons.

Rose looked to see her father at the door, and hastened forward, but when she had al-



JACQUES LEROUX IN PRISON.

most reached it, Gasparde appeared on the threshold.

"Where is my father?" she asked.

"You must come in if you would see him."

A suspicion of treachery crossed her mind; she refused to enter.

"Father?" she called, but there was no answer.

She trembled, and turned deadly pale. Gasparde smiled, it was the smile of an incarnate fiend.

"I mean to take good care of you, my fair Rose. I mean to marry you whether you will or not."

It was all she heard. A mist floated before her eyes, a rushing sound, as of swelling waves was about her, she fell senseless to the earth.

A man sprang hastily through the bushes. It was Jacques Leroux.

"Little Rose," cried Jacques, "I will save you."

"Out of the way!" shouted Gasparde, in a rage. "Touch that girl, and you die." And drawing from his belt a brace of pistols, he presented them with an oath at Jacques.

The action was so sudden that the man started back. Gasparde took the moment to blow a call upon a silver whistle hanging at

his breast. Almost instantly, half-a-dozen brigands surrounded him, ready to do his bidding. Two hours afterwards both Rose and Jacques were prisoners in the forest cave of the robbers. The former had not fully recovered her consciousness during the long tramp; but now released from the hateful arms of Gasparde, she slowly unclosed her reproachful eyes full upon the villain.

"Ha! is that the look you give a bridegroom?" he exclaimed.

"You will never have me for your bride," she said.

"You have boasted that before," Gasparde returned, "but now, even your life is in my hands."

"And if I take that life," she said to herself, "will not the All-merciful forgive the deed? I can starve myself, or, here is my silken scarf." And she drew the knot more tightly about her delicate throat.

Gasparde brought food, which she would not taste; then, telling her she would think better of his offers in a day or two, he locked her fast in the cell, as Jacques was locked in another, and went away through the forest with all his gang, on a grand expedition, leaving a solitary guardsman at the cave. Jacques Leroux is seated on a stone bench in one corner of his cell, ruminating upon the means of liberation for himself and Rose.

After a short time, the guardsman, who was called Raimonde, entered to bring the prisoner food. His physiognomy was not altogether a vicious one; and Jacques read there, at a glance, that the robber was brought to his present evil course rather by love of money than by any inherent delight in crime. Addressing Raimonde, good-humoredly, he invited him to partake the refreshments with him; and finding, upon conversation, that he had not been wrong in his estimate of the man's character, told him there was a little matter of business that would be likely to suffer in consequence of his imprisonment, and offered to reward him liberally if he would take a note to a person who would transact the business in his absence. This the man was without much difficulty persuaded to undertake. Jacques then wrote a few lines to Count D'Artois, informing him of the situation of himself and Rose; and Raimonde, fast locking the prison-cells, departed for the Chateau Montauban. As he could not read, there was no danger that he would ascertain the contents of the missive.

The messenger, as he emerged from the for-

est near to the deserted cottage of the former captain of the band, saw a horseman approaching at a fast gallop. It was Louis; the inmates of the chateau had become aware of the absence of Rose, and were flying in all directions to obtain tidings of her. One of the servants had seen her go out in the morning by the garden gate, and was sure she had not returned. Raimonde and the count met, eyeing one another keenly. The former raised his hand as a signal, at the same time that the latter drew rein, feeling that some information was to be had of this person.

"Your name, monsieur?"

"Louis D'Artois."

"Count?"

"Exactly. Speak quickly—what do you wish?"

"This!" And the man gave to Louis a folded paper.

The latter, having read it intently, crushed the ejaculation that rose to his lips, dismounted calmly, saying:

"Raimonde, you must conduct me to the writer of this."

The man seemed surprised; he hesitated, but the offer of gold so far overcame his scruples, that he agreed, on condition that Louis would consent to don the brigand dress and be blindfolded the last part of the way.

"I have gone in search of Rose," were the words which Louis wrote on a scrap of paper which he fastened to the saddle, then set Roland free to return by himself to the stables of the chateau. Brave at any time, the count was impetuous now. He paused not to consider that there might be a snare for him, but followed his guide without a moment's delay. They plunged into the forest, then went on and on, rapidly, silently, till at length Raimonde halted beside the ruins of what had evidently once been a chateau. The dilapidated walls were covered with moss and grass, the growth of many a silent summer day. All around was still forest land, with occasional bright openings of green meadows and low hills, beautiful with their soft verdure shining in the declining sunlight.

Raimonde bent down, raised with some difficulty a square stone at his feet, and from the aperture thus disclosed lifted out a box of clothing. Drawing forth several articles of dress, he gave them to Louis, who hastily proceeded to substitute the same for his own garments. When he was fully equipped, the guide regarded him with satisfaction. Should they by a possible chance meet any of the

horde, he would easily be taken for one of their number; and the more, as the errand upon which he was bent gave to his features an unusual sternness of expression. A rifle and shot-pouch were given him. The tall, pointed hat decked with gay streamers of ribbon replaced his own, and a rough jacket was slung over his shoulder. Thus transformed, the young count, in painful meditation and with the fire of impatience in his breast, leaned upon the broken wall, waiting while Raimonde replaced the chest and covered it with the stone.

"Now for the remnant of the condition,"

Raimonde said, approaching with the count's handkerchief folded into a bandage.

The latter bent his head, and the handkerchief was securely knotted around it, so as to exclude from his eyes every ray of light. The two then continued their route, Louis leaning on the arm of his guide, till at last the cave was reached. Raimonde left the count's side for a moment, a grating noise was heard, then the stranger was conducted along what, from the echoes on every side, seemed to be a subterranean passage floored with stone. They paused again, there was a sound of bolts and bars withdrawn, a door unclosed, through



LOUIS ABRAVED IN BRIGAND COSTUME.

their faces as they emerged from the dungeon. An exclamation of thanksgiving escaped from the lips of Rose and Louis. Night was gathering over the earth as they took their hurried way through the forest. Raimonde guided the party in the direction of the chateau till

"The gang are returning!" whispered Jacques, in alarm.

"What shall we do?" returned Louis. "Rose, at least, must be saved."

They pressed on silently, but they were perceived.



HELEN MONTAUBAN PREPARING THE FATAL POTION.

within fifteen minutes' walk of the road, when, having received the promised reward, he parted their company, taking another course. A few moments passed, and they were making good progress, when they were attracted by the sound of voices, and faintly saw the forms of persons through the trees.

"Hasten. There is a hollow tree just beyond here, where mademoiselle can be concealed. Yonder—yonder—the third on the right," he whispered, frantically; "hide her, or all is lost! Do not delay for one moment!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 65.]

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SALE OF THE PICTURE.

BY HENRY AMES BLOOD.

Peter Lehigh had come home from the wars,
Covered all over with seemly scars;
Three medals of honor which he wore,
Might have proved his valor, if nothing more;
And the scars on his face, and the scars on his breast,

Were a better proof than all the rest;
But the brave old soldier, Peter Lehigh,
Had come home from the wars—alas, to die!

They laid him gently on his bed—
“Mother,” and “Alice,” was all he said;
And his aged mother bent above
His dying couch with looks of love
And loving words; and his little daughter
Sprinkled his brow with holy water,
Mingled with tears. He tried to speak,
But could only weep that he was too weak.
Just then from his open haversack,
That carelessly hung on the great chair-back,
A bundle of canvass, torn and old,
Fell down to the floor—when, lo and behold!
Unrolling itself, it showed the mild
Face of the Mother and her Child.

“Madonna, Madonna! O papa, dear,
The gentle Madonna herself is here!”
And lifting the picture with girlish glee,
She held it aloft for her papa to see.
Almost already his eyes were glazed,
Yet long on that glorified face he gazed:
Till his own scarred face became glorified—
Then he made the sign of the cross, and died.

And now to Alice and her grandame
Long months of bitter suffering came;
For the pretty goat Nan, their only stay,
Whose milk they lived upon day by day,
The village boys, in sport or malice,
Had stoned to death—God pity poor Alice!
“Be cheerful, dear grandmother, I will pray
The blessed Madonna every day,
To save you and me, and all the other
Good folks and poor folks, dear grandmother.”
Then bravely answered the good old dame,
“By a miracle, child, the Madonna came;
And although this day is the last of three
Since we tasted bread, yet trust to me,
Our Lady will save us!”

“O, yes,” cried Alice,
“Who knows but some day we may live in a palace,
With plenty of servants to wait on our door,
And plenty of money to give to the poor?”
And Alice sweetly slept that night,
For she dreamed that the Lady, clothed in light,
Three several times from the picture stepped,
And came to the bedside where she slept,

And said to her, in tenderest tones,
“Fear not, God cares for his little ones!”

Almost as soon as the morning broke,
Full of her dream, little Alice awoke:
“Tell me, grandmother, did you see
The blessed Madonna come to me,
Three times to my bedside? Perhaps I dreamed,
But certainly, grandmother, so it seemed.”

“Verily, child, such things have been;
And Father Angelo says we sin,
If we doubt them—but ah, do you not remember
This is the twenty-sixth of December—
The auction day—and they will sell
The very Madonna we love so well?
And yet, my child, it is my belief,
That joy will come out of all our grief.”

“It must, dear grandmother, it must be,
For so the Madonna said to me.”

“Hang out the red flag, ring the auction-bell!
It is only a widow's goods to sell.
Ring, ring, let the great bell swing!
These are not the goods of a king;
But only a widow's, that is all;
And an orphan's, but she is both young and small;
The one is too young, and the other too old,
To earn a living—let that be told.
Heigho, heigho, let the great bell ring!
An auction sale is a merry thing.
Heigho, heigho, here they come in a crowd!
There is nothing at auctions like ringing loud.
And there the two Frenchmen, whom Billy Roach
Brought down to-day in the Shirley coach;
They must buy something before the coach passes:
The French like music and opera-glasses;
But here is a picture—that will do.”
And the auctioneer held up to view
The Madonna—when, marvellous thing to tell,
The boisterous crowd, as if by a spell,
On a sudden became as calm and still
As the sea, when the wind hath had its will;
And to Alice indeed the Lady seemed
All covered with light, as when she dreamed;
While chained to the spot by clear surprise,
The Frenchmen looked on with ravished eyes.
“Mon Dieu!” quoth one, “it is the Mother.”
“It is a Murillo!” cried the other,
“And I will give ten thousand francs.”
“And I twenty thousand, and ask no thanks;
For a fine Murillo two centuries old,
Is worth far more than its weight in gold.”
“And I, thirty thousand,” the other cried.
“And I, forty thousand, by him that died!”
“And I, fifty thousand!”

Then all became still,
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“The Madonna is yours, then,” said the other,
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And may you be happy with such a mother!
But if half my fortune were here to-day,
I would give it all ere you said me, 'Nay.'"

Into the house little Alice flew;
 "Grandmother, grandmother, it is true—
 Our Lady has saved us, but we shall never
 See the Madonna again forever!"

[ORIGINAL.]

A POWDER-MILL ROMANCE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Six years ago, I was foreman in the Guilford Powder Works. It was a dangerous situation, and not altogether so pleasant as it might have been. But the salary was larger than I could obtain from any other business, just then; and this, to a man with an invalid mother and a little sister to support, was no mean object. Besides, I hoped at no very distant day to have a home of my own, presided over by the girl of my choice, beautiful Marion Ware. This dream of happiness in the future made me better content with my life; I was willing to work for a competence that she would share with me.

Marion and I had been playmates together. I could hardly recollect the time when I had not loved her; and when I went away to college (my family circumstances were better then, than at the period of which I am writing) we were engaged.

I returned to find her the belle of Hazelwood; but she was still true to me, and though it gave me a pang to see her careless flirting with other young men, I excused it, and thought it would be all right when she was my wife. She was young and gay, and Hazelwood was a dull place, I said, it would be downright selfishness in me to grudge her the little amusement she obtained from the admiration of the country beaux. So long as she loved only me, what need I care who she smiled upon?

We were to be married in November, and as the time drew near, an intense desire seized me to escape from the monotonous, dangerous existence I led in the mills. When I was married, I should leave them, forever, but somehow I could not wait for that time to arrive. I wanted a little freedom, all to myself. A few weeks would make no difference to my employers, I thought, and so when I gave my notice to leave, I gave it for the fourteenth of September, instead of November, as I had at first intended.

My employers were very sorry to part with me; they offered to raise my salary from eight

hundred to a thousand dollars, if I would remain; but I had decided, and was not to be turned from my decision.

The last day of my stay in the mills passed quietly enough; and at night I left the dark buildings behind me with a thrill of relief. I had not been so light-hearted since I was a boy. My bondage was over; henceforth, I could breathe, without the fear that the next moment I should be blown above the clouds.

I cast off the mill suit of clothing with a sensation akin to that a prisoner must experience when he breaks the shackles of slavery. Once more I was a free man.

That was a very happy evening. Marion had been spending the afternoon with my mother, and I walked home with her. The moon was at its full—the west still flushing with the kiss of sunset—a few light, fleecy clouds sailed through the deep above—and we were lovers! We lingered along the way; I was in no hurry to break the spell of that sweet evening, and that sweeter presence, and it was near midnight when I came home. Soon after I retired I fell asleep; but my rest was troubled. I suppose I must have dreamed, but it seemed a vivid reality to me, then.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the Works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged, and led over the hill and through the fell, to the mills. It was a wild, dreary path, for it was necessary that the mills should be as far removed from any human habitation as possible, and there was no more fitting spot than the "Valley of Despair," for miles around. A sullen stream flowing through it supplied the water power which moved the machinery, and in the forest beyond were numberless blackened heaps being converted into charcoal. I saw all this plainly in my dream; even the great gray rock by the spring, at the place where the paths diverged, where I had so often stopped to drink from the worn out dipper, was right before me.

There was a struggle in my mind; I thought that I could not decide which path to take—the one to the distant village, or the old accustomed one to the mills. While I was still hesitating, I heard a voice, clear, strong and solemn, that seemed to come from the ends of the earth, and it said:

"Go to the mills! Your work is not yet done!"

I awoke. The moon was shining coldly in at the window; the great arms of the elms in the yard moved to and fro in the night wind,

and a lonely cricket chirped in the wainscot I lay down again, thinking but little of my dream, save to rejoice that it was only a dream, and shortly afterward I fell asleep. Again was that vision repeated, with singular minuteness, circumstance for circumstance, and again I awoke.

I thought it extremely remarkable that I should dream twice on the same matter, but explained it to myself that it was because I had been thinking so much of my departure from the mills. It was a coincidence, nothing more, I said, and turning over, I soon lost my consciousness.

For the third time that haunting dream visited me, and this repetition was almost frightfully vivid. Everything about it bore so strongly the semblance of reality, that I started up covered with a cold sweat from head to foot; and in the room still lingered, as it were, the hollow echoes of that phantom voice!

The moon had gone down; the dawn was breaking up the east cold and gray.

I am not superstitious; but I will confess that an involuntary shudder went over me, as I recalled what had passed. I tried to shake off the spell upon my spirit, but in vain. It was as if I walked in another world, lost to all humanity, forever. The memory and thought of every earthly thing was swallowed up in the recollection of that fearful voice.

I rose, and dressing myself, went down to work in the garden. This had always been a favorite employment of mine, but on this occasion it failed to restore my mind to its wonted tone. I was restless and uneasy, laboring under the pressure of a consciousness of some duty unfulfilled.

At last, I put down my hoe, and went into the house. I dressed myself in my mill clothes, and sought the sitting-room where my mother was. She looked up in surprise, as I said:

"Mother, I am going to the mills."

"Indeed! I had hoped you were done going there, Arthur. Yesterday was the fourteenth, was it not?"

"Yes; but I feel obliged to go to-day. My work there is not yet done. It will be finished soon, I think." I kissed her and went out.

The gloomy path through the wood seemed gloomier and darker than ever. I hastened on, and came to the point of divergence. Involuntarily I stopped, and to my fevered imagination, the prophetic voice seemed throbbing in the air, urging me forward.

At the door of the grinding mill, I met Mr. Morton, the senior proprietor. He grasped my hand eagerly.

"Ah, Ashley, glad to see you! What is this that I hear about your leaving us? Lincoln was speaking of it, last night. Why, we couldn't part with you at all."

"I did give notice to leave last night, and intended yesterday for my last day in the mills; but circumstances have decided me to remain some little time longer. A month, perhaps."

"Right. Only you must set no time. We'll make your salary satisfactory, if that has anything to do with it. Say twelve hundred a year, if you will stay. We are willing to pay you something for the risk you run."

"Thank you, I will think of it," I said, and went in to my duties as usual.

Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. The great machinery toiled on as ceaselessly, the men in their felt slippers went about as noiselessly, as ever; I began to smile to myself at the absurdity of my last night's vision. I had eaten too much supper, and stayed out too long whispering soft nothings to Marion, I said to myself.

Well, another month in the mills would pass away in time; I could endure it, as I had the many which had preceded it. It was not an eternity.

Toward night, a party of visitors arrived. Such things were quite frequent. Hazelwood was a somewhat celebrated summer resort for the city people, and a sojourn there was not deemed complete without a visit to the Powder Mills.

There had been considerable talk of putting a period to the admittance of visitors, on account of the danger they incurred, and the trouble they gave us to put them in a suitable trim to enter the operating rooms; but it had not yet been decided upon, and we still suffered from the infliction.

I went out to meet this party, and assist them in changing their shoes and garments that might have buttons of any metallic substance; for it was one of the cardinal regulations that no person should be allowed in the interior mills, who had a particle of metal about him, or nails in his shoes, from the fear of combustion by friction.

Our visitors were two gentlemen and three ladies. The two elder ladies I did not notice particularly; but the younger one attracted me in spite of myself. Why, I did not know. She was not really beautiful—my Marion was

much more brilliant—but there was something about her better than beauty.

Her complexion was clear, with a tinge of rose color in her cheeks and lips. Her eyes were very dark, expression hazel, her features pleasant, though not strictly regular, and her hair—brown in the shade, golden in the sun—was put back in a mass of rippling wealth to fall from her hat in heavy curls. She was dressed in blue, some soft, lustreless material that fell around her with a matchlessly indescribable charm.

She did not wish to enter the mills; but the others called her a little coward, and dared her on. She was not afraid, I knew; but she disliked to give us trouble, therefore we were all the readier to put ourselves to inconvenience on her account. I have always noticed that those women who exact the least, receive the most.

The gay company, laughing, joking, bantering each other in regard to their fears, followed me in. The lady in blue walked quietly by my side, saying little, and barely replying to the lively sallies of her companions. Perhaps she thought their mirth ill-timed; I do not know.

We had been the rounds, and had returned to the reception room, next to the drying room, at one end of the main building. This apartment overhung the pond from whence came our supply of water, the basin of which was formed by a wild, dark gorge in the hollow of two wooded hills. There was a large swinging door opening from this room directly out over the pond, for the convenience of casting out rubbish, and this door I threw open for the visitors to obtain a view of the prospect beyond. They soon tired of this, all but the lady in blue. She still stood looking out over the dreary scene lighted by the departing rays of a lurid sun.

Suddenly I heard a low, ominous hiss from the adjoining apartment—a sound which heard once is always remembered—my blood turned to ice in my veins. I recognized my fate! In another second's time we should be in eternity!

I snatched the woman, by my side, in my arms, and plunged through the gaping doorway. Simultaneously, a deafening roar burst above my head—a crash as if the globe were rent—ten thousand cannons were discharged in my ears—the blood flowed from my eyes and nose—the air was black with missiles which reached the water only a little later than we did! Down, down, we went, it

seemed, to an interminable depth; but that fearful plunge saved us!

When we came up, everything was still; a deathly silence had fallen upon all nature. The place reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

I swam to the shore with my companion, and supported her up the bank. She was not unconscious; but her dress was drenched in blood. I lifted my arm to seek the wound, and saw that the crimson tide flowed not from her veins, but from the mutilated stump where once belonged my own right hand! It had been blown from my body!

Later, I experienced a strange, stinging oppression in the back of my head, and found, on examination, that it was fearfully gashed. The very bones grated beneath the pressure of my fingers.

I went home like one in a waking dream. I remember very little of it, except that the lady in blue was with me, that she talked soothingly to me in a sweet voice, and that, afterward, when I suffered untold agony from some sharp instrument, she stood by me with words of gentlest rest and peace; then, all was a blank.

There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from my window, when I awoke to consciousness. My mother was by my bedside—pale, and thin, and careworn. I spoke out my first thought:

“Where is Marion?”

She tried to put me off with an evasive answer, but I would know the whole truth. She told it to me with great reluctance. Marion had not been to see me since the day of the accident, and then, at sight of me she had uttered a shriek of horror, and fled from the room.

“But has she sent no message?” I asked.

“There is a note for you, but you must not read it until you are better. You have been eight weeks delirious, and excitement, now, may be fatal.”

“Give me the letter,” I said, with all my stern self-will in my voice. “If not, I will get up and seek it myself.”

She brought it to me, the delicate, rose perfumed thing, no more heartless than she who dictated it. It was elegantly written, elegantly worded; elegantly got up, altogether.

Miss Ware sympathized with me deeply—hoped and trusted I should be restored to health—and ended with relieving me from my

engagement. Of course, I would not think of marrying any one now! She was so sorry, it was such a disappointment; but the ways of Providence were inscrutable. She prayed that I might be granted resignation, and closed with assuring me that she was my most sincere and attached friend.

I crushed the scroll in my hand—I would have ground it to powder, and annihilated its very dust from the face of the earth, if I could. I did not mean to curse Marion Ware, but I am not sure but I did. It would not be strange.

Days of weakness succeeded, and in their weary hours, I learned submission. Nay, I learned even more—to thank God that, even with the loss of my strong right hand, I had been saved from wedding my life to one destitute of all that makes woman akin to the angels.

Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hot-house flowers on the little stand by my bedside. After awhile I began to feel curious about them. I asked my mother, one morning, where they came from.

"Miss Howard sent them," she said.

"Miss Howard? I know no such person?"

"The young lady who was saved from the explosion with you. She is Miss Constance Howard, of Boston, and to her you owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, Arthur. I often think she saved your life, for when you raved in delirium, and would have torn off the bandages where the surgeon had trepanned your wound, she, alone, had the power to quiet you. Why, when you were the worst, she stood over you three days and nights, without sleeping, never complaining, never getting out of patience with your moods. She is an angel!"

I thought so, myself. I knew, then, the meaning of the fair visions that had haunted my delirious brain during those days of anguished suffering. I knew whose soft voice had come to me, sometimes, like harp notes; whose gentle hand had soothed away the pain from my brow, and pressed down my eyelids with sweetest sleep.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"At the Bellevue House. She was spending the summer there with some distant connexions of the family at the time of the accident. They all perished in that dreadful explosion, and she has remained here waiting the arrival of Colonel Howard, her father, who has been some time absent in Australia. He is daily expected, now, and will take his

daughter to their home in Boston. He is a man of wealth and influence, and she is his only child."

Miss Howard called to inquire after my health several times during the next three weeks. How beautiful she was to me now! I wondered that I did not recognize the purity and grace of her face at the very first! I wondered how I could think Marion Ware's countenance fairer than hers!

And Marion Ware was Marion Ware no longer; she was married to a gentleman who had long sought her favor—a gay, wealthy young fellow, not troubled with a superabundance of heart. So much the better for him, I said, when I heard of it.

The first day that Constance came, after I was rational, I tried to thank her for her kindness to me; but I had changed from a man to a child, and when I would have spoken, I wept instead. She checked me gently; she owed her life to my presence of mind, she said, and she had not even thought of thanking me. We would put thanks entirely out of our thoughts, she said, smiling down upon me, and only be grateful in our hearts.

By the last of December, I was able to sit up most of the time, and go out some. One clear, starlit evening, my mother left me alone for the first time since my illness; she and my little sister went to a Sabbath school concert at the village.

I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great arm-chair, and sat down to a quiet hour of dreaming. The music of sleigh bells at the door aroused me. The sound ceased for a moment, then passed down the road, the door opened softly, and Constance Howard came in. Blushing and hesitating at seeing me alone, wrapped in her rich furs and crimson hood, she paused on the threshold. I rose up to meet her.

"Come in, Miss Howard; I am glad to welcome you."

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone to the village with Etta. Let me take off your wraps, will you?"

I drew up a chair for her, and took her outside garments. She was hardly at her ease.

"Indeed, I ought not to stay, Mr. Ashley, now that your mother is out. Papa was going to the Ridge, and will be back at eight, and was to take me home then."

"You are not afraid of me, Miss Howard? I am not an ogre, if I have but one hand. I think you will stay. I should have been very lonesome."

She laughed musically, and sat down with me before the fire. I talked incessantly, just as people will whose hearts are too full to trust themselves to silence.

I thought she seemed a little sad, but perhaps it was a mere fancy. The clock struck eight, and simultaneously the jingling of distant bells smote the frosty air. Constance arose to put on her shawl.

"I called to say good-by, Mr. Ashley," said she, in a subdued voice. "I am going away to-morrow. I am very sorry not to have seen Mrs. Ashley; you will give my adieux to her, and to Etta?"

"Yes. You go to Boston, do you not?"

"For a few weeks only. We sail for Europe the first of February. Papa has business there which will detain him some years, and he wishes to take me with him."

I thought she grew very pale as she spoke, but it might have been the vivid scarlet of her hood making her white by contrast. I crushed back the deep groan that rose to my lips, to say, pleasantly:

"*Bon voyage*—may Heaven prosper you!"

I gave her my one hand; she laid hers, cold and trembling, within it, and our eyes met. There were tears on her cheeks, they dropped down, and fell on our clasped hands. A wild, beautiful hope sprang up in my heart, and yet not hardly a hope, more of a revelation.

"O, Constance! have I just found life's sweetness to lose it forever? Would to Heaven that I were well and strong once more!"

"And what then?" she said, softly, her face hidden from my view beneath the folds of crimson worsted.

The next moment I held her in my arms.

"Constance, shall it be—can it be? Remember I am but a mutilated wreck of a man; but my heart is strong and true, and tender."

"I remember everything," she said, "and I should be unworthy of a love like yours did I care the less for you because of this sad misfortune. For your sake, I would wish it had never come upon you; for my own, I have not a single regret."

The sleigh, whose bells we had heard, had long ago passed by—it was not her father—and we sat down together for the most nearly perfect happiness I had ever known.

Colonel Howard came in, at last, to find his daughter encircled by my arm—her blushes, and my presumption, making the condition of things very evident to a man of sense. We

went to him together. Constance spoke to him:

"Papa," she said, "this is Mr. Ashley, who saved me when the powder mills blew up. I love him, and he loves me; will you give us your blessing?"

The good man looked amazed, but recovered himself to grasp me warmly by the hand.

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Ashley," he said, cordially. "I suppose I owe my daughter to you; but, really, I had no idea of giving her up to you in this unceremonious fashion. However, if you love her, and she loves you—and you are the honest, upright young man that people say you are—take her, and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

I was only too happy to take him at his word, and a few weeks later, Constance Howard became my wife.

The Guilford Powder Works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, and on their ruins I have erected a fantastic tower to mark the spot where I first met her who has made my life beautiful.

THE BRITISH DETECTIVE FORCE.

The detective officer knows the thief, not only individually, but generally. On a moment's inspection, though he has never seen the specimen before, he will at once distinguish him from the decent workmen, and even from the half-honest vagabond, as certainly as Linnæus could recognize a cryptogamic plant, or Cuvier separate the organic remains of vertebrate and crustaceous animals. After hearing a cursory description in the "*Hue and Cry*," of some depredator from Liverpool or Glasgow, the accomplished detective will mark his man among the thousands of faces in a full night in Covent Garden, with such precision that he does not hesitate to run the risk of apprehending him without a warrant. When we remember the serious consequences to an officer of thus seizing an innocent person, the frequency of such captures and the rarity of mistakes are a singular testimony to the generic character of criminality. The person seized is very often not the actual offender; but he is always a member of the great criminal corporation, and as such, will have so many little secrets from which it is desirable to avert attention, that he is glad to get out of immediate trouble, and reluctant to raise actions for damages, or to be in any shape very clamorous about his legal rights.

[ORIGINAL.]
CHEER UP.

BY H. W. F.

Cheer up, cheer up, although the sky is clouded,
And on the sombre earth no sunbeams fall;
Although the winds around are hoarsely howling,
And for the storm and tempest rudely call:
On the blue heavens beyond the sunbeams play,
And they shall scatter soon those clouds away.

Cheer up, cheer up!—what though the shadows
deepen,
And night shuts up the golden gates of day?—
Though all that's lovely into darkness fadeth,
And the glad sunlight all hath passed away?
A few hours more the darkness will be gone,
And you and nature gladly greet the dawn.

Cheer up, cheer up!—what though the frosts of
winter
Have robed the verdant earth in sombre brown?
Though tempests blow their war-notes madly raging,
And bring the storm in all its wildness down?
Spring soon shall come, and hope with blossoms
twine,
And winter o'er, all nature seem divine.

Cheer up, cheer up—if thine eye can discover
No flowery spot along the path of life,
And if desponding thoughts and bitter feelings
Pent up within thy bosom are at strife,
Cheer up—for thee a brighter day shall dawn,
And from the darkness spring a sunny morn.

Cheer up, cheer up!—if thou art poor and lonely,
One whom the proud and careless all pass by;
If thou art old, and weak, and wanting friendship,
Hast seen thy fondest hopes wilt down and die,
Cheer up, for where thy thorny path shall cease,
Thou'lt find eternal joy, eternal peace.

[ORIGINAL.]

CURED OF FLIRTATION:
—OR,—
THE BOAT SAIL AT MIDNIGHT.
A SEA SIDE SKETCH.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"MARRIED! Anastasia Moore married!
Wonders will never cease. Pray, who is the
victim of her arts?"

"Hush! why do you speak of her in that
way?"

"Because she is a born flirt. I would not
have her reputation in that respect, for a
kingdom."

"Well, I did not know of it before. You
asked me whom she has married. Why, that
solemn, pompous Mr. De Lisle, a widower,
with two children. He is very rich, and she
will be able to make a grand appearance, and
perhaps she may subdue her coquetry, though
it will be as hard as for the Ethiopian to
change his skin, or the leopard his spots."

"Shall you call on her?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Because you speak so disparagingly of
her."

"Pooh! that is in the general way. She has
never flirted with my brother or lover."

This conversation took place a few days
after a grand wedding in Fifth Avenue. The
bridegroom was a Wall Street merchant prince
—the bride, as the young lady had said, in
addition to her coquetry, was poor, but very
genteel. The match was brought about by
the bride's mother, who was anxious that her
daughter should marry well, that she herself
might revive her ancient glory at the fane of
wealth; for Mrs. Moore had been wealthy,
and Anastasia had once moved in high circles.
Indeed, she had never wholly left them. Her
high spirits and animation had made her quite
popular, and perhaps no one would have been
more missed from society than she. She was
now in a safe anchorage, her friends thought,
and one from which she could not be dislodged;
for the firm of Aborn and De Lisle had
withstood all the shocks and panics which
had carried down many a proud house. Mr.
De Lisle was a quiet, dignified, somewhat re-
served man, with whom no one felt exactly at
ease, and it was thought perfectly wonderful,
and only upon the old proverb of "contrasts
attracting each other," that a gay girl like
Anastasia Moore should have won the prize
for which so many would have contended if
they had dared.

Meantime, the object of all this discussion,
the fortunate bride, glided into her new hab-
itation with singular facility, and established
herself in due order to see company. She
gave a succession of pleasant parties, at which
Mr. De Lisle was quite the hospitable and ur-
bane host, instead of the pompous and solemn
being that Georgina Albro had described him.
She, too, was there, and also her friend Lucia
Weston, to whom she had given that
description.

"Is not this delightful?" she exclaimed, as
she met Miss Weston at the supper table.

"Which?" asked her friend. "The cham-
pagne, the oysters, or the bride cake?"

"Pshaw, Lucia!" was the provoked answer. "You know that I do not mean any of them. Of course I mean the bride and her husband, and the company."

"Yes, but you forget what you said about the two first, only three weeks ago."

"About her flirting? No, I have not; but then, now that she is married, it is not worth while to renew old stories."

Miss Weston smiled, and said:

"Wasn't she married when you told me? What are you looking at, Georgina?"

"Why, as sure as I am living, that fresh arrival, for whom Mr. De Lisle is trying so hard to make room, is George Marion. Yes, I know him well. Now we shall see what we shall see." And Georgina Albro laughed a very disagreeable laugh indeed.

"What shall we see?" asked Lucia. "And pray, who is George Marion?"

"An old flame of Anastasia's, and one whom I really think she cared more for than any other. Poor Mr. De Lisle, I pity him!"

"Why should you? It seems he has won the prize which Mr. Marion only tried for. I think your pity misplaced."

"Just like you, for a dear, old, stupid soul, who can never see anything. Why, George Marion won't be in town a week, before he will have a new flirtation with Anastasia, and then good-by to all comfort in this house!"

"O, don't say such dreadful things of one whom you visit," exclaimed her friend, "or else leave off visiting her at once. It seems wicked and treacherous to talk thus of one who has always, as far as we know, conducted herself with perfect propriety. I, at least, should not be here, if I did not think so."

Nor would she; for Lucia Weston was virtue embodied; yet it was plain that Georgina Albro knew their hostess better than she, for it was not more than a week before George Marion was almost a fixture in Mr. De Lisle's house.

Anastasia had represented him to her husband as a distant relative, much beloved by her family, and particularly endeared to her, by his cordial and generous conduct towards her and her mother, when they were very poor. It touched a chord in Mr. De Lisle's noble and manly heart, and thereupon he was cordially invited to take up his abode in the lordly mansion in Fifth Avenue, a suit of rooms being thenceforth kept apart for his exclusive use. It was true that Mr. De Lisle wondered very much at the cool reception which the young man met from Mrs. Moore. It seemed

quite ungrateful in her after the stretch of generosity that Anastasia had been expatiating on. He thought no more about it, however, for Mrs. Moore left his house the next day, to take up her abode in a boarding-house. He asked his wife if her mother would like to remain with them, and she had coolly answered that it would not suit her at all; that she preferred living by herself. So his polite and really generous intentions were frustrated.

But it seemed that her other relative, Mr. Marion, had no such scruple; and he ate, drank, and lodged at De Lisle's with perfect nonchalance, and as if it were really his home. It was all true, what Georgina Albro had said, although she was inexcusable for her remarks, while accepting the hospitality of the lady in question.

Meantime, Mr. De Lisle, who had married Miss Moore with the fond anticipation of finding a mother for his little ones, was very sadly disappointed. How she fulfilled that sacred trust, may be inferred from the fact that she rarely saw them, except when the nursery-maid, having dressed them for a walk, came into the parlor dally, to show them before they went out, to the mistress. Usually, Mrs. De Lisle patted little Harry on the head, and gave baby Bell a kiss; but when, as was very often the case now, Mr. Marion was with her, she dismissed them with only a word or two.

The servants were not blind. They saw what Mr. De Lisle did not see; namely, that their new mistress thought more of her visitor than of her husband. To say the least, Anastasia was not cured of flirting, even by marriage. It was ingrained in her nature. Georgina, in wrongly delineating her husband's character, had studied hers to a charm. And still Mr. De Lisle harbored no thought of any wrong in the wife whom, although he did not love with that intense, passionate love, that some persons feel, he yet respected and honored. One thing, at least, his eyes were opened to discern, before they had been two months married; and that was, that Anastasia was not a motherly woman. He heard and saw enough to convince him of that; but he gave her credit for sincerity. She did not affect what she did not feel for the children. She watched the nursery-maid enough to know that she did not neglect her duty; but poor little Harry had no mother's knee to climb when he uttered his little prayer, and the baby was never pressed to a mother's heart. Perhaps they did not miss it; but the father did; and he sometimes wished—Anas-

tasia would not have been flattered had she known what he wished.

He hoped that after her *debut* as a bride had been duly over, she would settle down into more domestic life. He had known women do this, and yet be always cheerful and happy. His children's mother had been eminently regarded for her household virtues; his mother was the brightness of her happy home. Realizing thus deeply what a woman can and ought to be, there was a little pang of disappointment at finding his wife so different; but he said to himself that perhaps he was unreasonable to expect it from one so differently brought up as was Anastasia. He tried to console himself with the thought of her beauty, her accomplishments, her stylish air and manner, which would do him so much credit, and reflect so much honor on his taste in selecting a wife. At all events, she was no less domestic than the wives of Prince, and Hunter, and Barnard, his Wall Street associates. He tried to smother down the thought of Harry and baby Bell being as motherless as in his widowed days; or if it would come in spite of him, he made all excuses for his wife that his benevolence could suggest. For Mr. De Lisle, although he was a proud and sensitive man, was neither cold nor hard to the nature of others.

It was a trial, however, to play the host so long to Mr. Marion; especially as he had found out that the relationship was a merely nominal one. Besides, some one of those good-natured friends which every man possesses, had hinted that Marion was a lover of Miss Moore's in years past; and Mr. De Lisle had said haughtily, "Sir, you mistake. The gentleman is my wife's cousin."

"Cousin! By the Lord, De Lisle, if the fellow told you that, he is a worse man than I thought him, mean as my opinion of him was already."

And Mr. De Lisle, while he despised the meddler, allowed his words to leave a sore spot that was never healed. It had this effect, that he politely informed Mr. Marion of the approaching absence from town of himself and family for the summer months, and begged him to find another residence.

The fellow was thunder-stricken. Anastasia going away for the season, and he not to accompany her! His next thought was, however, that she would probably occupy one of those charming little villas on the banks of the Hudson, and that, as Mr. De Lisle would be in the city all day, and perhaps only go

home once a week, he should still be with her almost as constantly as now. He therefore put a good face upon the matter, and bluntly asked Mr. De Lisle where he should go.

"We shall travel, sir," was the cool and indefinite reply.

"I, too, shall travel. It would give me much pleasure to join your party."

"Thank you, Mr. Marion. It is long since I gave myself a leisure season, and I prefer spending it with my family alone." This was so decisive that even Mr. Marion's consummate impudence dare not stand against it. He left him and soon after joined Anastasia, who had evidently been weeping, and tenderly inquired the cause of her grief.

By long persuasion he succeeded in drawing from her that Mr. De Lisle's manner when he told her that she could not give a home to her "cousin" any longer, was of that suspicious and injurious nature, that she felt wounded to the soul. Mr. Marion's language, in return for this information, was far from complimentary to her husband. It all ended, however, in her promise, wherever she might go, she would keep him aware of her locality for the time being. This was all he dared extort from her now.

"The time will come, when she will let me know when she is alone," he whispered to himself; and the thought was suggested quite as much out of anger towards the husband, as love to his wife.

It cannot be that the vain woman did not sometimes think that she was doing wrong; but the truth was, she had become so much accustomed to Marion's flattery and adulation that she could not exist without it. Her husband's formal respect and polite attentions seemed so cold and indifferent, after Marion's impassioned language and never-tiring flattery.

It was the first of May. Mr. Marion had actually departed, and the De Lisle mansion was closed for the season. The front stoop and windows were boarded, and everything well secured; and two Noah's Arks and three Saratoga trunks attested to the length and breadth of Mrs. De Lisle's wardrobe. Mr. De Lisle, accustomed only to mere business trips, restricted his own luggage to a valise, with a boat cloak strapped upon it; while the children's and nurse's clothing was packed in two moderate sized trunks.

They travelled until the weather grew hot and uncomfortable, and then settled to have a temporary home for a few weeks in a charming little spot, in one of New England's pret-

tiest seaports, where they took rooms at a hotel, the foundations of which were literally washed by the sea.

As Mr. De Lisle conveyed the party—wife, children and servants—to their respective rooms, the first person he met upon the stairs, was Mr. Marion! Forgetting his momentary suspicions—forgetting all but the pleasure of seeing a familiar face, after a month of really wearisome travel, to the man of business, at least, he stopped to shake hands and exchange a friendly greeting. Marion was surprised—Anastasia still more so. She blushed excessively, as she murmured out her pleasure at seeing “Cousin George” again.

Mr. De Lisle started at the word. It brought back a shadow which he had once seen beside him. After that, he could not treat him with the same cordiality, and having nothing else to do, he resolved to watch him. He did not want to watch his wife. She was all right, he knew. She had been very kind, and even tender to him during their travels. She had begun to think him far superior to most of the men she had seen; even to him with whom she had flirted so desperately. He had won so much upon her that she had broken her promise to Marion, and had not informed him of their whereabouts. Anastasia had a heart after all; only it was hedged in by vanity and love of admiration.

It was a quiet, starlight night—so late that the loungers had all left the beach, except that two motionless figures sat upon a rock which the coming tide would soon wash. A little boat lay almost at their feet. Wrapped in long cloaks, they might be cheating themselves with the idea that they were unseen and unheard. But at an upper window in the seaside hotel, sat two persons who addressed each other as Georgina and Lucia, and by the bright starlight they had watched them, while fragments of their talk had floated up to their ears. Soon they saw them enter the boat and glide away upon the waves. A splash—a shriek was heard by the watchers, and in a moment Miss Weston was at the door of Mr. De Lisle’s room.

“I beg your pardon,” she said, hurriedly, “but there is a boat in danger, near the shore, and I think Mrs. De Lisle is there.”

He had missed her all the evening, but supposed her with her two friends above stairs. He ran down, and was on the beach in an instant. Two figures, a few feet apart were struggling in the water, encumbered with heavy cloaks. Mr. De Lisle, unaided, and

not even calling for help, threw off his coat and plunged in. The slightest figure was furthest off, but he passed the first, and brought the other safe to land.

“Anastasia!” he said, “do you love that man? Speak quickly, and truly.”

“Before God, I do not. Believe me, my husband, that this night I have told him that I hated him.”

“And yet you went with him?”

“I did, but it was through fear of exposure to those who I knew were watching me, that I reluctantly consented to a sail of a few moments only.”

“I will not talk of the past. You have perilled your honor and mine, but I forgive you on condition that you dismiss George Marion from your presence forever. See, he is near the shore. Wait till he comes in safely, and then take your final farewell of him.”

Mistaking Mr. De Lisle for a stranger, he came towards the group, and was surprised and confounded at hearing his voice.

“Mr. Marion,” said he, with as steady a voice as he could command, “my wife bids me say to you, that after this night, she does not wish your acquaintance longer. You have shown yourself manifestly unequal to taking care of a lady. Should you absent yourself from this place to-morrow morning, no notice will be taken of your folly and insolence. If not, I shall do myself the pleasure of trying my cane about your ears.”

“Is this your message to me, Mrs. De Lisle?”

“It is, Mr. Marion. You have made me feel guilty, when you knew I was innocent. You have held an old bond over me, that was destroyed long ago; and by threatening to tell my husband that I was once engaged to you—once foolishly suffered you to kiss my cheek—you kept me in terror and dismay for months. Mr. De Lisle loves and trusts me now, and I will never again allow you to trouble his peace or my own.”

They passed quickly from his sight, and he never saw them again. The next morning, he was missing from the hotel. Well might Anastasia De Lisle tremble, as she looked down the precipice from which she had escaped. She has become a faithful wife, a tender mother, and is thoroughly cured of flirting.

SOMETIMES.—Marriage, remarks Mr. Beeswax, on the day that the honeymoon sets, is a gate through which a lover passes, leaving his enchanted regions, and returns to earth.

[ORIGINAL.]

YOUNG AND OLD.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

There lives no heart but hath the lot
To be by sorrow wrung;
Yet sorrows of the old are not
Like sorrows of the young.

All raft by slow-invading frost,
And not by sudden force,
The pleasures of the old are lost
In nature's quiet course.

Cast down at last by viewless stroke,
All hopes and joys depart;
Or lie like dead leaves 'neath an oak,
Around the aged heart.

But ah, to view a frost outspread
Beneath the summer moon;
To wake and find the roses dead,
Upon a morn of June—

To feel that, though the summer rain
And sunshine sweet may come,
Our flowers will never bloom again,
Our birds be always dumb—

Ah, this is sorrow—this endures
A never-told despair:
God judge 'twixt such estate and yours,
O man of hoary hair!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

BY EMMA M. BABSON.

"Blue were her eyes as the bloom of flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May."

We were three artists, with a dream of
Rome—Florian Maples, my brother Leon,
and I.

Leon and I were born of an Italian mother.
From her we inherited our slumbrous eyes
and loose-curling black hair. From her also
we inherited the slow fire in our blood and
our luxuriant fancies. From our American
father we each inherited a will like iron.

Florian Maples was our cousin. Thoroughly
American, he had a Raphael style of deli-
cate beauty—soft, light brown rings of hair;
blue-veined temples; a pale rose-red on the
cheeks and mobile mouth. Slight and elegant

in figure, with hands like a woman; swaying,
sensitive, enthusiastic, ideal; all spirit—over-
balanced in body and soul.

We were dear friends. Though Leon was
my brother, I held him no nearer than I did
Florian. Perhaps not so near. Leon had a
distinct individuality. He could never be
merged into the life of one who loved him as
could Florian. I have kissed Florian as if he
were a woman. Leon—one looked into his
eyes and could get no nearer the subtle, vague
something which was *himself*. Yet he was
kind, sorry, glad, wrathful like other men. He
was not noticeably eccentric, yet those who
knew him best felt that they did not know
him at all.

We lodged together at Cambridge—study-
ing hard. Our three rooms adjoined.

One evening, as the light faded, I sat down
in a fauteuil by the window. A little while
after, Florian sauntered in, seated himself on
the hassock at my feet, and put his arm over
my knees.

"Is your 'Viviane' done, Florian?" I asked.

"Almost," he replied, quietly.

He was painting a scene of the days of chiv-
alry—Viviane beseeching Merlin to reveal to
her the secret of his charms and spells. The
figure of the Lady of the Lake was the prin-
cipal one. The beautiful, upraised, beseech-
ing face which my cousin had portrayed, was
worthy of an older hand. But for a few days
past he had seemed to lose his interest in his
picture. I had watched him touching it ab-
sently, slightly, almost ineffectually—yet his
face was absorbed, with a glow upon it. Then
he would fling down his brush and wander in
to me, or through my room into Leon, who
worked calmly on a strange face to which he
gave no name—saying laughingly to Florian
and me that he was trying an experiment.
Before Florian came to me that evening, I had
just been to look at it. It was a young, but
heavy, coarse, sensual face—a man's. The
leadens eyes were upraised—light seemed to
strike broadly upon the almost sickening bru-
tality of the features. But there was no
source of light to be seen. The upper part of
the canvas was black, and there was no back-
ground.

"The picture is not finished," said Leon.

I watched him a few moments as he stood,
a little pale and tired, cleaning his brushes;
then went back to my room. Then Florian
came to me. The sun had set, and the soft,
pink glow covered his chiselled features. I
had glanced at him once or twice; his blue

eyes had a kind of reserve in them, and I did not speak after asking about his picture. The twilight gathered purply in the room.

Suddenly Florian's sweet, soft voice startled me.

"Do you think I could paint Violet Verne, Eugene?" he said.

I drew a quick breath. My eyes snatched at his face in the darkening. They found only a gleam of fairness—no speaking eyes and lips, and tell-tale color. My hand held coldly the light fingers that had wandered into mine.

"Why not?" I said.

I could not help it that my voice was repellent. His sensitive-plant nature was touched. He only murmured something carelessly, changed the subject, told me to see the lights of the bridge. I knew that his flower heart would not open to me that night, and I was vexed. I might have known all, but for my words. Yet when his confidence came near, I could not hide from the tendrils he put out to find my sympathy, the wasping edges of my own passion. He always felt them, and drew back. It had been so twice before.

Florian took his arm off my knees. I felt that he was going to leave me, and put out my hand to stay him.

"Don't go," I said.

He prepared to go; but my will was the strongest. He sank back.

"Florian," I said, "could anything induce you to give up the plan of going to Rome, next year?"

He sat silent an instant. Then he said, softly, "Yes."

I knew his secret then. Whoever married Violet Verne must take upon himself her burden—the care of her invalided parents. I knew Florian's secret, and I could have crushed him dead for it. I sat silent for a moment. Then I remembered to affect surprise.

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, possible. But a great many possible things are improbable, you know, Eugene," he said, with a weary sigh.

"I thought Rome was your ruling passion."

"Rome? O, no?"

"It is Leon's." I did not dare say: "And mine."

"I know. It was mine. But I think there might be something better for me than Rome."

"What do you mean?"

"Italy would enrich my fancy," he murmured, then something which I did not hear—"my heart."

I bent over him. His silky head was upon the arm on my knees; I could see the pale outlines of his shining eyes in the darkness. Just then the moon arose, and I beheld the glorified smile of his lips.

I sank back again. There was a long silence. A flood of white moonlight fell over us into the room. I heard Leon softly humming a few strains of *Fidelio*. There was also a faint rattle of carriages in the distant streets. But Florian—I do not think that he heard aught on earth. He was as still as if dead, and his face as white, in the moonlight—his face, with that strange glory upon it!

Leon broke the spell—coming into the room, slowly singing in a kind of soft triumph:

"Beautiful city! that I love!"

He strolled to the window and looked out.

"What are you chatting of?" he said.

"Nothing now. Florian does not care to go to Rome," I added.

Florian aroused himself.

"O, I did not say so, Eugene. It is only possible that I may never go. Did you ever think that I came of a short-lived race?" he added.

Had he meant that all the while? I looked at him, searchingly. He spanned his chest with his hand, glanced up at me and smiled.

"Nonsense, Florian!" said Leon. "Don't talk of dying till you've done something worth living for. How do you come on with your 'Vivien'?"

"Slowly," Florian answered.

"He had rather paint Violet Verne," I said. I felt the thrill that passed through Florian. No, I had not been mistaken.

A strange silence fell upon us all. The moonlight drifted past the side windows as it rose—left us in shadows—and then fell in at the skylight. The silver light struck my easel, and the picture upon it. It was Omain in battle with the two pages, for Lunced, the hand-maiden of the Countess of the Fountain. The three wrestling figures were very distinct. My eyes were fixed upon them. I remembered that Omain would have been overcome, but for his ally, the lion, who won his victory. What would win my victory? Only the lion of my will.

The next afternoon I missed Florian from his room. He had not gone out of the house, for his cap lay on the lounge, and his sack hung from its nail. I knew intuitively where he must be.

Just then Leon called from his room:

"Eugene, are you busy?"

"No."

"I wish you'd take my ewer down and fill it. There's a good fellow."

I was very glad to do it. I took the ewer and went down, and past the door of the little parlor where Violet Verne sat sewing. There Florian was strolling restlessly back and forth across the carpet. They were talking. As I passed, I heard her low, sweet laugh. She looked up.

"Wont you come in, Mr. Clare?"

"Thank you, no," I said, leaning against the door a moment. "I have only come down from my sky parlor for some water."

"Give the ewer to Nannie to be filled, and come and see my rose."

I did so promptly. She led me to the flower stand at the window, where the fragrant tea-rose had put forth some exquisite blossoms. The soft, fragrant flowers were beautiful, yet a suspicion that she had made them an excuse to cause me to enter the room possessed me, as I saw how she was trembling. I looked around at Florian. He was leaving the parlor with a feverish face—his blue eyes burning.

"What is the matter with Florian?" I asked, wickedly. I knew very well. Her face flooded with crimson, as she turned away. She sat down in a great, high-backed easy-chair at the window, and I stood by chatting with her. Moment after moment slipped away.

Leon, coming down for the water he had sent for, found me leaning on Violet Verne's chair, both apparently very merry, while the brimming ewer waited in the hall.

"You're a pretty fellow, Eugene!" he said, sharply.

"I'm sure you will excuse me, Leon, when I tell you that I am waiting to persuade Miss Verne to take a walk to-night," I began. "She is weary. She has not been out for a week; and these moonlight nights are so beautiful!"

Leon came slowly into the room.

"I would like to go, indeed, Mr. Clare, but I cannot leave my father," said Violet.

"The walk would do you good. I will stay with your father," said Leon, kindly.

"Now you will go!" I exclaimed.

"Thank you both. Yes."

An hour later, she put on her shawl and bonnet and went out with me; while Leon came down to stay with her sick father, childishly whimsical of constant attendance. The

house was his property. Leon, Florian and I were his lodgers.

We walked slowly through the quiet streets and across the bridge—Violet Verne's small, ungloved hand gleaming white on my arm. Her sweet face was peaceful as the moonlight. I looked into it, wistfully, as it was upturned to me—but she did not seem to suspect. She chatted quietly of the beauty of the night, of her home cares, and the books she had read, as we walked. It was a long walk, but we turned and came back to the house, at last. We went up the steps arm-in-arm; she opened the door.

"Wait a moment," I said.

I wanted to tell her, but my heart choked me. She waited patiently. I took the little, cold hand off the door knob.

"Kiss me?" I whispered.

"For yourself?"

"Yes."

She shook her head, and glided quickly into the house.

All that night I heard Florian talking incoherently in his sleep. I went in to him, once. He lay on his low couch, apparently insensible, with his blue eyes wide open. I spoke to him. He started up, excitedly, then turned and closed his eyes. I went back to my room, but I heard him talking till morning. Then I fell asleep. When I awoke it was nine o'clock, he was up and at work, pale and haggard.

"A horrible night I have had," he said, painting with an unsteady hand. For myself, I could not work. I shut the doors of both rooms and paced the floor of mine. Violet Verne I must have! My lion must gain the victory.

"I must speak to her again," I said. So I planned to see her that night. I took desperate courage. All would yet be well.

I went into Leon's room. He was finishing his strange picture. A sunset sky he had made. Then he put a struggling soul within the eyes of that brutal face. It gained the victory, and flooded the features. The leaden eyes glowed eager and wistful—bright with tender tears. The parted lips were paler, but the heart-blood on the cheeks was deeper. The quickening of the face awed yet half distressed me. The heavy outlines, all there, told of yet brute power. I waited with held breath to see it fall back from the galvanic life to its living death—a soulless existence. Leon put up his brushes.

"It is done," said he. I shrugged my shoulders and turned away.

I went into Florian's room. He was lying, face down, on his couch.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing. A pain here," putting his hand to his left side. "I shall be better soon."

I knelt down beside him. How his eyes burned! Thread-like pulses were throbbing swiftly in his temples and wrists. His hand almost scorched mine, as he grasped it.

"I shall die! You know I come of a short-lived race," he whispered.

I bathed his head. He lay still, at last, in a kind of stupor—his blue eyes half open, like a sick babe's. My selfishness and my love for him wrenched me fiercely as I bent over him. No, I could not give her up to him if else he died! I was no martyr. He roused up and spoke deliriously once or twice; finally he fell into a heavy sleep. The day wore away. Leon went down stairs at dark. I listened, and heard the street door close. The moon began to rise. I walked the floor awhile. All was still in Florian's room. Finally I went slowly down stairs.

The hall lamps had not been lighted. I passed noiselessly over the carpets of the hall and staircase. The house seemed all darkness. The little parlor was open—unlighted. It was strange; Violet usually sat there through the long evenings, reading within reach of her father's call. I slowly walked the length of the hall—past the small dining-room where Nannie the maid sat sewing—up two wide carpeted steps where there was an easy-chair and a bookcase. There also was an oriel window, shaded by soft green drapery. There was a sound—I paused.

Two figures outlined against the window grew on my sight—my brother Leon seated on the low window-seat—Violet Verne nestled to his breast. They were talking softly—they had not heard a sound, and believed themselves alone. My heart beat slower and slower till it lay still in my bosom.

I turned at last, light-headed—not feeling the floor beneath my feet. I took one step, and faced a pair of burning eyes. It was Florian. He had seen; he knew.

He reeled. I caught him—bent over him.

"Hush!" I whispered in his ear. There was no need of the caution. He had fainted.

I took him in my arms and went noiselessly as a ghost over the broad stairs. I laid him on his couch. He died in a week of brain fever.

Leon is married. I, only, am at Rome. I have never finished the picture of Omain's victory.

ARISTOCRACY VS. DEMOCRACY.

Rev. A. P. Putnam, of Roxbury, wrote home from Europe, that he found, by observation, the masses of the people, in European countries, when left to form their own opinions, were for the North, while the powerful governments and ruling classes are against us. This is undoubtedly true. The common people of Europe sympathize with the democratic institutions of the North. In England, all the organs of the common classes, from the Westminster Review down to the London Daily News, are outspoken in favor of the North; but the aristocracy of England and France and elsewhere yearn for the success of the aristocracy of the South. The southern slaveholder with his thousand chattels, meets on familiar terms with the European lord. They are birds of a feather; both despise democratic institutions, and hate the "mud-sills" of society, and think it is very pernicious to allow a working man to vote. Slidell, the choice representative of our slaveholding class, disports most elegantly in the saloons of the French aristocracy, and they all agree that the northern people are very vulgar, and that secesh ought to triumph. The American people will never be in a right position until they become champions of the democratic idea throughout the world. Aristocracy is the same in all ages and all countries. It is found in that class which has power, wealth and position, and exerts itself to keep down those who have nothing. In the South it is the slaveholder, in Europe it is the noble.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along, day and night, by the farmhouse, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood, or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from his hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or the world—while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gentle flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow every day and every night, with their gentle, quiet beauty.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.
SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

"GONE, BUT NOT LOST."

BY ALICE CAREY.

Minnie is gone—on me no more

Will smile her gentle eyes;

'Twas but last week, or that before,

I saw her making pies!

Her lips were fresh as any rose;

You would not think it true,

And yet she said a dozen beaux

Had kissed away their dew.

I saw her leave us—angels, hark!

I cried, in wild alarm;

And save, O, save her from the dark—

'Twas midnight and a storm.

Softly she smiled, and smoothed away

Her long and heavy hair,

And said she thought another day

Would probably be fair.

The messenger, or good or bad,

That mortals must obey,

Was come, and Minnie's pa was mad,

And so she ran away!

And though her mother, too, was mad,

And sisters cried, alack!

She said she'd have him, if he had

But one shirt to his back.

Quite unprepared—her heavy woes

We felt, but could not share—

She had but just two calicoes

And one old silk to wear.

'Twas hard to leave her childhood's skies—

They never had been dull;

'Twas hard to leave the apple-pies—

There was a cupboard full.

Sweet Minnie, sheathe your angry glance,

Nor think I write to blame;

For who of us, and had a chance,

That wouldn't do the same?

[ORIGINAL.]

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD:

—OR,—

THE STORY OF A VAGRANT.

BY ARTHUR LOVERING.

TWENTY years ago, the firm of Whitfield, Strong & Co. constituted one of the heaviest importing houses in Boston. It was an old and long established concern, and, during its ac-

tive and long continued exertions, the city had been gradually growing up around them; and yet in their business operations they managed to keep pace with its growth—never flagging, never tiring in their steady, onward strides to fortune.

Formerly it had been Strong & Whitfield, but the elder Strong was dead. Many years ago he had died—so many, indeed, that most of the firms, dating their existence back a score of years, had no personal recollection of the elder Strong, excepting as they remembered him from his three-cornered hat, and silver-headed cane, as he moved goutily down State street, whenever the weather was fine enough to permit of such a luxury. But such recollected him mostly while laboring in the capacity of clerks and errand-boys.

The present Mr. Strong was grandson to the elder Strong; the medium link in this Strong connection having been sundered previous to the death of the senior Strong, and, being the only descending link that had ever existed, the juvenile Strong, at the puny age of fifteen, became the rightful successor to all of the Strong interests united. Since then the unobtrusive sign of Strong and Whitfield had been removed, and the more pretending one of Whitfield, Strong & Co. substituted.

At the time of which I write, Mr. Whitfield, the senior partner, was a man already advanced in years. He might have been fifty, possibly sixty, or even more than that. None of the indications which usually serve to denote the age of an individual were manifest in any prominent degree in him. He was a tall, spare built man, somewhat cadaverous of feature—his thick, wiry, black hair presenting an occasional gray thread or two, so sparsely, however, that none but a close observer would have detected them, while the whole superabundant mass rose bristling up in every direction.

His eyes were perhaps his most striking feature. One was decidedly black, while the other was just as undeniably blue. To the curious they would have appeared little less than a phenomenon—the nose rising like an arch between the two. The blue was favored with a slight squint, while the black was keen, straightforward and piercing, as though the great business of life rested mainly on its unceasing vigilance.

Mr. Strong, the junior, was by no means a counterpart of his senior. He was a stout, rosy-cheeked man, somewhat underforty, and a general favorite with all the clerks, porters

and errand-boys of the establishment. The reason of this was obvious. He was as generous and impulsive in his feelings as the other was cold, calculating and invulnerable; and upon this point of difference all of their employees were thoroughly posted.

To his own personal knowledge, Mr. Whitfield was blessed with no other connection in the wide world. He had some vague recollections of a very large room, where a great number of children like himself were retained, under the supervision of a very ancient old dame, in horn-bowed spectacles, whom the children of one accord called *mama*, and whenever she presented her venerable face before them, they teased her incessantly for toys and sugar-plums.

After that he recollected being taken to a farmhouse, a short distance from the city, where he was made to run out barefooted in the snow, and bring in large armfuls of wood; and where, if he presumed to complain, he was positively sure of being deluged with a shower of cuffs for his presumption, administered by the strong arm of the belligerent dame, who superintended the culinary department of said house. The rest of his time was devoted to the pacifying of a very cross baby, which, through the aid of scratching, biting, and pulling hair, soon came to be his especial horror; so that when the spring opened he ran away, leaving the unfriendly roof which had so far sheltered him. From that hour he became a street boy—a vagrant; subject to all the vicissitudes of this novel but precarious mode of existence, running errands, when people would trust him, ransacking the gutters for a stray penny, and sleeping at night in dilapidated coaches, and other out-of-the-way places.

For four weary years he had been a street boy, in its most appalling sense. Often had he crept into some by-place, after the long row of street lamps had been lighted, and there was no longer any prospect of serving the prosperous citizen with his humble labors, and cried himself to sleep while contemplating his sad and lonely condition. At such moments, his simple, boyish nature would rebel at the thought of the well-dressed boys, whom he saw looking so comfortable and happy, well-knowing that they fared sumptuously every day; and he almost doubted the existence of the good "All Father," of whom the kind old matron of the foundling asylum had so often spoken.

Since then he had lived to witness many

of those bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked boys, once envied by himself, filling drunkards' graves, alms-houses and penitentiaries; while he, the poor cipher, who had arisen from the very scum of society, so far as could be known, had since been sailing slowly but steadily on to fortune.

He remembered what he had once been; he understood and could point out the very rounds upon which he had clung in his successful ascent to his present enviable position. He remembered well, though half a century had since rolled by, the first fortunate step upward he had gained. It was after an unsuccessful day spent in search of some honest means whereby he might be enabled to earn the scanty meal which his empty stomach already craved; cold, cheerless and uncomfortable, he had started early, in hopes of finding some chance coin, which might have accidentally found its way into that friendly receptacle, the street gutter. It was very early, indeed, that the streets, deserted a few hours since, were still silent, excepting when now and then a solitary market wagon came toiling wearily into the great thoroughfares—those very thoroughfares which were soon to be aroused with all the life and energy which go to make up the busy mart where crime and penury abound—where wealth and poverty jostle each other in the very streets.

The morning was cold, uncomfortably so for the middle of autumn, and the poor outcast, as he kept shivering along in his unwholesome rage—his bare feet clinging painfully to the frosted pavement—would have convinced the most incredulous observer of his utter misery and destitution. Eagerly had he searched along the gutters of several consecutive streets, till he found himself opposite the old State House. Here he paused, as if uncertain what course to pursue—glancing first up Washington street, and afterwards along the narrow, winding passage which leads around to the rear of the venerable pile upon one side, when his keen eye (rendered doubly so from want and neglect) took in the outlines of a dark object, deposed in the gutter not far from where he was standing. As he approached, his heart leaped into his throat on discovering—instead of some worthless trifle, as he first supposed—a pléthoric pocket-book, containing, to all outward appearances, a very large sum of money. Snatching up the fortunate prize—fortunate, because it proved a stepping-stone to fortune—he glanced anxiously about him, to make sure that no one

was in sight; and then, carefully secreting it, hurried off in the direction of an out-of-the-way alley, known as Cooper's Lane, in which was an old market-wagon, which had served him as a nightly shelter for some time.

But fortune, it is said, as well as misfortune, rarely comes single-handed—a truth which was strikingly verified in the present instance; for, no sooner had the poor vagrant (merchant prince to be, whose claims to the title the world would acknowledge in after years,) started on his return, than he picked up a pistareen, which had escaped his notice on first traversing the street. Hurrying back with his precious booty, he crept stealthily into the shadow of the old market-wagon, and took an anxious peep at the contents of the pocket-book. To his extreme surprise he discovered a large sum of money, in bank bills, and gold, and silver coin.

After gloating his boyish eyes for some time with this newly discovered treasure, he replaced everything as he had found it; and, after carefully depositing it in the bottom of the wagon, he covered it over with some loose straw, which had previously served him for a bed, and departed.

He went straight to a neighboring cellar (where he had sometimes been before, when his humble finances would permit of such a luxury), and secured for nine cents a warm and comfortable breakfast, the first he had enjoyed for a long time. Passing out of the cellar, he turned his steps once more in the direction of the old State House. A great many people were now astir, and the hum of busy life had commenced in earnest. He glanced up at the face of the old clock; it was twenty minutes past six. An irresistible impulse seemed to hurry him on. He passed the corner, paused, and looked down. He felt a strong desire to hover about the place, fearing, perhaps, that his good fortune might prove an illusion or dream, and that the treasure itself might vanish from his sight, leaving him as poor and helpless as ever.

While wondering thus whether it were not all a dream, he noticed a man coming up the street towards him, with a handful of printed bills. When he arrived at the corner opposite, he posted one, and then walked away. On a closer inspection, it proved to be an advertisement of the lost money, giving a minute description of the same, and offering a liberal reward to the finder, signed "Jonathan Strong & Son, No. —, Kilby Street." A great many people paused to look at it. Some said they

were sorry; others said they were glad of it—it would do him good to lose a few thousands.

There was a sort of fascination in the spot for the poor vagrant. Presently two well-dressed men paused opposite, and began talking about the lost money.

"I am of the opinion," said the taller of the two, "that the person who finds it, and is honest enough to return it, will prove very lucky indeed."

"What makes you think so?" interrupted the other.

"O, Strong has his notions about these things. An honest man is his especial admiration, but he does not particularly believe in them. He hasn't the least idea of ever seeing it again, I should think by his talk. I conversed with him a few minutes before you overtook me," added the tall gentleman, running his fingers through a handsome growth of beard as he spoke, "and one thing I am satisfied of, he will do the honorable thing by whoever does find it."

"You don't think, then," suggested his companion, laughing, "that he'll follow the example of the old fellow in New York, who gave the ragged boy a half penny for finding a thousand dollar check for him?"

"Not he!" responded the tall gentleman, indignantly. "At any rate, if I was a youngster, just beginning the world, I wouldn't ask any better luck than to find it, and understand the man as well as I now do." And, without further comments, the two gentlemen moved on.

This conversation, so full of hope and promise to the poor lad—destitute and forsaken though he was—decided him in the course he was to take. Back through the long crooked streets he hurriedly retraced his steps, his bare feet scarcely touching the pavement as he ran, for fear, if he paused too long, or gave too much thought to the money, that his good resolution might desert him altogether, and then he would feel more guilty than if he had never given the good part a thought. On reaching the old market-wagon, he found everything safe, as he had left it. He dared not look at the money, for fear he might still be tempted to keep it. He only thought of the immense magnitude of his mission—of the great Mr. Strong, merchant, and restitution.

It lacked some minutes of eight o'clock when he reached the great ware-house of the merchant, but early as it was, he found Mr. Strong already there. On inquiry, a stout, elderly gentleman, wearing a three-cornered

hat, was pointed out to him as Mr. Jonathan Strong, owner of the lost money. Mr. Strong, on observing the ragged boy trembling in the doorway, came forward, and demanded, in an exceeding strong voice, what he wanted.

"Please, sir," said the young vagrant, drawing the pocket-book from the folds of his ragged jacket, "I have found your money, sir!"

"My money!" thundered the eccentric Mr. Strong, eyeing him from head to foot; "you find my money, eh? Pray, who told you I had lost any money?" And the strong voice sounded even stronger than before.

"O, sir," cried the vagrant, his teeth fairly chattering with fear, "there didn't no one tell me, sir. I seed it on the placard, sir!"

"You read! Why, you juvenile ragbag, who ever heard of such a thing?" And Mr. Strong laughed till the tears fairly rolled down his plump cheeks.

By this time quite a crowd of people had collected about them, all eager to witness the result of this strange interview.

"Halloo, Kurby!" shouted Mr. Strong, "just take the pocket-book, and see if the cash tallies with the amount lost."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Kurby, advancing.

"And now, you precious young scamp!" cried Mr. Strong, with redoubled energy, "what excuse have you for not keeping it? Why didn't you hang on to it? What in common sense possessed you to come and bring it back here?"

The little vagrant looked timidly up into the strong face of the merchant, and said:

"I did want to keep it, sir; but then I knew it wor your'n, and not mine; and, thinks I, it wouldn't be quite right to keep it when I knows whose 'tis, and so I couldn't make up my mind to."

"You couldn't, hey?" cried Mr. Strong, still frowning. "Well, then, perhaps you can tell who you are, and what you do for a living?"

"Yes, sir," responded the poor vagrant, hesitating. "I runs errands, sir, when I can. When folks as has bundles to carry, sir, will trust me with 'em, I carries 'em, sir."

"A precious fine business, that, for a young gentleman of your cloth!" cried Mr. Strong, boisterously. "But then, as the Irish say, I used to do that same myself when I was a small cub, and hadn't nothing better to take up my time; but that isn't telling me what your name is, nor where you live when you are at home. You see I'm curious to know

all about you, in case you haven't quite told the truth. Now speak up! What is your name?"

"Joseph, sir!" answered the vagrant, coloring.

"I see," said Mr. Strong, winking slyly at the bystanders. "Like your namesake, of old, you have thus far proved yourself a young gentleman not easily corrupted. But Joseph isn't all the name you have. What's your other name? Joseph what?"

"Joseph Whitfield, sir!"

"Well, now, that will do—that's fine! Now inform us where you live, if you please?"

"O, sir!" Here poor Joseph fell to stammering, and finally stopped altogether.

"Ah, I see," said Mr. Strong, "you don't wish to tell all your business. You think your business is no concern of ours—isn't that it, hey?"

"O, no," cried the little vagrant, while two or three bright tears found a passage down his flushed cheeks, "I don't mean that; but then I haven't no home, and don't live nowhere in particular."

"But you stop somewhere, don't you? You don't pretend to board in the street, and take lodgings in the gutter, do you? Now answer me, where did you stay last night?"

"In Cooper's Lane, in—in a market-wagon!"

"Kurby!" exclaimed Mr. Strong, turning abruptly towards that gentleman, "did you find the money all right?"

"I did, sir; no disagreement whatever."

"Kurby!" said Mr. Strong, speaking very calmly and quietly now, "this little episode you have witnessed has knocked over one of my theories pretty effectually. It has taught me a lesson likewise, which, without the practical demonstration I have had, I would not have believed had it been recorded by the angels in letters of gold."

"I don't doubt it, sir," said Mr. Kurby, making a profound bow.

"Find Mr. Muddle, if you please," said Mr. Strong, as the head clerk turned to go, "and say I want him."

In a few minutes Mr. Muddle approached. He was a short, pale-faced young man, with a very hooked nose, and the whole breadth of head upon one side ornamented with a formidable goose quill. He bowed very humbly to Mr. Strong, and said, "Your pleasure, sir?"

"My pleasure, sir," echoed Mr. Strong, "is that you examine this remarkable specimen of humanity attentively, because I wish you to

understand that he is thoroughly honest, in spite of his poverty, and that's what neither you nor I am, sir!"

Mr. Muddle gave a surpercilious shrug.

"Besides, sir," continued Mr. Strong, "he is a natural curiosity—a phenomenon, sir, and I haven't the least idea of letting him slip through my fingers!"

Mr. Muddle bowed once more, and remained silent.

"Now, sir," added Mr. Strong, "it is my pleasure, in the first place, that you take this juvenile representative of Ragdom, and give him a thorough scrubbing. Don't let him escape, sir, while a particle of the old scum remains. Next, visit Long's, and tell Mr. Long, that I desire him to fit this valuable young cub with a respectable suit of clothes—respectable, mind you, because he merits them, which you don't!"

Mr. Muddle ventured a very melancholy nod in reply, which seemed to say, "No one knows better than yourself, sir."

"After that," continued Mr. Strong, "you will please take him to the house, and show him to Mistress Strong, and tell her he is the boy who found my money, and that he is to live with us for the future."

"Any further orders?" said Muddle, turning to depart.

"Yes, sir. When you have done that, you will please return to your business, as usual."

"And leave the young 'un at the house?" suggested Mr. Muddle.

"Who told you to leave him at the house?" demanded Mr. Strong, looking fixedly in the direction of Mr. Muddle.

"O, no one!" responded Muddle, doggedly. "I merely inferred it."

"Now, sir, let me tell you for once," shouted Mr. Strong, "you had no business to infer any such thing. If I didn't tell you to leave him, sir, you had no business to suppose I meant it, I intended you should bring him back, sir—back! Do you understand?"

And Mr. Muddle, without waiting for further remarks, retired, bearing, under the diminutive shelter of his arm, the ragged little vagrant of Cooper's Lane.

"What do you intend doing with him?" inquired Mr. Kurby, after Muddle had retired.

"Doing with him!" echoed Mr. Strong, "why, keep him, to be sure; what else should I do with him? Besides, I have taken a fancy to him, and therefore I think there is a strong probability of his getting up in the world."

And he did get up in the world—very much

in the way that thousands of others have, before and since; but whether he ever gave a thought afterwards, when he became rich and prosperous, to the poor street boy similarly situated, no after act of his life has shown—at least not sufficiently clear to serve as an actual demonstration in his favor.

Since then, fifty years of care, toil and perplexity have been added to his life, and once again we behold the ragged vagrant of olden memory seated alone in his office, reading the morning paper.

The ragged vagrant has grown gray in his association with the Strong interests, which he never loses sight of—not he. He is far too grateful to his early benefactor—the senior Strong of olden memory—to forget so easily his obligations to his posterity. He feels that, though death in a measure may have weakened those obligations, he still owes them an immeasurable debt of gratitude—a debt he will never be able sufficiently to repay.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

A Vienna journal records a new instance of the extraordinary power of imagination. A medical man, with the permission of the authorities, proposed to a notorious criminal undergoing punishment in one of the city jails, that he should be pardoned, provided he consented to sleep in the bed of a patient who had just died of cholera. The man, thinking cholera a contagious disease, hesitated some time, but at last consented, on the promise being made that if he were attacked, every possible means of saving him should be employed. In a few hours after being placed in bed, the prisoner had a regular attack of cholera. The usual treatment was applied, and he recovered, owing, however, in no small degree, to the extraordinary strength of his constitution. The man's astonishment was unbounded on being told that his attack of cholera was entirely owing to imagination, the bed in which he had been placed not having been occupied by a cholera patient.

A SCOTCH ANSWER.

"Well," said a Yankee proudly to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "is not that wonderful? In your country you never saw anything like that?" "Like that," quoth the latter, "there's a far mair wonderful concern nae twae miles frae whar I was born." "Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray what kind of a concern may it be?" "Why, mon," replied the other, "it's a peacock wi' a wooden leg!"

[ORIGINAL.]

HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

I mark a quaint and lovely spot
 Beneath the spreading elm,
 Where pleasant visions throng the soul
 From memory's ancient realm.
 The grass-plot green, that slopeth still
 Before the open door,
 Each bush and shrub that gently wave,
 As in the days of yore—
 The murmuring brook still gliding by,
 The meadow, fresh and green,
 That marked my oft-reflected face
 Within its narrow stream—
 Make me again the prattling child,
 Beside my father's hearth,
 To mingle with the long-beloved
 In scenes of household mirth;
 To see a bright and happy band,
 With footsteps quick to come,
 And hear a mother's tender voice,
 That bade me welcome home.

But when a father's face is met,
 I note the changing scene;
 And all those lovely visions fly,
 Like morning's misty dream.
 Why mingles not that loving voice
 With his in tender tone?
 Or why comes not those hastening feet,
 In answer to my own?
 Those eager steps are slackened now,
 That met my joyous calls;
 And vacant seats are found to-day,
 Within those hallowed walls.
 For change hath spread her mantle dark
 Around our father's hearth,
 And first the darling of the flock
 Is called away from earth:
 Called to a brighter mansion far,
 Upon a sunnier shore,
 Where darkened shadows never fall,
 And sorrow comes no more.

And next, that voice whose gentle tones
 Fell sweetly on my ear,
 Is mingling in the songs of love
 That seraphs joy to hear.
 "Weep not for me," that spirit cries,
 "I've done with toils and fears,
 And entered on the blissful course
 Of heaven's eternal years!"
 Then I will weep no more, nor fear
 To stem life's swelling sea,
 Since o'er its heaving, tossing tide
 The pilgrim's way must be;
 But hasten with undaunted steps
 The path that I may tread,

Till numbered with the shining dead,
 Who love beyond the dead!
 For all of earth is changing fast,
 And hasting to its close,
 And soon the lengthened shadows
 Shall mark our ended woes;
 While far beyond the present life,
 In clouds of golden light,
 We'll plume our drooping pinions,
 And take our upward flight.

[ORIGINAL.]

"THE LEAST SHALL BE GREATEST."

BY EMMA AUGUSTA HAWTHORNE.

"WRITE, write! is there no end to the merciless scratch of your tantalizing pen? Why, what sort of a conscience can you possess, to try one's nerves in that outrageous fashion? Really, Lou, you are too bad."

The speaker stretched herself with a lazy yawn upon the lounge, on which she had been lolling, after giving vent to her splenetic feelings, and directed a volley of dissatisfied looks and frowns at the slight, quiet figure seated by a table at the opposite end of the room—quiet, except for the rapid gliding of one slender hand over the paper before her.

"If I disturb you, I can write somewhere else," was the quiet response, accompanied by a slight glance of contempt toward the occupant of the lounge, who lost the benefit of it, for her blue eyes were already veiled by the lazily drooping lids.

"Dear me," she uttered, as the door closed, and she was alone, "how miserable I should be if I had to write for a living; it makes one so pale and disagreeable. Louise always goes about the house in a mope, and looking like a ghost. I would not be so humdrum for the world." And with another yawn, Ada Rand, the spoiled, capricious, indolent beauty, fairly settled herself for a nap, and thought no more of Louise, the patient scribbler, the weary toiler, and the penniless cousin.

Louise Hale sat alone in her narrow, stived room, with aching brows that throbbed longingly for one breath of cool, fresh air; yet still the weary, taxed brain glowed with beautiful fancies, and still the quick pen, guided by tired fingers, conveyed them to paper. A gentle knock at the door roused her, and wiping her pen she bade her visitor "come in," in a slightly impatient tone. The door opened, and a gentle-faced woman entered.

"Dear Aunt Mary, I did not think it was you; I am afraid I spoke crossly." And she hastened to get a chair for the new comer.

"You are tired, my dear. What makes you work so? You look pale and ill; indeed, my child, this is wrong."

The gentle voice was in perfect keeping with the gentle face; it went straight to the grateful heart of the lonely, tired girl.

"I am going to take a rest soon, and then I intend to be lazy enough to suit even Ada's taste," she said, playfully.

Her aunt sat in thought for some moments. "Louise," she said at length, "have you forgotten the invitation to Mrs. Brooks's to-night?"

"No, not forgotten; but, indeed, I have not thought of going."

"Now, my child, allow me this once to be your adviser. You need change, something to elevate your spirits, and take away their dullness. This party will do you worlds of good, I know; I would go, Louise."

"If you think best I will go, certainly." The words were uttered in a listless tone, without pleasure, without interest.

"You know, dear, I am only thinking of your good," said the gentle lady, passing her hand over the dark braids that covered the head of the young girl.

"You are very kind, very thoughtful, dear Aunt Mary; I will go." She smiled, and pressed the caressing hand against her cheek.

"I will send Sarah to help you dress."

"O, no, please; I really prefer not."

Her aunt smiled at her half sadly, half tenderly, and passed from the room.

A little later Louise was busy at her toilet. She sighed a little, low-breathed sigh, as she drew forth the festive dress of rich white silk from its long confinement, and shook out the lustrous folds. It was many a day since it had been brought to light, and as the girl's eyes wandered over its simple elegance, her thoughts went backward to the happier days. Louise had not always been sad and pale; not always had she felt the need of sitting late over flickering lights, and going to bed with weary fingers, weary brain and weary heart. But the darker time came. The petted, luxuriously reared girl, one dreary day, found herself an orphan, and destitute. Her aunt, gentle Mrs. Rand, kindly welcomed the lone girl to her home and its hospitalities; but the world's selfishness pursued her. Ada Rand, the heiress, who, though indolent enough in

some respects, had sufficient energy where vanity was concerned, placed a gulf between herself and the penniless, beautiful cousin, which the latter had too much pride, even if the inclination had been hers, to attempt to pass. She was, if not happy, at least satisfied, so far as her feelings of duty were concerned, that she earned her independence; anything like obligation would have galled her pride, which had sustained her through all the weary and unwelcome changes.

It was two years since the brilliant, gifted girl had flashed meteor-like on the uppermost wave of fashionable society, only to sink into sudden obscurity beneath it. She occasionally received invitations to go out, but she steadily refused them all. But Mrs. Brooks was a dear friend of her aunt, and it was the warm wish of both ladies that Louise should lay aside her scruples on this occasion, and attend the party at the residence of the former.

So she wove the rich braids of dark hair, and disposed it with skilful grace about the classic head, with no ornament save a glossy camella that gleamed out snowily from the contrast. The pearly folds of her dress fell gracefully to her feet, and the mist of rich lace that covered the bodice and sleeves lent an added fairness to the white neck and arms. She wore one bracelet, the clasp containing her mother's hair, set about with pearls. When all was completed she surveyed the figure reflected in the glass with a blush of surprise. Could this be Louise? Where were the pale cheeks, the languid eyes and contracted brow that were wont to meet her gaze? The Louise she looked on now was fairly radiant. The unusual excitement of dressing for a gay crowd had sent a warm carmine to the dimpled cheek, and a starlike brightness to the great dark eyes, and a smile, half arch, half sad, hovered on the rosy mouth. The smile and its archness were still there when she entered the drawing-room a few moments after, and turning to Mrs. Rand, with her olden gaiety, exclaimed:

"There, Aunt Mary, you see you have made a victim of me, now how many victims do you think I shall make to-night?"

"Here is one at the beginning," said a voice from a far corner, full of merriment.

Louise looked around, startled, and with a rising color. Mrs. Rand introduced Mr. Everton, a nephew of Mrs. Brooks, who had sent him to escort the ladies. The young girl's roses grew deeper as she thought of her silly speech, but Aunt Mary's playful kindness,

and the gentleman's lively remarks, soon put her at her ease. Ada came down looking vexed and dissatisfied; but the discomfited look changed to one of beaming gladness when she saw the visitor. She glanced toward her cousin with a start of surprise, and said, rather ungraciously:

"So you concluded to go?"

"My aunt's party would sustain a loss if she did not," said Mr. Everton, quickly, for he fancied he saw a shadow of displeasure and dislike darken the blue eyes of the fair blonde.

Louise Hale was that night herself again. She played, sang, danced, and talked, as she had not done before in many months. She seemed suddenly inspired with health, strength and spirits. She was sought after and flattered the whole evening, and Ada Rand looked on with the indolent indifference with which she had hitherto regarded her cousin deepening into a settled dislike, as she saw with many a jealous pang, the attentions of Louis Everton bestowed on her whom she speedily began to look upon as a rival.

Days and weeks passed, and Louise found herself gradually but surely, stepping forth from her self-imposed seclusion into the world again. She knew not why, but this world, so cruel, changeful, capricious, bitter, and kindly by turns, suddenly became a fair garden, teeming with happiness, of which the lonely girl's heart had so long been destitute. She would have smiled incredulously, if it had been suggested to her that this sudden glow of gladness in which she now lived and dreamed, sprang from the new feeling which Louis Everton's looks and tones called up, yet such was nevertheless the real state of the case.

One gloomy day in March, Ada sat in the cozy sitting-room, trifling daintily with some embroidery, while Louis Everton sat near her, twisting a skein of bright-colored floss around his fingers, and his fine eyes wandering continually toward the door, as if expecting, or wishing, some one would enter. Some one did enter at last, but evidently not the one he had been hoping to see, for he wore a decidedly disappointed air as he rose to pay his respects to Ada's father.

Mr. Rand seldom interfered with family concerns; so that when all went right outwardly, he seldom made inquiries concerning "behind the scenes." He had a sort of half knowledge that his wife was timid, and an instinctive feeling that Ada was supremely selfish, and so this afternoon when he entered

the sitting-room, looking as if a sudden blight had bowed his head and heart, he did not pause to laugh at the gay sallies of his fair daughter, or inquire for his gentle wife; but his first question was:

"Where is Louise?" Proud, patient, self-reliant Louise.

"Up stairs scribbling as usual, I suppose," answered Ada, laughingly.

Mr. Everton darted a half inquisitive, half indignant look at the pretty speaker, and fell into a reverie. Ada looked vexed, and tried to recall his wandering thoughts. Her father, with a gloomy brow, arose and left the room. He sought the room of Louise. He entered just as she was in the act of thrusting something hastily into her writing-desk. She had not been writing; pen and ink were nowhere to be seen. Louise had evidently been indulging in a reverie. Her uncle took a seat beside her.

"Louise, I have sad news, terrible news. I did not dare to tell any one but you."

"What is it, Uncle Charles? I can bear to hear the worst."

"The worst, Louise? I do not believe you even dream it. Child, unless I can raise three thousand dollars within three days, my wife and child will be homeless. O, Louise, can't you advise me? Yet I know, poor child, it is impossible. What shall I do? He covered his face with his hands in complete abandonment of grief.

"Uncle Charles," spoke a gentle, musical voice, "perhaps I can help you."

"You, Louise? Impossible! Yet you must tell them; I never can."

"But, Uncle Charles, look! Surely, here is help." While she had been speaking, she opened her desk and drew forth several rolls of bank notes. "There are two thousand dollars; if it will be of any use, take it; surely some one will lend you the other thousand."

Mr. Rand gazed and beheld, in perfect bewilderment. A shadow crossed his brow.

"Louise, Louise, how came you by so much money?"

She blushed rosily. "You recollect the two new books you bought a few weeks ago? I wrote them both, Uncle Charles. But you will not tell? Promise me, please?"

He looked at her in a maze of wonder, admiration and perplexity.

"God bless you, Louise, you have saved us all. Indeed, indeed, I have not words to thank you."

"I do not need thanks," was the gentle re-

ply; "only do not tell the rest, and I am content."

Her uncle pressed her hand, and with his heart too full for words, withdrew.

A week passed, and everything went on as smoothly as before. Mr. Rand, with the substantial aid of Louise, had made his affairs all straight again. Ada and Louise sat together in the great sitting-room, talking of a late party.

"Louise," spoke the former, suddenly, "do you know that I am as good as engaged to Louis Everton?"

Louise's cheek that of late, had so seldom known paleness, became white as frost, but she answered steadily:

"No, I was not aware of it."

"Well, it is a fact. Only last evening Mrs. Wade asked me when the wedding was to take place. Of course I could not help knowing to what she referred."

"Certainly," acquiesced Louise, almost mechanically.

A step sounded near the door; a moment after Ada's maid entered.

"Mr. Everton has called; he would like to speak with Miss Louise a moment if she can spare him the time."

"Are you sure it was Louise he wished to see?" asked Ada, in mingled surprise and indignation.

"Quite sure, ma'am," answered the girl, with a knowing smile, as she vanished through the half-opened door.

Louise rose and left the room, the fair color dyeing her cheeks once more. She entered the library with a flushed brow and a wildly beating heart. A little later she left it, the betrothed wife of Louis Everton.

A wedding took place not long after, in which the beautiful bride was not Ada Rand, though that vain young lady had been "as good as engaged to Louis Everton." It is not to be supposed that the latter loved his fair bride the less when he heard the story of her generosity from Mr. Rand, on the presentation of his bridal gift to her. Thus, after a season of suffering through faith and patience, the brightness of life at last blessed Louise with its radiance and peace.

PROVIDENCE.

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

ADDISON'S CATO.

MAKE YOUR CHILDREN SING.

All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. In Germany every child is taught to use his voice while young. In their schools all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches singing is not confined to the choir, who sit apart from the others, perhaps, in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart that can give utterance to this language from the soul. In addition to the delightful influence music has upon the character, it has also a marked influence in suppressing pulmonary complaints. Dr. Rush used to say that the reason why the Germans seldom die of consumption was, that they were always singing.

THE POWER OF A GOOD LIFE.

God and good angels alone know the vast, the incalculable influence that goes out into the universe of spirit, and thence flows into the universe of matter, from the conquered evil, and the voiceless prayer of one solitary soul. Wouldst thou bring the world unto God? then live near him thyself. If divine life pervade thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayest be unconscious of being charged therewith. This surely would be the highest, to strive to keep near the holy, not for the sake of our own reward here or hereafter, but that through love to God we might bless our neighbor. This only should be our end and object.

A TURKISH WILL.

A testator left to his eldest son one half of his horses, to his second son one third of his horses, to his third son one ninth of his horses. The executor did not know what to do, as seventeen will neither divide by two, nor by three, nor by nine. A dervise came up on horseback, and the executor consulted him. The dervise said: "Take my horse and add him to the others. There were then eighteen horses. The executor then gave to the eldest son one half, nine; to the second son one third, six; to the third son one ninth, two; total seventeen. The dervise then said: "You don't want my horse now; I will take him back again."—*Eastern Scenes.*

If every man's breast could be looked into,
there would be found the image of some woman.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE MAIDEN OF DANE.

BY ANNIE GREY.

The sunshine is tinging with gold her hair,
As she sits at her lattice—you may search every-
where,
By land or by sea, and find none so fair
As the Maiden of Dane.

Her home, this gray tower, it stands by the sea,
Where the mist and the waves hold high revelry,
Whispering to her of visions and hopes that may be,
For the Maiden of Dane.

Lashing the rocks with a restless moan,
Making the wild, wierd silence more lone,
With its low undercurrent of murmuring tone,
Poor Maiden of Dane.

Her bodice is gleaming with "gems rich and rare,"
And white pearls are wreathed in the braids of her
hair;
Clasped tight are her dainty hands, matchless and
fair;
O, Maiden of Dane!

Three times seven days have gone by, and no sail
Can she see—O, well may her red lips grow pale,
As she misses the ship that ne'er without fail
Came to the Maiden of Dane!

Of a shipwreck dark have the waves no tale;
Of a dear-loved form, now rigid and pale,
Cast on shore, and enshrouded in a half-torn sail:
Pale Maiden of Dane.

* * * * *
The sunshine is gone, but the moon's dim light
Is throwing a glory around her to-night;
May God, in his infinite mercy and might,
Comfort the Maiden of Dane!

[ORIGINAL.]

THE TEMPLAR'S BRIDE.

BY H. C. PARSONS.

IN the northern part of England, on the
confines of the county of Cumberland, there
stood, at the time our tale opens, the precep-
tory of Warwick, a stronghold of the "Most
Holy Knights of the Temple." The morning
sun had just risen, shedding a flood of golden
light upon its lofty towers and massive battle-
ments, when a man wrapped in the white
cloak of a knight stood before its walls. He
appeared desirous to avoid observation, for,
stealing in the shadow of its walls, he reached

a place where the moat was narrow, and like
one accustomed to the stratagem, by a power-
ful exertion of strength, he leaped across the
shining water. A small door by the side of
one of the highest towers was before. He
opened it with a key which he took from his
bosom, and passed into the garden of the pre-
ceptory. With the same carefulness he stole
through the garden, up a private staircase,
through a long hall, and into his room. There
he seemed to breathe more freely. Rapidly
divesting himself of his garments, he threw
himself upon his couch. Not long was he
destined to enjoy the sleep he appeared so
much to desire. A knock upon his door
startled him, but before he could speak it was
opened, and the intruder walked into the
room.

"Ah, Sir Edward, you have returned," said
the new comer.

"Yes, Sir Hugo, and would that I had never
gone forth."

"What! Can Rosa have proved false?"

"No," said the other, starting from his
couch. "No, Sir Hugo D'Aubry, she is true
to me now; but how will she feel towards me
when she learns the truth?"

"What mean you?"

"Do you not see? I am a Templar. I have
vowed before high Heaven to live a life of
celibacy, and I have broken that vow."

"You are not married?"

"Listen, for you must know all. You know
that for some months past I have wooed the
lovely Rosa. I could not, I dared not wrong
her. Yesterday I told her of my love. I rep-
resented myself to be, as I had before, a sol-
dier of fortune, a count of France. I urged
her to an immediate union, and she did not
refuse. Last night, in the old church near
the village, we were married. No one was
present, save her mother and the priest. Poor
girl, poor girl, how I have wronged her! I
wore the disguise I have always assumed
when I visited her. But to-day she shall
know all. I will reveal to her the dread se-
cret, and then fly with her to some distant
nation, where, forgetting and forgiving all,
we may yet be happy."

"I fear that you have been too hasty."

"I know that the punishment is death, if I
am discovered. But there is no fear of that;
you alone know my secret. Now I must
hasten. I promised to meet Rosa early this
morning by the ruined fountain near the vil-
lage. Farewell, Sir Hugo, for to-night I leave
England forever."

"Farewell, Sir Edward. I hope that I shall soon meet you, when you will be happy."

Sir Hugo left the room as he spoke. Scarcely had the door closed before a fiendish smile appeared upon his dark features, and his lips curled as he muttered:

"Leave England, Sir Edward? Never while I am a Templar! Ah, little do you know the love I have, and still do bear the Lady Rosa, or you would not yet dream of safety. But I have to prevent his departure!" He mused for a moment, as he walked the hall. At length he said, slowly, "There is no other way; he must be arrested and die." Then walking rapidly along the hall, he entered the room of the preceptor of the order.

When the morning duties were performed, Sir Edward Wentworth, mounted on his red roan steed, passed out of the portal, and over the drawbridge of the preceptory. He rode slowly for a moment until a small clump of trees hid him from the castle; then urging his horse to its greatest speed, he rode rapidly across the forest. For more than an hour he continued his headlong course, until he reached what appeared to be the ruins of a small hut on the confines of the forest. Hastily dismounting, he threw off the white cloak of a Templar, and drew from a concealed place among the old timbers a rich green mantle, which he put on over his armor. Again he mounted his horse, but this time he rode more slowly. In a few moments he stood on the top of a small hill; from its summit was visible a little village. He rode towards it, but just before reaching it, he turned aside and plunged into a thicket which grew by the roadside. Then dismounting he fastened his horse, and wrapping his mantle across his breast, walked towards a ruined fountain; he seated himself by its side, and looked around. He seemed surprised to see no one near, for after waiting a moment, with a look of alarm he sprang to his feet. A merry laugh then broke from a thicket hard by, and a beautiful girl, bursting from it, ran forward and threw her arms around Sir Edward's neck.

"False knight," said she, laughingly. "A false knight thou art, and doubly false I will regard thee, for hast thou not kept me an hour waiting?"

"Indeed, Rosa—"

"No excuse, sir. I see I must forgive you. But what is the matter?" said she, in a voice of alarm. "You look ill."

"Rosa," said the knight, disengaging himself from her embrace, and walking a few

paces back, "Rosa, I have come this morning to reveal to you a secret which no longer must be concealed. You have trusted in me—depended on my honor; and how have I fulfilled that trust? Look, Rosa," he cried, tearing the mantle from his breast, and displaying upon his glittering armor the blood-red cross. "Look, behold the Templar!"

With a look of agony she gazed a moment upon that symbol, and then fell senseless. He rushed forward and grasped her in his arms. Gently he lifted her, and bore her to the fountain. He laid her softly on the bank, and reached over to procure some water, when a rustling was heard in the thicket, and six armed men, dressed in the dusky garments of the retainers of the Templars, rushed towards and seized him. Sir Edward struggled for a moment to free himself, but seeing that it was all in vain, he turned to the men, and haughtily demanded, "By whose authority they arrested a Knight Templar?"

"By the order of the Most Holy Preceptor of Warwick," said a voice in the thicket, and at the same moment a new actor appeared upon the scene.

"Who spoke then?" said Sir Edward, starting. "I surely recognized that voice. Who are you who thus dares to arrest me?"

"Sir Hugo D'Aubry," said the person addressed, at the same time lifting his visor, "a true knight of our order, and not one who has forgotten his vows to God. Away with him, soldiers, to the preceptory!"

"Stay one moment, if you are men. My wife—my lawful, wedded wife—lies there insensible. Sir Hugo, as you hope for salvation, let me see her but a moment."

"She needs not your assistance—she shall be well cared for. Away, men! I command you, begone!"

They dragged Sir Edward from the spot, while he struggled desperately for his liberty. They bound his hands behind his back, and placing him on a horse, they started for the castle. Meanwhile Sir Hugo raised the still insensible girl in his arms, and gazed steadfastly upon her marble features.

"Humph!" said he, "fair mistress, a bride but for a day, how frightened you will be when you awake! The fool that married you will soon be no more—and in a dungeon, we shall see if you will again scorn Sir Hugo D'Aubry!"

He wore her in his arms to his horse, gently placed her in the saddle before him, and followed the soldiers to the preceptory.

The great hall of the castle was arranged for a trial. The bright sunbeams, streaming through the stained glass of the windows, glittered on burnished gold and shining steel. At one end was seated in his chair of state the Preceptor of Warwick. Around the side stood the knights clothed in their white garments, and behind them stood the retainers dressed in the dusky costumes of noviciates. Sir Hugo D'Aubry, with a smile of triumph upon his countenance, stood by the side of the preceptor. A strange sight it was to all to see a Knight Templar brought before the chief of his order, to be tried for his life. But the preceptor had been urged to this course by the arguments and threats of Sir Hugo, and he had determined Sir Edward should die.

He gave the signal, and heavily ironed the prisoner was brought before him. He was very pale, but firmly and undauntedly he stood before them all, and with a glance full of scorn he answered the sneering smile of Sir Hugo. In the midst of a deep and profound silence the accusation was read. A low murmur ran through the hall as the witness for the prosecution was named. The friendship of the two had been known to all the knights, and all supposed that Sir Hugo was Sir Edward's fastest friend. The angry glance of the preceptor stilled the mutterings for a moment, but again they broke forth, until the chief, rising from his chair, loudly demanded silence. A solemn stillness reigned through the vast hall; but at that instant the sound of a horse dashing rapidly across the drawbridge arrested the attention of all. The sound ceased, but a moment after there was a disturbance at the lower end of the hall, and the figure of a knight, armed in proof, and fiery red with speed, appeared, forcing his way towards the preceptor. He reached the open space before the chair of state, and handed the chief a note.

"Quick, quick, my lord, read it! 'Tis on business of moment."

The preceptor tore open the billet. It contained these lines:

"The lion has broken its fetters. Richard of England has escaped from his Austrian dungeon. Malvoisin is arrested; the preceptory of Templestan has been destroyed. Come with all your knights to the village, to meet the grand master!"

"By whom was this sent?" said he, turning to the messenger.

"By De Beaumanoir. Sir Eustace of Pembroke is marching towards you."

"Ah! Is it so?" said the preceptor, springing from his chair. "Arm, sons of the temple, arm! The foe of our order has escaped. Mount, mount, and follow our banner! This moment we must leave these walls to meet the grand-master at yonder village. Quick, prepare!"

A loud shout burst from the knights as they rushed from the hall.

"My lord, you have forgotten the prisoners," said Sir Hugo to the preceptor.

"No, not forgotten. Sir Edward Wentworth, you are condemned to death! Ho, men!" said he to the retainers, who yet lingered in the hall, "bear this knight to the dungeon where the lady is confined, and then return to me."

The servitors seized the prisoner, and dragged him away.

"Now, Sir Hugo, are you satisfied? But, come, we have no time to lose. Sir Eustace of Pembroke will be here within an hour. To horse, to horse!"

They rode forth from that grim old preceptory, a strong, a noble body of men. The white garments of the knights, with the blood-red cross upon the left shoulder, shone amid the dusky color of their retainers, while the splendid trappings of their horses, and the wild, oriental music of the band, gave to the scene an air of gaiety and grandeur. Sir Hugo, with a look of anger and impatience, rode by the side of the preceptor. They had passed into the forest, when a thought seemed suddenly to occur to the mind of the former, for, turning quickly round, he said:

"The books, the records of our order, have been left behind—they must be saved. I will return for them." And without waiting for an answer, the knight wheeled his horse, and rode swiftly back to the castle. He galloped over the drawbridge into the now silent and deserted court-yard. Quickly dismounting, he passed into the room of the jailor, and hastily selected a bunch of keys. Then opening the large door that led to the dungeons of the castle, he lighted a lamp, and began his descent. Rapidly he made his way along narrow passages and dismal vaults, until he paused before the lowest dungeon beneath the castle.

With an effort he threw open the iron door, which grated on its rusty hinges, and passed into the cell of Edward and Rosa. The former was standing, chained in the middle of the room, gazing upon Rosa, who had fallen into an unquiet slumber. Both started as Sir Hugo entered the cell. Without noticing Ed-

ward, he placed the lamp upon a small table, and approached Rosa. A belt of iron had been fastened round her waist, to which was attached a chain, which was itself fastened to the wall. Selecting a key, Sir Hugo opened the belt which confined her, and Rosa was free. Astonishment had kept the prisoners silent, but at this Edward demanded:

"What means this, Sir Hugo D'Aubry?"

"That you are still a prisoner, and that Rosa is free. You shall remain here and starve, while your wife shall accompany me."

"Never!" cried Rosa, running towards Edward, and clasping her arms around his neck. "Never! Sooner would I die with my husband, than live in splendor with such as you."

"I saw how it would be," said Hugo, with a sneer. "Come, Lady Rosa, you must and shall go with me." As he said this, he seized her in his arms.

"Help, help!" frantically shrieked the girl.

"Your cries are vain. No one is here to help you; the preceptory is deserted. Release her, Sir Edward, or by Heaven, you shall die in her presence!"

"Villain, you dare not part us!"

"Indeed!" said Hugo. At the same moment he grasped Rosa with all his strength, and tore her shrieking from Sir Edward's arms. He rushed to the door of the cell, but at that instant a loud shout was heard above, there was a rush of many feet, a glare of torches, and a knight armed in proof stood before him.

"Ah, what have we here?" the stranger loudly demanded.

"Sir Eustace of Pembroke," cried Edward, "rescue that lady, if you are a true knight!"

"What, this is Sir Hugo D'Aubry!" said the stranger. "Die, thou dog, and receive the doom you so justly merit!" The sword of Sir Eustace was sheathed in Sir Hugo's breast, and the traitor fell dead upon the dungeon floor.

"I came in good time, Sir Edward. The shrieks of this lady alarmed me; to her you owe your rescue. But come with me, the king will be here anon."

Through the powerful influence of Richard of England, Sir Edward procured a dispensation from the pope, and was, in consequence, released from his vows. A happy day it was for him when he carried Rosa to his castle; and the loud shouts of the servitors rang through the halls, and her mother awaited her in the doorway to welcome the Templar's Bride.

A DREADFUL WORM.

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil. But there is a species of worm found in various parts of this land, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly that when compared with it, the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of the present communication. This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch through; but as it is rarely seen except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring, or a small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly Cova when it waylays their pathway. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue is swollen to an in moderate size, and obstructs his utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his dearest friends. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. Such is the spell in which his senses are bound, that no sooner is he recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by one bite, than he seeks out his destroyer to be bitten again. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away, for I knew the hope so fondly cherished, that his son would be to him the staff and support of his declining years, had supported him through many a sorrow. Youths of America, would you know the name of this reptile? It is the worm of the sill.

PLEASANT FOR THE MILLINERS.—A little girl, four years of age, was recently attempting to recite a Sunday school lesson, but it is more than probable that she had listened to her mother's conversation, for she commenced with, "Blessed are the milliners, for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven," a deviation from the original text to which all married men will not agree, especially since the high prices have been inaugurated.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE LEADSMAN'S SONG.*

BY CAPT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

'Twas a seaman bold on the ship's lee side,
 When the green waves rollicked far and wide,
 When keen winds whistled through ragged sails
 With a dreary gamut of shrieks and wails,
 When leaden clouds obscured the sun
 With a tangled vapor, dark and dun,
 When the good ship reeled with the tempest's blows,
 And the voice of prayer mid the storm arose,
 As the jagged line of the dread lee-shore
 Came dim to herald the breaker's roar!—
 'Twas then that the seaman swung the lead
 With a circling sweep round his rain-beat head,
 And launching it far in the angry sea,
 Sang loudly and clear this song to me:

"Quarter less four!—quarter less four!
 Hark how the breakers roar a-lee,
 Chanting aloud in devilish glee,
 Chorusing ever, 'One ship more!'
 Wrecks ashore I can plainly see,
 Corpses are lying there—corpses four;
 There, alack, we shall shortly be:
 Three fathoms only—quarter less three!

"Three and a half—it deepens at last;
 Quarter less four—there's a channel here.
 Courage, pilot, and take good cheer;
 Five—the danger is overpast;
 Six—huzza! for it deepens fast.
 Quarter less eight, quarter less eight!
 Now may the breakers lie in wait,
 Dragging the shoals with their foamy net;
 Others may meet with the sailor's fate,
 We shall be snared, not yet, not yet!
 Nine fathoms clear—nine and a half!
 Now in sooth we can bravely laugh,
 For the distant breakers, I wot, confess,
 With their sullen roaring, 'One ship less!'"

And his song to me, as I swayed the wheel
 (For the good ship's woe, or the good ship's weal,)
 With the nervous grasp of a trained athlete,
 Had a melody in its close most sweet;
 For I thought, as the keel passed the fearful shoal,
 And I held our course to the open sea,
 That another pilot had stood by me,
 Keeping the ship toward the rocky goal—
 A shadowy helmsman, stern and dark,
 Terribly steering my fated bark—
 A spectre pilot, of fleshless bone,
 With icy fingers upon mine own,
 With hollow eyes fixed on the corse-strewn shore,
 And jaws ever grinning, "one ship more!"

* Written while on board of the bark *Voltegeur*, of Banks's Expedition, Gulf of Mexico, December, 1862.

[ORIGINAL.]

ARGEMONE DALE.

BY ELLEN MALVIN.

CHAPTER I.

SHE sat alone in the school-room, busy with slate and pencil. No sound save the flies buzzing in the sunshine, the swift scratching of the pencil, and now and then the rustle of a leaf. A slight, girlish figure, the dress plain as possible—a simple print—a pure, white ground, threaded with a delicate, brown vine, short sleeves gathered into a band and edged with lace, leaving the round arms bare below. The hair brushed far back from the forehead, and prisoned in a black net, through which shone a gleam of chestnut braids. A very school girl throughout.

"Do they puzzle you, Miss Dale?"

Without raising her eyes, she replied, quietly:

"Only this last one. I am sure I've done it the right way. There is a mistake somewhere."

He leaned over the slate, ran his eye quickly through the solid battalion of figures. Stopping midway he pointed out the error.

"That is the little fellow who did the mischief."

"Yes; what a dunce!" And with a little frown at her own dulness, she made the erasure. "Thank you, Leslie, that brings it right. I should have gone stumbling over it, every time, I suppose, if you hadn't set me right."

All the girls, except Argemone Dale were in love with Leslie Hunter. Not desperately so, but in that easy, inconsequent fashion school girls have of falling in love, a dozen at once, with the handsomest boy in school.

Of this interesting state of affairs, the young gentleman himself was not wholly ignorant, nor, perhaps, wholly innocent. He was somewhat curious about Argemone Dale. And seeing the door open this Saturday afternoon, and guessing she was still there, at her books, he had strayed in, not without a purpose. So while she rubbed off the figures with the damp sponge, laid the pencils in their box, the books in her desk, he said:

"You are not coming back next term?"

"No, I suppose not," with a little sigh.

"I am sorry."

His voice was low, with a cadence of meaning in it; her answer clear and prompt.

"So am I. I could have gone through my algebra in another term."

"Ah, mine is not an algebraic reason. I am sorry because I shall miss you."

In any other of the girls the words and the tone would have raised a flush and flutter of gratified vanity; but Argemone, with a scarcely perceptible elevation of the brows, responded, simply:

"Indeed! Thank you."

That was all. Leslie Hunter had highbred sisters, and a lady mother, and he knew, boy as he was, that the finest breeding could not have excelled the cool politeness of word and manner. It was perfect. He felt a sudden conviction that Argemone Dale was not in love with him. The desk was cleared of litter and she stood book in hand, ready to go.

There was a faint shadow of discomfiture on the boy's handsome face. Perhaps Argemone saw it, and felt that her manner had been slightly repellant, for she asked, quite gently:

"You are to stay another term, are you not?"

"One more," he answered, lightly. "I must study some, too. I've been altogether too negligent of Virgil and those other old gentlemen; had so much else on my hands."

"I know—busy idleness," with a mischievous smile. "And what comes after next term?" she asked, more seriously.

"O, Harvard, of course."

"And after that?"

"After that— Why, I really don't know. I shall go abroad for two or three years, perhaps. My father may get me a place as *attache* or something of the kind."

"All of which is education. But at the end of it all, I mean. What is it for?"

"The end of it? Dear me, 'tis so many years through all that I hardly look beyond. But I suppose I shall do as other gentlemen's sons do at last. My father is a Georgian planter, you know."

The proud head was lifted a little more proudly as he said it.

"And so, Leslie, all this culture is to fit you for becoming—" She hesitated. "Slaveholder" was the word on her tongue; but she checked it. "For becoming merely a planter."

"Not merely a planter. There is always politics to engage a man's attention. I don't care much for it now, but ten or fifteen years over my head will make a difference, I suppose. The path to Congress is easy to South-

ern gentlemen, and if I cared to try—"

"If you cared to try, you would succeed."

For the first time the clear Saxon eyes met his; the tone was lower and more earnest. "But you would not go there, Leslie, as so many do, only to clamor down the right, and uphold the wrong."

The tropical eyes confronted the sunny blue, with a flash, presaging a haughty answer; but she stayed it with a gesture.

"Yes; you know what I mean, but you shall not be angry. I don't say it to hurt you. I know how different it must look to you, growing up in the midst of it. But don't be quite certain that you are right, till you have looked on the other side. To me it is very wicked, this slavery, and I am sure you will find it out if you think about it; and then you could do so much that would be noble and grand. I think you can do anything you will to do." And an unconscious glance of admiring pride gave effect to her words—there was no room left for anger.

"But my father; the last words he said when he bade me good-by, were, 'Learn all you can of the Yankees except their abolitionism. If you come home tainted with that I will call you no son of mine.' You wouldn't have me disobey my father?"

Here was a problem, indeed, for the little Puritan maiden, to whom filial duty had ever been inclusive of all other duties; who in all her life had never dreamed of such a conflict. But she was spared the necessity of an immediate solution, by a burst of noisy urchins, who broke in like a tempest, on the stillness of the school-room, the foremost one holding above his head a letter for Mr. Leslie Hunter. And Argemone passed quietly out, pondering this new question in ethics.

CHAPTER II.

A HALF-DOZEN girls were saying good-by on the piazza of the boarding-house. There was a profusion of kissings and embracings, promises to write soon, and to write very, very often. Adieus, and parting injunctions, and the innumerable "last words," were tossed back and forth, and caught up from lip to lip.

Two or three boys were in attendance, Leslie Hunter among the rest; and as one after another of the merry girls tripped lightly down the steps to take her place in the great stage-coach that stood in waiting, he laughingly kissed them, every one, on cheeks or

lips, as it happened. They were only school girls, and had not learned to be chary of their kisses yet. Argemone Dale came last; she held out her hand.

"Good-by, Leslie."

He bent and touched it with his lips.

"Good-by, Argemone. I will not forget."

The coach door shut with a bang. The driver mounted the box, and away they went. Leslie stood waving his cap; two or three handkerchiefs floated from the coach window, and it disappeared around the corner.

A sombre old house, frowning down on the sombre street, through the dim February twilight. From one of the windows a fair face looks out; the face of Argemone Dale, graver, maturer. It is the winter of '62, and in the past year's experience many a girlish face has ripened prematurely. Yet the sweet gravity and thoughtfulness are no new graces on this brow. There are no traces of any recent shock, no grief in the quiet eyes, only a wistful patience. Her sorrow came years ago, when this baby-sister was left to her guardianship, this Lulu who sits over at the opposite window, of whom Argemone is thinking this moment, as when is she not? It was in fulfilling this trust that the gravity came into her eyes, the tender cadences into her voice, that you will notice when she speaks.

She is gazing far down the street that drowns through the leisurely, old-fashioned village; the quiet street along which no lover ever comes to her, along which no lover of hers has gone forth to give help to his country in her need. Yet her breast glows with heroic heats, melts with tenderest pity for those who go and those who stay.

"Lulu!" The voice, low and flute-like, rippled through the room; but the invisible vibrations beat unheeded on the ear of the child, who leaned close to the west window to catch the last light on the pages before her. "Lulu, come here."

"In a minute, Argie. I just want to finish this chapter."

"But you will be too late to see him, dear. Ralph has come."

The book dropped on the carpet, and, with a bound, Lulu stood beside her. The coach had stopped before the opposite gate. A young man sprang to the ground, paused a moment, looking up at the window where they stood, to bow and smile, then ran lightly up the steps and disappeared in another house as old and sombre, and frowning as this.

That same evening they sat in the cherry room all aglow with firelight. Ralph Waldo on the ottoman at Argemone's feet, while the childish face of Lulu leaned out of its shadow of curls on the other side. Argemone's sewing lies half the time forgotten in her lap, while she asks and listens, and now and then a hand smooths the boy's locks with a soft, motherly touch. Ralph is only home from school for a three days' vacation.

"But I haven't told you of my new friend, and your old one, Argie, Mr. Hunter."

"Leslie Hunter! Have you seen him?"

"I should think I had. But now don't be pelting me with questions, you girls. Just let me tell the story from the beginning."

Argemone took up her neglected sewing with a smile.

"Master Waldo has the floor."

"You must know, then, in the first place, that this Mr. Hunter is a famous lecturer; not famous, exactly, either, for he has only just begun, but a grand one—tip-top, I mean."

Argemone laughed outright. Ralph looked foolish.

"Now you have put me out. A fellow can't be always attending to his adjectives. Honestly, Argie, I believe Lulu, here, would talk slang if she heard it all the time, as I do."

Lulu pouted. "Nonsense, I shouldn't. Do tell your story."

"I'm going to. Well, Mr. Hunter was invited out to Rockdale to lecture one Saturday evening. That afternoon I had been down at the village, and when I came back I saw a gentleman standing near the schoolhouse gate. He bowed, as I came up, lifting his hat with as much respect as if I'd been a member of parliament, and asked if I were a scholar at the academy. I said 'yes,' hoping he would ask me something else, and so he did, and in a few minutes I found myself talking as freely as if I had known him all my life. He had such a way of listening one couldn't help it. Somehow, before we finished talking, I told him my name, and the town I came from. He seemed suddenly interested, or surprised, rather; he had looked interested enough all the time, else I shouldn't have talked, you know."

"Ah," he said, "I had a classmate from that town when I was at school here—Miss Dale."

"And so very naturally I told him all about you; how we lived close together, and how you had been my dear mother-sister, all the

years since my own mother died. That is so, isn't it, Argie?" And the boy leaned towards her with a smile full of affection.

"Yes, Ralph, you are my boy. You belong to me, you and Lulu." Claspings an arm round each, she drew them nearer. "And is that all about Mr. Hunter? for that was the gentleman's name, we are to suppose."

"Yes. He gave me his card and asked me to call on him when I came to the city, asked me as if he meant it, too. You may be sure I went to his lecture after that. It was a grand one; but I can't stop to tell you about that. I've a report of it somewhere among my traps—I'll look it up to-morrow—but then a report isn't much, of a speaker like him."

"And then did you go to see him?"

"No, not for two or three weeks. I thought of it every time I went in town, but somehow I couldn't get courage to intrude upon him, till one day I received a magazine containing an article marked in pencil with his initials; then I knew he hadn't forgotten me, and next time I climbed up the four flights of stairs to his room. It is the tiniest box of a place, piled with books and papers, and he tossed his pen on the desk, and came to meet me; only a step, to be sure, but—I can't tell you—he has such a way of doing little things, nothing in themselves, and making them seem like delightful courtesies. He set me down in his single chair, and leaned on the desk while he talked, and one way or another I believe he kept me nearly an hour, and yet he contrived to make me feel, every moment, that I was entertaining him, not he me. I wonder if that isn't the grand secret of playing the host agreeably? Then he made me promise to call every time I was in the city, and I've done it ever since. If I only have five minutes to spare, I run up to his 'garret,' as he calls it. I call it his 'eyrie.' And when I go, he says, 'Come again, Rafe; I am always accessible to you?'"

"Rafe! Is that what he calls you?"

"Sometimes. He says it is classic; Miss Sheppard has made it so. I don't just know what he means."

"I do," said Argemone.

"Well, I like it very much; but then he plays a hundred tricks with my name—calls me poet, philosopher, mystic, and now and then addresses me very gravely as Mr. Emerson."

"But I don't quite understand, Ralph; does Mr. Hunter devote himself to literature?"

"Why, no; he comes out now and then

with a brilliant magazine article, that sets the world wondering who the author can be, and in such ways he earns, as he says, 'clear standing-room to stand and work in.' His father, you know, was a southern planter, down in Georgia, and 'real secesh,' of course, and when the war broke out he wanted Leslie to come home and enlist in the rebel army; but he had lived in New England too long. I never saw a man hate slavery as he does. He says no northerner can—and it wasn't likely he would go and fight for it, and he couldn't go into our army, and fight against it, unless he was compelled, and so he says, cut off from making sacrifices for his country, he can only work for her. And he does work—I never saw anything like it—he lectures and writes incessantly, lives on the plainest fare, and though he earns considerable money one way and another, precious little of it stays in his pocket. He says he can't afford to waste time earning money, and then waste the money by spending it on himself. A queer idea, isn't it?"

Argemone's eyes glowed. "I like that."

"Ah, then I've made you like him, at last. I tell you, Argie, he is a hero, every inch of him, if he doesn't wear epaulettes. Now, then, I will show it to you. I wouldn't till I was sure you would appreciate it." And the boy suddenly vanished into the hall.

"What ails him, Argie?" said Lulu. "Is he crazy?"

Whereupon the boy re-appeared, with a face a good deal more roguish than insane.

"You see I left it out there because I wouldn't have Lulu peeping."

And he laid a roll in Argemone's lap. "For Miss Dale, from Leslie Hunter." Argemone undid the wrapping of soft paper, and unrolled a sheet of music, "Whittier's Song of the Negro Boatmen." The two children leaned over her shoulder while she looked it through, then Ralph opened the piano, and so their evening ended, as their evenings almost always did.

But after all the old songs had been sung, and Ralph had gone home, and Lulu was asleep, Argemone still lingered by the fire, recalling the proud, handsome schoolboy of her girlish memory, trying to identify him with this man, who was battling so stoutly for freedom with tongue and pen, nobler weapons than the sword, she knew; trying to shape in clearer outline the history that was shadowed forth in the delicate significance of his little gift.

The morning that Ralph went back he came in to say good-by.

"What shall I say to Mr. Hunter, for you, Argie?"

"Say that I thank him. And, Ralph, can't you bring him home with you in vacation?"

"I am going to coax him; and I tell you what, Argie, I think he will come if I tell him you said that."

"You may tell him, then."

CHAPTER III

SUMMER has softened the old house out of its grimness, and it has decked itself in gay apparelling of sweetbrier and scarlet honeysuckle. The lilies of the valley nestle trustingly in its protecting shadow. The sly knot-grass creeps caressingly up to the very sills. White roses peep in at the west window where Lulu sits, and a veil of woodbine clings about the east window where Argemone stands, or where she stood just now. At this moment she sits in the twilight, striking the piano keys with soft, infrequent touches.

It is Ralph's vacation time, and Leslie Hunter has come home with him. She knows that her boy will bring him in by-and-by, and she is waiting. There is no tremor in her movements, no hurrying of her heart beats, only a sweet expectance that makes the minutes glad; and to fill up the waiting moments, half unconsciously, her voice floats into song. Low and dreamy at first, it rises fuller and clearer.

There are steps outside, and Lulu looks up from her book to see Ralph and the stranger standing in the doorway. She opens her lips to whisper "Argie," but Ralph's warning finger checks her, and the two come softly in, the elder obedient to the younger, and presently Ralph's voice joins in with Argemone's. And then she knows that another must be beside him. But the singer sings on, unmoved in her sweet composure; it is one of Ralph's freaks, and she likes to humor him in it. And Lulu, obedient to the boy's beckoning hand, comes shyly to his side, and into his inclosing arm, and the three voices glide smoothly through the verse, and then the clear tenor of a fourth voice swells the final chorus, and the song is ended.

"Want it well done?" cried the boy, delightedly. "I was so afraid you would stop, Argie." And then the greetings followed.

Ralph had been at home just a week. Mr.

Hunter was going back to the city in the morning. He and Argemone stood before the open window in the twilight.

"What a week this has been—a week of sunshiny idleness, flched out of Arcadia. It seems out of place in this year of storms. Well, to-morrow I must back to my work again."

"Why, Ralph insists that every day of it you have condensed your ordinary twelve hours work into three."

He smiled. "Of course I couldn't give up a whole week to unmitigated idleness; but Rafe exaggerates. What a boy that is!" he added, musically. "He reminds me as much as flesh and blood can, of that most ethereal creation, Rafe Bernard, of Miss Sheppard's romance. You remember?"

"Yes, indeed. It seems to me that Undine herself is not a more perfect creation than that half-elfin, half-human poet of Stonehenge."

"It is as perfect and as delicate; but I can never hold it off, and criticise it as I do other characters. He is real to me. I love him, I think, just as Larona did. What should you say if I told you that when I read that chapter about the cholera on board the Shelley, 'I locked myself in my room, and cried the heart out of my eyes,' as Holmes says 'you women do?'"

But Argemone could say nothing, for the words thrilled her with a fine sympathy, as if he had unlocked a new chamber in his soul, and she stood hushed and awed within it, and because she said nothing her companion went on.

"And my Rafe reminds me of him indescribably. Perhaps it is in his childish, coaxing ways. Do you never think of it?"

"I don't know. I can't mix him up with anybody else. He is only my boy Ralph to me."

"And my boy Rafe to me." He smiled with a sudden flash, half-mirthful, half-serious, as if the words slipped from him unawares. "We both claim him, then, if he belongs to both, we should belong to each other."

It was a playful word thrown carelessly out, Argemone knew, yet somehow, more than once that night his words had thrilled her strangely, stirring the depths that in her lay almost always hidden under a surface of beautiful calm. This time they sent a faint ripple of color along her cheek, yet not too faint for her to feel, and for him to see. Presently she stole away to the piano and sat there, idly touching the keys, thinking that in a moment,

when she was sure of her voice, she would sing. She felt a hand on her shoulder, and a voice, low almost as a whisper, silenced the keys.

"Argemone, I said it in play, thoughtlessly, almost; but I meant it, I mean it now, in deepest earnest. Once, years ago, I could have laid at your feet what men call a fortune—wealth enough—and I was proud of it, then. I will not tell you what boyish dreams I had. Now I know that every coin of it was tainted, and every acre blood-stained. Now my life is pledged to hard toil, of a certainty, to harder sacrifices, if need be. These are not the days for dreaming of happy and peaceful love. To-day I have nothing, but a clean and honest hand, a heart that has hungered and thirsted this many a year for the love of a woman such as you. These are all I have to give. Are they worth anything to you? Will you tell me?"

His voice, so proud and tender, fell so low it scarcely stirred the silence, and hers in answer was lower yet.

"Worth everything to me if I may have them."

That night Lulu, nestling in Argemone's arms, whispered very softly:

"What do you think Ralph said, to-night?"

"I don't know. What was it, love?"

And through a little ripple of low laughter, she said:

"Why, he has been making love to me."

"To you, child?"

"Yes. I think it is nonsense. If it was Mr. Hunter now; he is a grown up man—"

Argemone drew the child's face where the moonlight shone full upon it, and searching it steadily, said:

"Tell me the truth, Lulu. Did Ralph say he loved you?"

"Truly, he did."

"And you love him? Say you love him, Lulu?"

Hiding her eyes, with both tiny hands, the child whispered:

"Yes, I do love him, dearly. Don't tease me, will you?"

DISAPPOINTED PICKPOCKET.—"Well, if this aint mean! Here's this feller been agoin' about with this here yeller chain, and when I pulls it out there's no watch on the end of it. The conduct of these here flashy clerks is mough to break the heart of a poor feller like ne as has to depend on his trade for a livin'."

WHO ATE THE FIRST OYSTER?

The name of the courageous individual who ate the first oyster has not been recorded, but there is a legend concerning him to the following effect: Once upon a time—it must be a prodigiously long time ago, however—a man of melancholy mood, who was walking by the shores of a picturesque estuary, listening to the sad sea waves, espied a very old and ugly oyster, all coated over with parasites and seaweeds. It was so unprepossessing that he kicked it with his foot, and the animal, astonished at such rudeness on its own domain, gaped wide with indignation. Seeing the beautiful cream-colored layers that shone within the shells covering, and thumping the interior of the shell itself to be beautiful, he lifted up the aged "native" for further examination, inserting his finger and thumb between the shells. The irate mollusc, thinking no doubt that this was meant as a further insult, snapped his pearly door close upon the finger of the intruder, causing him some little pain. After releasing his wounded digit, the inquisitive gentleman very naturally put it in his mouth. "Delightful!" exclaimed he, opening wide his eyes. "What is this?" and again he sucked his thumb. Then the truth flashed upon him. He had accidentally achieved the most important discovery ever made up to that date! Taking up a stone, he forced open the doors of the oyster, and gingerly tried a piece of the mollusc itself. Delicious was the result; and so, there and then, that solitary anonymous man inaugurated the oyster banquet.

ASHANTEE.

The vilest paganism is practised in this country—the worship of sharks and snakes; and with it is coupled the brutality of human sacrifices in their most appalling features. The remarkable thirst which the monarch and people have for human blood springs either from a desire to vent their spleen on enemies taken in war, to worship their deities, to appease the spirits of their heroes killed in battle, or from the belief that the victims will act as slaves to them in a future state. Sometimes the skulls and other bones of great men are dug out of their places of burial to be washed with the blood of the slain.—*Travels in Africa.*

Indolence leaves the door of the soul unlocked, and thieves and robbers go in and spoil it of its treasures.—*Barclay.*

[ORIGINAL.]

DEATH.

~~~~~  
BY HARRY LONGCLIFFE.  
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It comes when the gentle buds of spring
Are bursting from winter's chain,
And the warbling notes of the wild bird ring
Through the green-leaved woods again.
And though sweet is the sound to the dying one,
As gently exhales her breath;
Yet a low voice whispers, "Thy task is done"—
'Tis the chilling voice of death.

It comes on the breath of the summer's gale,
All laden with rich perfume,
Which hath been won from the lily pale,
Or the rosebud's brighter bloom.
And while o'er her cheeks plays the freshening
breeze,
And the glad flowers greet her eye,
"O, must I leave bright scenes like these!"
She murmurs, "'Tis hard to die!"

And it comes when the autumn tints of brown
Are painted on every leaf,
And the well-paid toil of the harvest done,
Is seen in each golden sheaf.
Yet amid the wealth of kind nature's soil,
Death rides in his tireless car,
And gathers his victims with surer coil,
Than doth the wild ravage of war.
And lastly it comes, when the winter blast
Loud whistles its dreary wail,
And the dancing streams, in its mantle fast,
Show nought but an icy veil.
And with cheerless form, and a hollow voice,
That messenger spirit saith,
"Bid adieu to the world, ye have no choice,
But the fearful choice of death."

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[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SEER'S PROPHECY.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
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## CHAPTER I.

"MIDNIGHT will soon be here."

These words uttered by a middle-aged woman, were in a voice so low, that they were unheard or unheeded by the other occupant of the room, a girl who could not have been over twenty. A kind of startled expression passed over the woman's countenance, as she spoke, accompanied by a nervous shrinking of her person, as if from fear of some impending danger.

The apartment in which the two were seated, with its richly carved cornices, heavy,

brocaded curtains, and dark, massive furniture, presented an appearance of antique grandeur, the gloom of which was made visible, rather than dissipated by two wax candles burning in a silver cresset suspended from the ceiling. Genevieve Maitland, the young girl alluded to, was seated in a large arm-chair, covered with crimson damask,

"So still she was, so pale, so fair,"

that she might have been taken for a marble statue, rather than a living, breathing form. She wore a deep mourning dress, her long, slightly curling tresses spreading over her shoulders, like a dark, shining veil. The color of her eyes could not be seen, being concealed by the drooping lids, but her mouth, with the short, delicately curved upper lip, and the soft, melting fullness of the lower, had a look of indescribable sweetness, which diffused itself over the whole countenance.

In a few moments, the door swung open without noise, and a man, who might have been forty or more, coarse and repulsive-looking, though clad in the habit worn by the gentry of that period, entered the apartment. He advanced towards Genevieve. At his entrance she had neither moved nor looked up; but at the words, "The time has come," she started like one roused from a dream, and suddenly raised her large, dark eyes to his.

"So soon?" she asked, in a half-choked, gasping voice.

At the same instant the words left her lips, a clock in an adjoining apartment, in clear, ringing peals, struck the midnight hour.

"There's your answer," he said, with a sinister smile. "I told you that you must be ready at twelve."

"One single half hour more—give me that, O, give me that?"

"Not a minute, for there's not a minute to spare. As your guardian, it is incumbent on me to remove you to a place of safety. "Juana!" and he looked sharply round to the woman, who when he first entered, withdrew to a distant corner of the room, where she was busying herself in selecting a few articles of wearing apparel.

"I am here, Sir Bevis," she said, in answer to his call.

"Do what ought to have been done already. Make the girl ready for her journey."

Without making any reply, she went towards Genevieve, who rose at her approach.

"Come, darling," she said, "let me put on your mantilla. It will be enough while it

remains so warm and sultry, and I will put your cloak into the carriage, so that you can wrap yourself in it, should the air grow chilly towards morning."

The moment the mantilla was adjusted, Sir Bevis came and took Genevieve by the arm to hurry her from the room. She broke from the loose clasp of his hand, while her dark eyes flashed on him a look of haughty defiance.

"I must and will take a last look of my mother," said she.

She darted from him and placed herself before a full-length portrait, large as life, on which was cast the full light of the waxen candles burning in the cresset. It was her mother's portrait who was a native of Spain, and might have been painted for Genevieve herself, so closely did it resemble her. The beauty of each was of the Spanish type, exhibiting all its finest and loveliest traits in form and feature. The dark, deep eyes of mother and daughter seemed looking into those of each other, as the latter, with hands clasped over her bosom, stood slightly bending forward, yet with her head thrown a little back, the whole forming an attitude expressive of tenderest and most loving reverence.

"My mother—O, my mother," said she, "if it be permitted to thee, watch over thy unhappy child."

Sir Bevis stood meanwhile, with knitted brows, and other signs of angry impatience. Genevieve said nothing more, and without longer delay, except to brush away a few tears, she turned from the portrait with the words, "I am ready."

"It is well you are," was his answer. "But you—you are not going," looking at Juana, who with a cloak hung over her left arm, stood ready equipped for the journey.

"Sir Bevis," said she, "Genevieve is my foster child—dear as if she was my own, and wherever she goes, I will go, if it be to the death."

"You dare not prevent her from going with me," said Genevieve. "Remember your promise to my dying mother, and the fearful penalty you invoked on yourself, if ever you broke it."

"I promised, that I might rid myself of a woman's importunity. I'm not such a milk-sop as to fear a penalty invoked thus," he answered.

"You promised solemnly," said Juana, "promised a dying woman that her daughter and I should never be separated, and that no harm should come to her which you could

avert. Listen to the old seer's rhyme; I think you cannot have forgotten it.

"Sir Bevis, beware of promise broken,  
For unto thee 'twill be the token,  
That thou no longer the chase wilt lead,  
But by huntsman's random arrow bleed."

"Who cares for the old seer, or his rhyme?" said he.

But he did care, for he partook deeply of the superstition common to the age in which he lived, and his fears were betrayed by his appearance, though he strove hard to disguise them.

"You will consent for me to go?" said Juana, as she watched his changing countenance.

"Yes, if you will cease your chattering."

Juana did not hesitate to avail herself of the leave so ungraciously granted, and putting her arm around Genevieve, and drawing her close to her side, they followed Sir Bevis down a flight of stairs, and through several apartments, the last of which had a door that opened into a court, where a carriage stood in waiting.

The gray glimmer of dawn was visible in the east, when the heavy, lumbering vehicle drew up to a lonely wayside inn.

"Has Alick Hawdon, whom I spoke to you about yesterday arrived," inquired Sir Bevis of the landlord, whom the first distant rumbling of the wheels had roused from his morning slumbers.

An answer in the negative was responded to, with no little impatience and ill-humor, by Sir Bevis. He then addressed Genevieve, telling her that she and Juana, would probably have to wait at the inn several hours, if not till night. They alighted in silence, and were conducted to a room, where they could, at least, have the privilege of being by themselves.

## CHAPTER II.

NOT long after sunrise, Alick Hawdon, whom Sir Bevis had looked for with so much solicitude, arrived.

"Well," said he, after a few words of informal greeting, "did the lady consent to come with you?"

"She has come," replied Sir Bevis; "but we won't speak about it here."

They accordingly entered the inn, and made their way to the room appropriated expressly, to the accommodation of travellers. No one was present except themselves, and seat



near each other, they conversed in tones so low, that there was no danger of being overheard.

"Now," said Hawdon, "you must tell me in terms so explicit, that there will be no danger of misapprehension, what you expect of me."

"In the first place, she must be kept a close prisoner."

"For instance, if she wishes to walk out to take the air, I must keep an eye on her."

"I said a close prisoner. She isn't to go out at all."

"Well, I suppose you have a good and sufficient reason for what you wish done, but as I am to be her jailor, I think I ought to know what that reason is, otherwise, I shall be ignorant of the degree of danger and responsibility my office will involve."

"And without knowing, you think you may undervalue your services?"

"I think that if she has been guilty of any offence which the law recognizes, I don't care to interfere."

"Set your heart at rest on that score, there is nothing of the kind. The fact is, she's in my way. She stands between me and one of the richest baronies in Scotland."

"I begin to understand you now. There's something worth striving for. But why not marry her? That would make matters right at once."

"In the first place, I don't want a wife, and in the second, she wouldn't have me if I did. You know Charles Neville?"

"Yes, a comely lad, and one that knows how to wear a sword, however much he might fall were he called to use it."

"He's at the best a mere popinjay, but he wears brave apparel, and that will dazzle a woman's eye, so as to make her imagine that a courageous heart beats under it. The truth is, Genevieve and he seem 'at first sight to have changed eyes,' as the play has it. Neville's father has long been my deadliest foe, and my wrath hasn't cooled for lack of nursing, but is ready at all times, for both father and son. But no more of this. An hour hence I must be on my way to where I told you yesterday, and leave you to take the girl and her nurse to a place of safety. I think you fully understand what my wishes are about the matter."

"Yes, an obstacle stands between you and a barony, which you desire to have removed."

"And must be."

"Easier said than done."

"When it is removed, don't fear that you will be forgotten. Hist!"

This last word was called forth by approaching footsteps, and the next moment, the rosy-cheeked landlady, with her scarlet kirtle, silk belt, and the fingers of her plump hands adorned with rings donned in honor of the fair and gentle lady who had arrived, opened the door to announce that the morning meal which had been ordered was ready.

During the foregoing confidential colloquy between Sir Bevis and Hawdon, Genevieve, who sat at an open window, saw a lad loitering about the stables playing with a little terrier, and now and then exchanging a few words with the stable-boy, who was sedulously employed executing the orders relative to the horses of Sir Bevis, as given by the coachman. His handsome, intelligent countenance first attracted her attention, and she then saw that he frequently cast towards her quick, furtive glances. She likewise noticed that in sporting with the dog, by throwing sticks into the air, which the little animal watching with eager eyes, contrived to catch ere they reached the ground, he so managed as to gradually lessen the space between himself and the window. Finally he arrived exactly in front of where Genevieve sat, when throwing another stick into the air for the dog, he said in a low but emphatic voice, "*This is for you, lady.*" At the same moment, something glanced in at the window and fell at her feet. On taking it up she found that it was a piece of paper closely rolled together in a small compass, so as to give it momentum. Her hands trembled as she undid its numerous folds, for she knew that it must be a missive from Charles Neville. It said:

"I have been trying, dearest Genevieve, to find why your villainous guardian so peremptorily insists on your leaving the princely dwelling which has always been your home. The reason he gives you is, as I know, that it will be in the range of the English invasion. This is not so, for its retired situation would make it one of the safest places in Scotland. I know not what his real motive is, but as he is unscrupulous, and his greed of gain unbounded, I am greatly alarmed for you; the more so as I fear the news which has come that your cousin James Maitland is dead, has something to do with it. Sir Bevis, as you well know, now that your cousin is gone, is next to yourself the nearest akin to your late

father. You are, therefore, all that stands in the way between your guardian and the possessions which are your lawful inheritance.

"Without awakening any suspicion on the part of your guardian, I have kept a watchful eye on his proceedings, and have found out enough to know, that if you once enter beneath the roof of the old and ruinous mansion destined for your abode, you will never leave it with his consent. I have, therefore, formed a plan to rescue you before you arrive there. This will be the more easily accomplished, as the remainder of your journey will have to be performed on horseback, a great part of the way which diverges from the high road, being little better than a bridle-path. Hawdon and one other will be your escort through this rough and lonely way, which after the first three miles is shut out from the sunlight by the deep shade of forest trees.

"And now, dearest Genevieve, all that remains for me to say to you is to beg that you will have confidence in my ability to save you. As the time approaches for your rescue, which will not be till you enter the woods, be calm, vigilant, hopeful and self-possessed. Above all, let us put our trust in Him who is able to deliver us out of the hands of our enemies.

"CHARLES NEVILLE."

"Juana," said Genevieve, when she had finished reading the letter, "this is from Neville, and he tells me that news has come that my cousin James Maitland is dead. What more he writes, read for yourself," and she handed Juana the letter.

"Charles Neville is right," said Juana, as after perusing it, she returned it to Genevieve. "The death of your cousin makes plain what was dark before. Follow Neville's advice by being hopeful and composed, and, as I doubt not, all will be well, for he is good, brave and true."

"I leave you in the care of Hawdon, my good and trusty friend," said Sir Bevis, who already seated in the saddle, reined his horse up to the window of the little room, to which Genevieve and Juana had returned after breakfast.

"And being your trusty friend, it may be much the same as if we were in your care," remarked Genevieve.

"And as my representative," he went on to say, without paying any attention to Genevieve's remark, "you will bear in mind that you are to render the same obedience to him as you would to me were I present. And"

when I return, it will be with the expectation, that there will be no further attempt on your part to resist my commands."

"A truly pleasant expectation," said Juana. "But look to yourself, Sir Bevis, and don't forget the wandering seer's prophecy, I charge you."

"When I need you for a counsellor, you shall be duly apprised of my necessity." And with these words turning his horse from the window, and touching him with his spurred heel, he was soon out of sight.

### CHAPTER III.

It was nearly four o'clock when Alick Hawdon sent a message to Genevieve by the landlord, to let her know that in ten minutes the horses would be at the door, ready for her and Juana to resume their journey.

"Now, darling, don't forget what the letter says," said Juana, in a bright, cheery way, observing that Genevieve was affected by a slight, nervous tremor.

But with all her affected calmness, her hands trembled as she assisted the young girl in preparing to resume a journey which at best must be fraught with peril.

"Neither must you forget, dear Juana," said Genevieve, in reply, with a faint smile, as she noticed her irrepressible agitation.

A cool breeze had sprung up and ameliorated the heat of the sultry midsummer day, and had their minds been at ease, Genevieve and Juana would have enjoyed the ride. Now each was employed—not in contemplating the wild and varied scenery, but in striving to arm themselves with the fortitude necessary to meet the anticipated exigency.

The three miles of open country were quickly traversed. When they came to the path which led through the forest, Hawdon entered first, directing Genevieve to closely follow him, the way being too narrow for two to ride abreast. Juana came next, and the man deputed to be Hawdon's assistant guard brought up the rear. Genevieve involuntarily assumed a firmer, more upright position, and held the reins with a stronger grasp. At first, Hawdon frequently looked back, but finding that Genevieve obeyed his directions by keeping near him, and that, moreover, there was no outlet by which she could possibly elude him, he grew less vigilant, while Genevieve ventured to gradually increase the distance between them.

As they advanced towards what she imagin-

ed must be the heart of the forest, the whirl of a bird's wings suddenly startled from its perch, or the breaking of a dry stick beneath the horses' feet struck her with dread, and painfully quickened the throbbing of her heart. An abrupt turn of the path had hid Hawdon from view, when tired, perhaps, of the solitude and silence of the scene, in a voice more remarkable for strength than sweetness, though not wholly devoid of melody, he began singing the following lines to a familiar air, in which he was soon joined by his comrade.

"In the wild greenwood,  
Lived bold Robinhood—  
Lived with his merry men  
In the days of yore.  
Often did they then,  
In wood, on lonely moor,  
Take from the rich and give to the poor—  
Give to the poor, he and his merry men."

They had proceeded thus far with their song, when it was abruptly terminated, and words of anger and menace were heard instead. At the same moment Charles Neville was at the side of Genevieve.

"Be of good cheer, dearest," said he, "fortune has favored us beyond my most sanguine expectations. So completely were the two men taken by surprise, that there was no chance for them to make even a show of resistance. They are now in the custody of those who will see that they have safe and secure lodgings. As for us and your faithful Juana, an hour's ride will suffice for us to reach the old Neville House."

"The Neville House? That is not your mother's home. If I could only be with her," said Genevieve.

"My mother is there, and is even now anxiously awaiting our arrival. To her protection shall I confide you, knowing how well and how worthily she will fulfil her trust, till such time, as with your leave, and the sanction of holy church, the trust can be rightfully transferred to her son, who will be proud to give his mother a daughter so deserving her love."

And when the glory of the summer sunset had faded in the west, and the hush of evening had fallen over the landscape, they reached their journey's end, where with words which alike comprised a benediction and a welcome, the lady of Neville led the fair girl, closely followed by Juana, to the chamber which had been prepared for them, that they might obtain what they so greatly needed, an hour's repose previous to the evening meal.

"Urge me no more, Charles," were the words of Genevieve. "When my age exempts me from the control of my guardian, and not till then, will I accede to your wishes. Even your mother, indulgent as she is to her only son, counsels me to wait till then."

"It must be so then, I suppose, dear Genevieve, though sooth to say, the reason you bring against our immediate marriage is that which above all others makes me solicitous to hasten it. It will still be three long months before you are released from your bondage. By the way, doesn't it seem strange that Sir Bevis stays away so long?"

"The time seems short to me. It is only three weeks since he left me in the little wayside inn, and so well does he and his kinsman love the chase, that he is often absent six or seven weeks."

At this moment, a man was seen approaching on horseback. He was soon at the door inquiring if Genevieve Maitland, the ward of Sir Bevis Maitland, was there?

"Why do you ask?" said he of whom the inquiry was made, for he thought it might be Sir Bevis, himself, and knew that Genevieve dreaded his arrival.

"I have come to bring her tidings of her guardian's fate," was the answer.

"Why, has anything befallen him?" said Neville, who had now joined them.

"Yes, he was accidentally slain by an arrow, at a great hunting-match made by his kinsman, expressly for his divertisement."

"Now, God be praised for his justice," said Juana, who with Genevieve stood at an open window, and overheard what had been said, "for he had the murder of my innocent child in his heart, and has, according to the old seer's prophecy, been suffered to meet the doom he so richly merited."

#### THE LAWYER AND LINDLEY MURRAY.

John Jobson is a lawyer who knows a little of everything, and not much of anything. He is sad on the English language, and if murdering it were a capital crime, he would have been hung long ago. A country paper, speaking of a speech John made last Fourth of July, said it was very good, but the orator slandered Lindley Murray awfully. Now, when John read this charge in the newspaper, he was very wroth, and declared with great earnestness and an oath, that he did not know Mr. Murray, and had never thought of saying a word against him. John's wife was out at tea when she first heard of the newspaper attack upon her husband, and she said at once that Murray began it by abusing her husband, and got as good as he gave.

[ORIGINAL.]

LITTLE CHARLIE.

BY FRANCES NORTON.

Running gaily through the meadow,  
Where the grass was emerald green,  
And beneath each small tuft's shadow,  
Heaven-eyed violets were seen:

With his little feet so lightly  
Stepping o'er the perfumed flowers,  
That they sent up clouds of fragrance,  
From their cool and shady bowers:

In his hand the buttercup  
Seemed less golden than his hair,  
And his blue eyes lighted up,  
Never yet had known a care.

Down unto the river's bank,  
Where the waters ever glide,  
And among their leafy boats  
Lilies float upon the tide.

"See!" he cried, with merry glee,  
"Sunbeams blossom in the wave;  
How they nod their heads at me,  
From beneath each leafy cave!"

Then he bared each snowy foot,  
Stood a moment half in doubt,  
While the lilies seemed to say,  
"Do not fear to venture out."

"Yes, I'm coming, don't you see?"  
And he stretched his little hand  
Towards them, full of childish glee,  
As he left the pebbly strand.

"Yes, I'm coming!" and a smile  
Lighted up his pure, sweet face;  
In a moment he was clasped  
In their treacherous embrace.

Flows the river calmly on,  
Still each lily waves its head,  
But the night-wind wails a dirge,  
For the darling boy is dead.

[ORIGINAL.]

MRS. CLOUGH'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"O, I WISH you could see Dora, mother!"

Mrs. Clough smiled on her son, and he, Dora's lover, paused, even amid his untaught rhapsodies, to think how good, and true, and loving a mother his mother was.

Nathan had been away in one of the vil-

lages budding out of the Vermont Central Railroad, as Aaron's rod budded, teaching a writing-school. He might have taught the art in his native town, except that it was his native town; there were boys and girls enough who needed to learn, but the idea of Nathan Clough—that boy!—for a writing-master—pooh! Where did he learn? Never went anywhere but to the district school three months in the winter, and, while he was in short jacket and barefoot, odd days and half days in summer, when the school was always taught by a woman, generally a very young one. Rainy days, when there was to be no hay spreading or raking after the cart—fortunate days, when he was not wanted to pick "cowslops," or split oven-wood, or circumvent a clucking hen, who had set out to hatch chickens without a license, and carry her eggs down to the store to exchange for souchong and allspice!

The young Clough, ere the time came for attempting to turn his gifts to account, had heard that no prophet has honor in his own country; accordingly, one morning in December, he packed his trunk with a suit of clothes and abundant writing materials, and made a trip of fifteen miles, to Waterbury, on the Winooski river, where his antecedents were unknown, and consequently his qualifications would not be gauged by his specific advantages.

He was a handsome, manly fellow in his way, though his style was neither Roman nor Grecian, and his politeness more natural than Chesterfieldian. He looked very young, too, and the people liked his enterprise. So when he went to the lawyer and the doctor at their offices, and the two merchants at their stores, and modestly stated his purpose, and exhibited his penmanship, they readily accorded their patronage of one, two, or more pupils, after which there was no difficulty in filling up the list, and the school was opened. It occupied four evenings in a week, there being little to entice the young people elsewhere, and on the seventh week of absence Nathan returned home with the commendations and good wishes of his new acquaintances, and twenty dollars in his pocket.

That was not all he brought back to West Bolton—no more was it the best; though it was the utmost he hinted at within eight-and-forty hours from the evening when, stamping the snow off his boots, he walked into the dear old kitchen, and his mother, looking over the back of a basket-bottomed chair in which sat

sat paring great circles of pumpkin to dry, exclaimed joyfully, "Why, Nathan Clough, is that you?" and he, answering with a hearty "Yes, mother," went forward and took the kiss he had never missed so long before.

All through those two days the son knew he should not be easy till the secret was out; but how to come at it! Why didn't his mother help him by questioning about his young lady pupils, about Dora Hibbard in particular, who had taken the prize of a pair of silver sugar-tongs for the greatest improvement, said prize having been awarded by three disinterested citizens? At last, when the precious burden grew too oppressive, he took it out of his heart, as he had the twenty dollars out of his pocket, and showed it to her; but instead of saying, as he had done concerning the money, "Keep it, it is all yours, mother," he put its essence carefully back again, saying within himself, "This is mine, and I am happy."

Mrs. Clough did not reply to her son's timorous communication in words, but placed a hand on his hair tenderly, and held the other up beside it, over an imaginary head, in equal blessing. Nathan's heart fairly gushed over with the two loves, the natural and the inspired, which had flowed into it.

In the course of the next two days, the subject of his attachment for Dora became almost a familiar one between them. To be sure, the boy never failed to blush scarlet at mention of her name; but that was not because he would wish to hear it mentioned less often, by any means. And whereas, in the primitive state of society here, love was close allied to marriage, the mother and son in their discourse fell to happily anticipating such a consummation.

"You wont have to work hard after Dora gets here," Nathan said, between pride and reverence. "I tell you, mother, she's smart as a trap, and neat as wax. She has an amazing faculty for turning off work, they all say. Eight children, she the oldest, and their mother sickly, Dora has had the whole care, and all is in tip-top order—you've no idea. She can do everything."

"It'll be like having a tooth pulled to give her up."

"O, there's Susy, is large enough now to take Dora's place. She did alone a month last fall, while Dora went home with her aunt to Burlington, and Dora said when she came home Susy had done just as well as she could. That is what she told me. She's good-lookin'

as the next girl, Dora is, cheeks red as roses, and eyes blue and bright as forget-me-nots. I shan't forget them."

Had the youthful writing-master ever dreamed of putting pen and paper to such sweet use, he would most certainly have gone aside here and inscribed a sonnet. He made a little, contemplative pause, and went on adding to the list of Dora's perfections.

"She's a natural lady, if I know one—and I know her aunt thought so, too—but she never seems to think anything about it, and aint stuck up a bit. And for all she's busy from mornin' to night, she always looks dressed up nice enough to go to meetin'."

His pleased listener cast a long look back into vanished years, and discovered that maidens do sometimes practise a little pardonable deception on their lovers in such matters; however, match me if you can her considerateness at forty-five, she felt no itching to poke her finger through Nathan's rainbow bubble.

"I guess, mother," continued Nathan, and I record the sentence if only to show his illimitable faith in his parent, "I must bring Dora over for a visit in sugarin'. O, I do want you should see her!"

"I was thinkin' of that very thing. We might make a sugar-party, that would give her a chance to get acquainted with our young folks. It's now the last of January, see, some time in March. Yes, my son, we'll have her come over."

It may appear rather mythical to you, Henry, or John Charles, who, when you come home in the small hours of Monday morning, from "settin' up" with Hannah Jane, or Adaliza, steal into the house like a burglar and pull off your boots before going up stairs in order not to let the old folks know, and who would as soon think of turning hot lead into your parents' ears, as of telling them how your courtship progresses; to you, I say, it may appear mythical, this intimacy between Nathan Clough and his mother. Well, perhaps you have a brother, or sister, or clever cousin, of sympathetic age and endowments, which Nathan had not, and therein lies the difference. Love craves a confidant, and, I suspect the moon, patroness of lovers, keeps the little star near, that she may whisper it tales of other loves, too widely apart from the sentiment its beam demands to be fed upon, for any feelings of jealousy.

It was the second week after Nathan's return, that Mrs. Clough was going to Mont-

pelier to purchase a housekeeping outfit for a niece of hers lately married; and it came to her mind, almost at the last moment, to stop over a train at Waterbury, and make an informal call upon her future daughter-in-law. She breathed not a breath of her project to her son, intending to give him, on coming home, a grand surprise.

As the train sped on, and she with it, her thoughts, it is not difficult to believe, were more upon the wayside adventure than upon the main business of her journey. Waterbury station reached, she stepped from the car, gave a look up street and down while the train was being launched again, went to the ticket office and inquired if the attendant could inform her where Mr. Hibbard lived. What Mr. Hibbard was it she wished to find? there were three of the name in town, he believed. Here was a bridge up. Mrs. Clough had never heard from her son the Christian name of Dora's father; so after choking a minute, she did the only thing that could help her, inquired for Dora herself. O, that was Benoni Hibbard's. He saw Dora pass only just now towards home. She could see the meeting-house yonder? Yes? Well, beyond that take the street to the left, and the house was the third on the right.

Thanking him, the stranger set off as directed, and the ticket-master, having nothing better to do, watched her from his window, and calculated where she might be from, and what her business with Dora. Say not that women have by nature a gossiping disposition above men; because, if you keep right on saying it forever, it never will be true. All depends on individual circumstances. Whichever sex should have the narrowest scope for its powers, would surely degenerate into something fitted for its sphere. The greatest gossip I ever knew, and the one who appeared to derive most satisfaction from his calling, was a man who had lost his sight, and was barely able to perform a diurnal revolution round the neighborhood. The lights and shadows of family life were quite exhausted by him.

"I'll bet," said the ticket-master to himself, the safest way in the world to bet, you see, "it's somethin' about that advertisement Miss Hibbard's got in this week's Green Mountain Freeman." And as the woman disappeared from his sight around the corner of the meeting-house, he beckoned an idler across from the blacksmith's shop opposite, who had been leaning up, his two hands in his pockets, as

spare and slender-necked as an Etruscan vase.

At the same time Mrs. Clough turned in at a white gate, and passed between white walls of snow, spiked with rosebushes that in summer blossomed white, to the door of a white cottage. Her knock was answered by a bright little boy, who instantly came rattling through the entry for that purpose with might and main.

"Is Miss Hibbard at home?"

"Do you mean my mother, or Dora?" for in his neighborhood the doctrine of separate titles for married and unmarried females was not particularly well understood.

"Dora."

"Yes, ma'am, she's at home. Walk in."

He opened a little sitting-room, where then no one was sitting, and disappeared through another door, shouting in lessening cadence, "Dora, Dora, Dora!" till his voice was dissolved in distance.

What first fixed the attention of Mrs. Clough on entering the room, were a couple of copy books on a table, as if somebody here liked to keep that handwriting in sight—the handwriting, fair, round, honest, she would have known for her son's anywhere. She felt a thrill of pride in looking at it. On a chair placed just before another from which the sewer had apparently risen but now, lay a collateral section of blue broadcloth coat. Was this Dora's work, too? What nice quilting that was in the lining! Capable girl, sure enough. Sewing machines! There is no patent like the original—a deft pair of woman's hands.

Mrs. Clough's pleasing meditations were brought to a close by the entrance of a female, moderately young and very moderately good-looking. Not Dora—O, not at all! But she *was* Dora. She claimed to be Dora, and it was not to be gainsayed that she knew better than the stranger, to whom she looked as un-Dora-like as possible. *Pan-Dora* she might be, with a box full of evils for the husband who should open it. Nathan's mother was obliged to accept the proposition that this was Dora, but her feelings had seldom received so great a shock. She had intended to meet her daughter elect with a true motherly kiss, but she could not have done it for her life.

In the first place, this person was positively ten years older than Nathan Clough, there was no getting around that fact. As to the cheeks he had called rosy, it became necessary if the theory was to be supported, to specify yellow roses. The eyes with which



she regarded her visitor as the latter pronounced her name and residence were blue, certainly, and might be bright enough for ordinary purposes, but not enough to answer her lover's description.

It was not that Mrs. Clough cared for beauty, you know; but the conviction that the girl had been practising arts on her unsophisticated son—it was that made her despicable in the mother's eyes. Making every allowance for a young lover's imagination, she could not conceive of Dora's impressing him as beautiful without the aid of *paint*—horrible thought! Nathan had said she could turn her hand to anything. O, unquestionably. It speaks volumes for Mrs. Clough's magnanimity, that she preserved her calmness, and did not fall to berating Dora on the spot.

That the girl stood convicted by mere looks, there was no lack of evidence. As soon as the introduction was managed between them, she retreated dumbly to her sewing-chair; as she turned, the other observed that the rusty dark merino she wore had been draggled in snow in her late walk, which had since melted, making the skirt hang damp and flabby about her ankles—this model of neatness and a refined taste! Our friend had used spectacles these two years, but she saw with unassisted eye, very distinctly, just above the facing of Dora's dress, an eyelet-hole made by a spark from the fire. There sat the conscious creature, fidgeting with her hands—grace of manners, indeed! His mother would have given anything if Nathan could have been by her side for one moment.

She was a shrewd woman, and if her wits had stumbled at the beginning, they were up again, sharpshod and under good discipline. As she could not conjure up Nathan to look on this picture, what would she do but transfer the scene to their home! Cheaper than argument, and more effectual, it would be, just simply to show him his angel *sans ailes*—for she could not believe the pretended angel would have the effrontery to assume wings again in the presence of one who had witnessed this morning's exposure. Mrs. Clough had a point to gain—a point she would not lose for the valuation of the town of Waterbury. Close upon the prospect of failure followed that of prolonged vexation, of her son's possible alienation from herself, and no end of ruin to that beloved child. His upright soul abhorred deceit, and notwithstanding the boy loved Dora, as she appeared to him, with a sincere passion, she yet hoped he would be

disenthralled by her plan, and would escape without so much as the smell of fire upon his garments. Blame her not, then, if she suddenly affected a cordiality unfelt, in saying:

"I am on my way to Montpellier, Miss Hibbard, and shall come back day after tomorrow. I want to engage you to go home with me for a week or more; I hope I shall not be disappointed?"

"Thank you," Dora replied, with a smile which it must be confessed improved her looks astonishingly, "if I can get this coat finished by that time, and I think I can, I shall be pleased to go."

Good. Mrs. Clough felt like one who is already avenged, as certain it seemed she would be so, and can now afford to forgive and pity.

"I shall do the best I can," Dora presently added.

"To catch my son, you mean," thought the other.

"I don't know, but I hope to please."

This was said in unmistakable humility and constraint.

"You won't do it any longer by paintin' your face," was the inward response of her auditor.

Dora went on. "I am aware I have little to recommend me to strangers. Neither beauty nor—"

"Beauty is but skin deep," returned the visitor, not sorry, however, to have extorted this abasing confession; she wanted to say it was not always so deep as that.

There was a pause. Mrs. Clough turned to the copy books.

"I see some of my son's work here."

It was the first allusion to Dora's lover, though, of course, her mind, as well as the other's, had been full of him.

"O, yes," she replied quite vivaciously. Mrs. Clough did not look to see whether the girl blushed or not, concluding she had seen phases enough. "The books are my brothers'. Don't you think they made good improvement? Every one is more than satisfied with Mr. Clough's teaching."

How strangely it sounded to hear her boy titled Mr.! What voice can but be pleasant to our ears when it utters the praises of one we love? Mrs. Clough suddenly, not only relented, but began to yearn towards Dora. This might be a very estimable person, after all—nobody was perfect—and a few years more or less, what were they? If she loved Nathan, and Nathan loved her, why—

"My son, on his part, carried away from here many pleasant remembrances. The people showed him a great deal of kindness." Mrs. Clough rose as she spoke, and drew her cloak around her.

"I suppose," rejoined the other, rising also, "if I am not mistaken," glancing out of the window, and speaking with a kind of naive hesitancy, "here comes the pleasantest of Mr. Clough's remembrances."

The mother of the writing-master had passed into the entry; through the side-light she caught glimpses of a figure in a striped brown cloak fitting up the path like a snow-bird. The resemblance was completed when the next moment the latch flew up, and a light, laughing voice warbled:

"Chick-a-dee-dee!"

"Cousin Dora," in a tone of warning to this specimen of the feathered race, who had alighted on the threshold, "this is Mrs. Clough, of Bolton. Nathan's mother," she added, in parentheses, with her eyes.

At this the blue eyes of the chick-a-dee shaded themselves with their brown lashes, while a pair of fresh young cheeks, made rosier by the cold, deepened their hue to crimson. But their owner, with a shy grace and reverential air that were altogether irresistible, came forward and paid her respects to the lady, now the more confounded of the two. The Dora of the house, seeing her perplexed looks, believed she had committed a terrible mistake in the revelation she had made; and self-reproach covered her as with a mildew. But feeling that the spell must be broken, she rallied just to say:

"I am going to Bolton, Dora; Mrs. Clough is kind enough to give me employment a week or so, that will make a beginning. I wish you'd send one of the children over to-night or to-morrow with that pair of tailor's shears. Will there be a great deal of cutting to be done, Mrs. Clough?"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the person thus appealed to, "what can you mean? Employ you! I never thought of doing any such thing."

"You are offended with me, and justly, I suppose. I beg, ma'am, I really beg, you will overlook my thoughtlessness. I am sure I wouldn't have mentioned the thing, but I somehow had the impression you knew it all."

"All what? I don't know what you are accusing yourself of."

"Why, about your son and my cousin here."

"Well, this beats everything! Aint you Dora Hibbard?"

"That is my name—with the people here, at least."

"Be you, or aint you, the girl that my son Nathan is so dreadfully in love with?"

"Me! Ha, ha, could anybody help laughing? Do I look as if I should be likely to fascinate a young man?"

"I can't say that I thought so, to tell the truth; but I supposed Nathan saw through a different pair of eyes."

"I guess he did. His eyes have never seen me yet, for I wasn't at home when he was here. This is the real Dora, my husband's cousin. I am that only by favor, my name being plain Dorinda. My husband liked to call me Dora, and since his death (she did not look like laughing now) they call me so for his sake."

"I inquired at the depot for Dora Hibbard, and the man sent me to you."

"Not strange. I advertised to go out sewing by the day or week. Since my husband died, I have learned a trade. The person must have taken it into his head to suppose you was in search of a tailoress."

"And then nobody ever thinks of me," added the new-blown Dora, a breeze of offended dignity tossing the ostrich feather on her hat.

"Well, I do say!" exclaimed Nathan's mother. "Look here. If you please, let me set down. I believe—I'm what—they call faint."

Fortunately for the matron's self-respect she made no closer acquaintance with that fashionable resource; and in a short time set off to return to the station, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Hibbard, the latter skipping on before, along the narrow track, occasionally facing about, like a military captain leading on his gallant corps, and unable to resist the temptation of reminding her friends that this harrow pattern was a great favorite with wild geese in their flight.

"The application of that fish-story you was telling the children, about some ancient big-bug or other being drawn by a dolphin, or dolphins, would be more complimentary to us all," replied Dorinda.

To the elder lady it mattered little what sun-loving inhabitant of air or water the young creature chose to personate, so long as she knew she was real Dora Hibbard, betrothed to Nathan Clough. She gave her a kiss, ay, kisses, at parting; she kissed the other

and plainer Dora, too, with right friendly feelings, since she was not, as she had supposed, an artful minx, who had obtained her son's affections under false pretences. Both heartily reciprocated the friendliness; Dorinda had amicably forgotten her disappointment with regard to the job she had expected.

A passenger by the same train told his friends in Montpellier of a highly-respectable looking, middle-aged woman who sat next seat front of him in the car, and kept smiling, sometimes almost crying, and saying to herself:

"Well, how funny! Well, how funny!"

About the job, moreover, when Mrs. Clough returned, she called and took Dorinda home with her to West Bolton, where she made a full suit for Nathan of the best material his mother had been able to find at the capital, and when she went away, the latter declared she had become "dreadfully attached to Miss Hibbard."

That was the wedding suit the following May, when Mrs. Clough, with affectionate pride, received home her dutiful daughter-in-law.

#### WISDOM AND BEAUTY.

Rabbi Joshua, the son of Chananiah, was a very learned and a very wise man, but he was ugly. His complexion was so dark that he was nicknamed "the blacksmith," and little children ran away from him. Yet his wisdom and learning caused him to be esteemed by every one, and even the Emperor Trajan treated him with much consideration. One day, when the rabbi went to court, the emperor's daughter only laughed at his ugliness, and said, with a smile:

"Rabbi, I wonder how it is that such great wisdom as yours should be contained in such an ugly head?"

Rabbi Joshua kept his temper, and instead of replying, asked:

"Princess, in what vessel does your august father keep his wine?"

"In earthen jars, to be sure," replied she.

"Indeed," exclaimed the rabbi, feigning surprise; "why, all common people keep their wine in earthen jars. An emperor's wine should be kept in handsomer vessels."

The princess thought that Rabbi Joshua, who said such clever things, was really in earnest; so off she went to the chief butler, and ordered him to pour all the emperor's wine out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels; earthen jars being unworthy of such precious drinks. The butler followed

these orders, and when the wine came to the royal table it had turned sour and tasted quite flat. The next time the princess met Rabbi Joshua, she expressed her astonishment at his having given her such a strange piece of advice, and said:

"Do you know, rabbi, that fine wine that I had poured into gold and silver vessels turned sour?"

"Then you have learned a simple lesson, princess," was the rabbi's reply. "Wine is kept best in common vessels, and so is wisdom."

The next time the princess met the clever rabbi she did not laugh at his ugly face.

#### HOMELY MEN.

In the eastern part of Ohio there resides a man named Brown, now a justice of the peace, and a very sensible man, but, by common consent, the ugliest individual in the West, being long, gaunt, sallow and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day he was hunting, and on one of the mountain roads he met a man on foot alone, who was longer, gaunter, by all odds, than himself. He could give the squire fifty and then beat him. Without saying a word, Brown raised his gun and deliberately levelled it at the stranger. "For God's sake, don't shoot!" shouted the man in alarm. "Stranger," replied Brown, "I swore ten years ago that if I ever met a man uglier than I was, I'd shoot him, and you are the first one I've seen." The stranger, after taking a careful survey of his rival, remarked, "Well, captain, if I look any worse than you do, shoot; I don't want to live any longer!"

#### AN INCORRIGIBLE BOY.

John A—— was a good-natured fellow, not without wit, averse to toil, and spending most of his time in manipulating those rectangular forms of pasteboard which T. Crehore devises, and where the American eagle sits on the ace of spades. John's father was dead, but his uncle, a Boston citizen, frequently gave him good advice. "John," said he, one day, "be industrious, and with your talents you can make anything of yourself. Suppose you have no capital. Look at old Billy Gray! He came into this city with a pack on his back, and went out with a million of dollars!" "That's nothing to my case, uncle," said the incorrigible John; "I came into this city with two packs in my pocket, and am going out without a red cent."

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE LIFE SECRET:

—OR,—

## THE ROSE OF MONTAUBAN.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.]

The brigands were approaching with shouts; the movements of the fugitives had aroused their suspicions. But they pursued only the count and Jacques; for Louis had gently placed the form of the half-fainting girl within the hollow tree; and instantly taking an opposite direction, succeeded in leading the pursuers away from the spot. The brigands gained on them; shots were fired, but they missed their aim.

"Monsieur Louis, we shall be taken," uttered Jacques, as he made a last effort for life.

Answering not a word, the count, turning, fired at one of the men who had almost laid his hand on the shoulder of Jacques. The leader fell. Louis allowed the weapon to drop from his hand; he felt he should have no farther use for it. A moment he stood amid the rank undergrowth, his figure slightly bowed, watching over his shoulder the movements of the remainder of the gang.

Cowed by the death of their leader, they paused irresolute, presently turning, and shrinking out of sight into the forest. As they disappeared, Louis and Jacques descried the light of torches approaching from the road, and soon distinguished the voices of their friends from the chateau.

What a meeting was that! The party, joyful that their long search had been crowned with success; the pale, beautiful girl with her deliverers; the silent form of the brigand chief extended upon the fresh and dewy turf. They would not allow Rose to look upon that stiffening corpse; they only said: "*Gaspard is dead!*" He could work no evil now. ♥

After the storm sunlight is brighter, so these perils over, there was great rejoicing. Helen rejoiced, none might know how deeply, for it was as though life itself had been taken from her with the loss of her cousin. Lord Francis envied the count the service he had been able to render Rose; he wished to have been the hero and Helen the recipient—then he might have won, at least, her gratitude. Jacques, who, as Louis insisted, was a real hero, would accept neither reward nor praise; and suddenly disappeared; but not till at the head of a sturdy armed band he had sought again the robbers' cave—to find

it empty, deserted. The robbers never returned to it. Ralmonde went to Italy, and thenceforth was unheard from. The good marquises celebrated the event of the return of Rose and the breaking up of the horde, by a merry-making to which all were invited, and at which all were happy.

One morning, shortly after this, the marquises sent for Rose to the library.

"I am glad to come to you, my second father," said the young girl, when she had entered and closed the door behind her, "because I have something to say to *you*. And may I not say it at once? Dear marquises, I must go away from here."

"What, Rose! go away and break all our hearts?"

"It is a sad return for all the kindness you have bestowed upon me. But indeed—indeed," and though she stood firm her lip quivered—"this life is unfitting me for all my future. I am betrothed to a peasant, and—I shall one day be that peasant's wife."

"There, little one," returned the marquises, with a sly smile, "you have something very serious to say. There is a nobleman under this roof, Rose, who is in love with you and wishes to make you his wife. He is all that any young lady could desire—the Count Louis D'Artois."

As he pronounced that name every trace of color fled from the cheek of Rose, leaving it pale as marble, then came back in a crimson flood.

"I will marry Robin. And, O! I entreat you to say no more." This was her answer.

"Very well, then," rejoined the marquises, in the tone of forbearance she had scarcely dared expect; "since that is your choice, be it so. I know this Robin—he is no clown."

"Indeed no," uttered Rose, earnestly. "But do you really know Robin?"

"I know him, he is not far off at this moment."

Rose started from her seat with a cry of delight. The marquises rang a bell, and presently, as the door opened, said, lovingly: "Rose, my pet, yonder is Robin; go and meet him," and passing her directly, left the apartment.

"Robin—Louis!" uttered Rose, quivering with emotion.

The face was the gardener's, but the dress was the count's.

"Well, which is it?" he asked, laughingly. "It is Louis—and see how audacious he has grown," and the young man with daring tenderness pressed his lips to hers. "My Rose,

my little, faithful, noble-hearted darling! Look up and speak to me. Let me see, at least, that Louis has not lost the heart that Robin won."

She did look up. The sweet face tinged with blushes, sparkled with blended tears and smiles.

"I understand it all now. But you deceived me most cruelly," she said. "O, Louis!"

"And almost broke my own heart, Rose. Ah, if you knew how I suffered lest I should gain the very boon I seemed so earnestly to crave. But you were true to Robin. And then what joy filled my breast."

"And I thought," murmured Rose—"I thought you loved Helen. She is so beautiful."

"Helen! What a thought! My cousin and I like each other dearly—but that is all."

But that night Helen Montauban, whose suspicions had been aroused by the interview between her father and Rose in the morning, drew from the guileless girl the tale of her betrothal to Louis, then went to her own room and wept in stormy passion, resolved to be revenged on Rose for her innocent rivalry.

You would never have guessed that this graceful, brilliant, winning woman had passed the hours of darkness, during the whole of the past night, in a wild and fearful vigil. You would scarce have dreamed that such foul things as jealousy and hate could hold their dwelling-place within her heart, making that fair exterior a temple, upon whose altar was offered up every holy and upright feeling of the human heart.

It was known among the guests at the chateau, upon this morning, that Rose and Louis were betrothed, and something was whispered, too, concerning the romance attached to the affair. The good Countess de Clairville had kissed and congratulated the young girl to her heart's content. Everywhere there were smiles, everywhere there were happy hearts, save in *one* bosom.

There was talk of an early wedding-day. Louis asserted that a delay of a month would be quite sufficient—equal indeed to an age. The marquis was inclined to favor his arguments, though it was evidently with a sore struggle that he contemplated the idea of parting with Rose. It was not until now that he realized the full depth of his affection for her. Her gentleness and innocence and goodness of heart, her childlike loveliness, and, more than all, her likeness to one beloved in by-gone years, bound her to the heart of this second father.

It is needless to say that the guests anticipated with pleasure this much-talked-of wedding. The marquis had persuaded them to remain at the chateau till after that event—an invitation which Lord Egerton was nothing loth to accept. He was more gay and light-hearted than he had seemed for some time past. For, always uneasy and jealous suspecting the secret of Helen's preference for Louis, he had now experienced a sudden and most welcome freedom from apprehension.

There were moments when an unsatisfied longing arose in the heart of her who was so soon to be a happy bride; she could not forget that she had a father who was a wanderer and not by to share her happiness.

One week the family party spent in Paris in obtaining the wedding *trousseau*. Early one bright October morning they set out on their return—all save Louis, who was to follow them at the end of a few days. It might have been called a happy company; and truly, the happiness of the marquis, the Count de Clairville and his wife, was unmixed. But the joyousness of Rose was subdued by frequent and painful meditation on the circumstances of her father; and though as amiable, gentle and attractive as ever, yet one could see that she was not entirely happy. Helen Montauban, on her part, remained ever the same, to all outward appearance; but it was as if a painted skeleton had taken her place. For a day and night there burnt within her breast a fire that fed upon her very life. One single wish was hers—to a single purpose every thought was directed. The cry was only for vengeance!

It was a wild, dark, stormy night when the carriage of the marquis approached once more the neighborhood of the chateau. All along the forest road, the giant trees skirting the way, creaked and groaned, and tossed their mighty arms, unseen in the gloom, but heard with dreadful distinctness, while the unchained winds going to and fro, almost took the sound of human shrieks. An inward horror seized Helen Montauban. Those voices seemed to utter her name—to wail forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded—to denounce her as a murderess! Onward pressed the drenched horses over the uneven road, that threatened every moment to overturn the carriage.

"Helen," the marquis said, kindly, "I think we are almost at home now. Rose, my poor darling, you are sadly alarmed, I fear."

But the words were arrested upon his lips

by a fearful sound that drew the attention of all. Torn by the force of the tempest from their trunks, the sturdy limbs of the overhanging trees fell upon the frightened beasts, who, maddened with pain and terror, leaped wildly over the obstacles in their way; the reins were torn from the hands of the paralyzed driver, and entangled the feet of the animals; they stumbled; the carriage swayed to and fro, and was dashed to the earth.

The voices of the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton rose above the storm. With the utmost difficulty and danger, the gentlemen extricated their companions and themselves from the vehicle in the darkness. All were found to be safe excepting Rose, who lay senseless in the arms of the marquis, heedless alike of the pain of that hour, or of the falling rain that saturated her garments, yet failed to revive her from her swoon.

"Is she dead?" asked Helen, hoarsely, while Lord Francis's thanksgiving over her ~~own~~ safety sounded in her ear. A wild hope darted through her brain. Had death anticipated her? Not even amid the terrible scene, when her own life was spared, did this woman repent the wicked design which she had entertained.

The driver had recovered himself, lights and assistance were procured from a neighboring farmhouse, and this party were soon safe within the walls of the chateau. Rose had partially recovered her senses, and, enveloped in warm, dry clothing, lay quietly and dreamily upon the bed, watched by tender eyes, and—covertly—also by the eyes of hate.

During the following day her indisposition increased; and at night, feverish and delirious, she tossed upon her couch, with a wild brilliancy in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her beautiful cheek. It was pitiful to listen to her wild, wandering words; but as often as she uttered the name of Louis, Helen Montauban turned from the sufferer with lips cold and rigid as marble. Day and night succeeded one another, while the anxious physician and the household kept vigil through the long and mournful hours.

At length the crisis came and passed. One midnight, when silence reigned over the chateau, Rose awoke from the sleep that had seemed so like death—she awoke, and was safe. Later the same night, when the heart of the marquis and many another was full of grateful rejoicing, there came summons for him from the little inn of the neighboring village, where one lay dying who urgently requested

to see him. The marquis, astonished and affected at this sudden announcement, prepared immediately to visit the stranger; and the physician, satisfied that the most favorable change had taken place in his patient's case, left her in the care of Mademoiselle Montauban and the countess, and, accompanied the marquis from the chateau.

The latter reached the inn, and ascended to the chamber whither they conducted him. He started at the sight of the form stretched out upon the couch, with wild, unshorn and emaciated countenance, and coarse, rough garments, which he had not suffered to be removed, presenting a spectacle so wretched.

"Is this indeed Hugh Lamonte?" he sorrowfully exclaimed.

"Who calls Hugh Lamonte?—the outcast—the robber!" said the sick man, sternly. "And who are you?" fixing his wild, gleaming eyes upon the marquis. "Ah, Armande Montauban, I know you!" he uttered, fiercely, trying to spring upright, but failing from weakness. "Don't come near me, or I shall murder you! Where is Guidette? You have wedded her, and she was mine. You stole her from me—I will have revenge!"

The marquis nearly fainted, and was supported to an adjoining apartment. As soon as he could speak, he said:

"Take me back to him—quick, quick—it is my brother Henri. I recognize him through the disguise that has served him through all the years in which he has lived within half a league of me. We were enemies once—O, God! let not death come between us, till we are friends!"

Weak and trembling as he was, he returned to the side of the dying man.

"Henri, my brother?"

"Ha, you know me then! I have been revenged on you; I have brought sorrow and darkness to your hearthstone. For the sake of the angel who has smiled upon a wretched life, I will atone, at this last hour, for the misery I have caused you. But I will forgive you the wrong done to me, never—no, never!" And raising his clenched hand to heaven, he sealed the declaration with an oath.

He sank down exhausted.

"Henri," cried the marquis, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, "recall those words, I conjure you! Listen to me. I knew not of the wrong I had done you, till it was too late. Guidette deceived me; she never told me that you loved her—that she was betrothed to you. I wedded her—ah,

Henri, if you desired revenge, she was the fittest instrument."

The dying man's eyes were fixed earnestly on his brother's face.

"Say it once more!" he panted, eagerly—"that you were innocent—that she deceived you, and was false to me."

"It is true, Henri; I swear it."

"Then pardon me, Armande, for the injustice I have done you," faintly uttered Henri, extending his almost powerless hand, and seeking that of his brother's—"I shall die in peace."

"Henri, I have nothing to forgive." The marquis clasped that wasted hand tenderly within his own. His tears fell upon it. "We have both been unhappy. Guidette was our father's ward. You loved her, and were betrothed in secret, just before going abroad for an absence of three years. I was a boy of twenty, warm-hearted, frank and confiding. I deemed Guidette all that was good and true; profoundly ignorant of your attachment, I gave my heart to her, and we were wedded."

Henri Montauban groaned as he listened in anguish too deep for words.

"Where is Rose?" he asked, in a voice weaker than before.

"At the chateau. She has been ill, but thanks be to Heaven, she is recovering."

"Armande, give her my blessing, if she will receive it, when she knows all. I have been a wretch; but I repent. Bend lower, Armande—I am almost gone. *She is your Marguerite—I stole her—Rose is your child!*"

The glazed eyes were fixed; the lips moved not again.

At the same hour that the marquis saw his brother expire at the inn, a terrible tragedy was enacting under his own roof. Helen had purposed that Rose should never wake from that long, deep sleep; but through those hours when life had trembled in the balance, both the physician and countess had constantly watched by the bedside. Now both were gone—the latter to obtain an hour's rest in her own chamber; and Helen saw that the deed and opportunity were before her. In Paris, she had procured of an alchemist a deadly poison; it was contained in a tiny bottle, which had been hidden all day in her bosom.

Softly burned the shaded lamps in that silent chamber. The occupant of the curtained couch lay slumbering so calmly, that the breath floating from those pale lips was scarcely perceptible. Helen glided stealthily to-

ward the table—a tall, light-robed form, ghost-like, except for the large, brilliant, dark eyes that gleamed more wildly than ever to-night, out of the face so ashy pale. Her guilty hand shook, holding the vial, which was held above the silver cup upon the stand. The poison mingled with the drink prepared for Rose. And Helen Montauban glanced fearfully toward the door, for it almost seemed to her horror-struck fancy that some one must be watching her.

It was done. She repaired to her own chamber, and heard from the one adjoining, the countess preparing to return to the sick one's side. There was a low knock at her door. Helen opened it, and stood aghast; it was the physician, holding in his hand the cup containing the fatal draught. He closed and locked the door. He grasped her arm, and made her look into the cup.

"I was a witness of the deed. Unhappy woman!"

It was all he said. She gazed at him with her weird eyes, and made no reply. A gasp, a struggle, a faint cry, and she sank, in awful convulsions, at his feet. Louis returned the same day, to find his intended bride but just recovering from a dangerous illness, and Helen, as many believed, at the portals of death. Slowly, however, she recovered. The physician never betrayed to her family the guilty secret. Rose—that is, Marguerite, and Louis were already united.

Helen entered a convent, and shut herself forever from a world grown hateful to her. She could not endure to meet daily with those whose happiness continually reminded her of the fate alike of her love and her revenge. Persuasion availed nothing, and a nun she became. Francis Egerton returned to England, where, in a year or two, he married happily. Jacques Leroux shortly returned to the Chateau Montauban, and entered into the service of Louis D'Artois, whom he served faithfully, and who rewarded him well for his many services. Among the deceptions that had been practised upon her, Rose was glad to recall that Gasparde was not her cousin. And now, reader, adieu.

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How in this world everybody puffs his indignant morality at everybody else! It only takes a turn at the weathercock to bring about the millennium. Only let these gusts of virtue, that every man blows upon his neighbor, be turned upon himself, and the thing is done. It's easier than sinning!



## The Florist.

My slight and slender jasmine-tree,  
That bloomest on my border tower,  
Thou art more dearly loved by me  
Than all the wealth of fairy bower.  
I ask not while I near thee dwell,  
Arabia's spice, or Syria's rose;  
Thy light feteoons more freshly smell—  
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.  
My mild and winsome jasmine-tree,  
That climbest up the dark gray wall,  
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee,  
Like silver spray-drops down to fall.  
LEON MORPHE.

### Work for the Month.

If this month be at all forward, you may bud; and if you have wood given to you when you are not ready for it, put the ends in wet sand, and a hand glass over them; but the sooner you can use them the better. The stocks must be put in completely all over, except one or two eyes beyond the bud on the branches in which the bud is inserted. All China roses in pots or out of doors may be budded, and so also may all the smooth-barked kinds. Plant out the young seedlings potted last month, in beds four feet wide, in the same soil, without disturbing the balls of earth; let them be six inches from the side of the bed, and a foot apart each way. Protect them from vermin by all ordinary means; shade them from the heat of the sun at mid-day; water, if required. At the North, roses of all kinds planted in open ground may be layered the last of this month. Perpetual roses will bloom best in autumn, if they are pruned in after having opened their first flowers. You may lay carnations and double sweet-williams still; but let it be done before the end of the second week in this month. Propagate pinks by slips and pipings. Transplant the seedling auriculas which were sown last year, as also the seedling polyanthus. Transplant the perennial and biennial seedlings which were not done last month, to remain till October. Take up all bulbs as fast as they decay their leaves. If this month proves hot and dry, place your potted carnations in a sheltered situation, and keep them just moist. Support flowering shrubs and plants, and cut away decayed stems. Keep the borders clean. Mow the lawn and grass walks.

### Roses and Jasmynes.

These most delicious, most elegant flowers—in themselves a garden—are worthy of a chapter devoted exclusively to their culture. What cottage exists without its roses twined around the doorway, or blooming up its pathway?

The Damask Rose is very useful from its properties, as well as its beauty and hardihood. Rose-water is distilled from this bright, thickly-blowing flower.

The Cabbage Rose is the most beautiful, as well as the most fragrant of roses. All others are varieties of roses, but this grand flower is the "rose itself." It throws out suckers plentifully for propa-

gating its kind; and every two or three years, the root of each bush will part into separate plants. Cut the roots slanting with a sharp knife as you divide them. A very small bit of root is sufficient for a rose-bush, as they are hardy in their nature. Do not move roses oftener than you can help; they delight in being stationary for years.

In pruning roses of every description, which should be effected in January, shorten all the shoots to nine inches only, and cut away all the old wood, which becomes useless after two or three years' growth. This treatment insures fine flowers.

Moss Roses love a cool soil and a cool aspect. They soon fade in a hot sun.

The Double Yellow Rose is very elegant. It requires a western aspect, and even prefers north and east, but a warm aspect injures its beauty. It loves a good, substantial soil, and will not bear much cutting or removing. Let it alone in its glory, only pruning away the old scraggy wood occasionally, to strengthen the plant.

The Monthly Rose is also a lover of the north and east. It blooms through the autumn and winter, has an evergreen leaf, and loves a strong soil. It must be propagated by cuttings, and parting the roots, as it never throws up suckers. Prune away the old wood, and make cuttings in June, July and August, of the branches you clear away. Plant the cuttings in loose, moist earth, and do not let them bud till the following year. Let the cuttings be sunk two joints in the earth, leaving only one exposed. The monthly rose climbs or creeps.

The Austrian Briar, or Rose, will not flower, if exposed to the south. It bears a rich mass of flowers, yellow outside, and deep red within. Give it an eastern or western aspect.

### Planting of the Rose.

To plant the rose properly, the root must first be examined, and every particle of it that has been bruised should be cut off with a sharp knife just above the bruise; all the torn and ragged ends should be made smooth, and cut away as far as they are split or damaged. If any root has been growing downward it should be shortened up; for it is better to discourage any from growing downright. This preparation being made, and the holes dug large enough to take the root in without cramping it, fork or dig up the bottom of the hole to loosen it, and, if necessary to make any addition to the present soil, to mix it properly with the soil taken out, and work it some way into the soil at the bottom. Let one hold the tree or plant, if it be too large to manage properly alone, and the other throw in the soil between the roots. By moving the stem backward and forward, and pulling upward a little, it is easy to work the soil well between the roots, and on this much depends. When it is adjusted, the top of the root must be pretty close to the top of the ground; there must be none of the stump or stem buried; and when trodden down, the root must be fixed steady and solid.

## The Housewife.

### Rish Fruit Cake.

One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, and ten eggs. First beat the yolks and sugar together, then add the flour and butter, beaten to a cream; and lastly, mix in lightly the whites of the eggs, beaten to a high froth. Stone and chop one or two pounds of raisins (as you may choose), two pounds of currants, well cleaned and dried, one of citron, a quarter of a pound of almonds, half an ounce of mace, a teaspoonful of rose-water, a wineglass of brandy, and one of wine; stir in the flour gradually, then the wine, brandy and spice. Add the fruit just before it is put into the pans. It takes over two hours to bake it, if the loaves are thick; if the loaves are thin, it will bake in less time. This kind of cake is the best after it has been made three or four weeks, and it will keep good five or six months.

### Orange Cheesecakes.

Take eight ounces of blanched almonds; beat them very fine, with orange flower water; melt a pound of butter carefully, without oiling (let it be nearly cold before using it for the cheesecakes); beat, and sift half a pound of sugar; beat the yolks of ten and the whites of four eggs; pound one fresh and two candied oranges (previously boiled to draw out the bitterness) in a mortar till as soft as marmalade, without any lumps; these mix all together, and put into patty pans.

### Butter Crackers.

Rub four ounces of butter into a pound of flour; when well mixed, put to it enough cold water to damp it and keep it together, and add a teaspoonful of salt; beat it with a rolling-pin until smooth; then roll it thin; cut it in small cakes, or make it in small crackers between your hands; bake on tins, in a quick oven, for fifteen minutes, or set them in a moderate oven for twenty minutes; let each cracker be about the size of a dollar piece, and nearly half an inch thick.

### Cherry Cakes.

Take a pound of tart paste, cut it in halves, roll it out thin; drop on the paste preserved cherries, cut it into small pieces; egg them round carefully; turn the paste over them, and press them together gently; then cut it into half circles with a giggling iron; prick, and wash them over with egg; place them on a well-buttered tin, and bake them in a quick oven.

### Caraway Cakes.

Mix a pound of flour with a pound of fresh butter; add a spoonful of yeast, four spoonfuls of rose-water, the yolks of three eggs, four ounces of sugar, some caraways; make it all into a paste; bake it, and when done, sprinkle it with powdered sugar.

### Frosting for Cakes.

Powder very finely and sift half a teacupful of double refined sugar, and two teaspoonsful of Poland starch. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, so that you can turn the plate upside down without the eggs falling from it; then stir in the sugar gradually; stir it ten or fifteen minutes without any cessation; then add a teaspoonful of lemon juice; put in sufficient rose-water to flavor it. If you wish to color it pink, stir in a few grains of cochineal powder, or rose pink; if to have it of a blue tinge, add a little of what is called the powder blue. Lay the frosting on the cake with a knife soon after it is taken from the oven; smooth it over, and let it remain in a cool place till hard. This will be sufficient to frost one large cake.

### Crackers.

Rub six ounces of butter with two pounds of flour; dissolve a couple of teaspoonsful of saleratus in a wineglass of milk, and strain it on the flour; add a teacupful of salt, and milk enough to enable you to roll it out. Beat it with a rolling-pin for half an hour, pounding it out thin; cut it into cakes with a tumbler; bake them about fifteen minutes, and then take them from the oven. When the rest of your things are baked sufficiently, take them out; set in the crackers, and let them remain till baked hard and crisp.

### Delicate Rice Pudding.

Boil half a pound of rice in three pints of milk until the milk is absorbed by the rice; turn it out of the saucepan, and when cold, add to it three well beaten eggs, with a little nutmeg and sugar. Put it into a buttered basin, and boil an hour. This, made in smaller proportions, is a light and pleasant pudding for an invalid. A bit of cinnamon may be boiled with the milk and rice.

### Currant Cakes.

Take two quarts of currants, red or white; pick and wash them; boil them in a pint of water; then run the juice through a jelly bag, taking care not to press the bag; boil up the juice, straining in three pounds of sugar to a quart of juice; pour it into glasses; dry it in a stone till it will turn out; then dry the cakes on plates.

### Apple Cheesecakes.

Take twelve apples; pare, core and boil in sufficient water to mash them; beat them very smooth; add six yolks of eggs, the juice of two lemons, some grated lemon peel, half a pound of fresh butter, beaten to a cream, and sweetened with powdered sugar; beat in with the apples; bake in a puff crust, and serve open.

### Melted Butter without boiling.

Two ounces of butter beat to a cream; then add a tablespoonful of flour and a gill of cold water; stir it over the fire until quite thick, but it must not boil.

## Curious Matters.

### Interesting Discovery.

A very interesting discovery has lately been made by M. Fiorelli, the inspector of the excavations at Pompeii. While digging at a depth of from eight to ten feet, the pickaxe struck into a little mass of coins and jewels. M. Fiorelli then continued the excavation with the greatest care, removing the earth grain by grain, and after some hours' labor, was rewarded by the discovery, in the hardened ashes, of the perfect mould of a man, in a lying posture, the skin of which had dried up, but the skeleton remained intact. M. Fiorelli caused plaster of paris to be poured into the form of the Pompeian, and the casting succeeded perfectly, with the exception of two fragments of an arm and a leg where the mould was incomplete. The cast of the man is of the greatest precision; the moustache, the hair, the folds of the dress, and the sandals are admirably defined. The famous question of the *Thesaurum of Gronovius* and *Grevius* is now decided; the Romans did wear drawers. Also, archæologists will be delighted at discovering the manner in which the ancients fastened their sandals, and at seeing the heel of a shoe completely protected with iron.

### Matrimonial Slip.

An English paper states that a spruce old widower in his eightieth year, who very recently lost his better half, resolved, after a tedious courtship of nearly three weeks, to take for better or worse a blooming widow who had seen seventy-six summers; and the lady, according to previous arrangements, made her appearance at the church gates on the above day, which had been appointed for the wedding. The hour appointed was nine o'clock, but after waiting patiently at the church for two long hours the lady left in disgust. In a few minutes, however, the widower arrived at the church gates, accompanied by his best man and the bridesmaids, but they were all doomed to be disappointed, for the widow had returned to her home. On the following morning, when the lady was called upon to explain her conduct, she appeared much disgusted with the treatment she had received, and the parties are still unwedded.

### London Bridge.

The piles sustaining the London bridge have been driven five hundred years. In 1845 they were critically examined, and found to have been decayed but little; these piles are principally of elm. Old Savoy Place, in the city of London, is sustained on piles driven six hundred and fifty years ago; they consist of oak, elm, beech and chestnut, and are perfectly sound. The bridge built by the Emperor Trajan over the Danube, affords a striking example of the durability of timber in the wet state. One of these piles was taken up and found to be

petrified to the depth of three-quarters of an inch, and the rest of the wood had undergone no change, though it had been driven sixteen hundred years.

### A Cape Cod Lady's Pluck.

A Cape Cod lady, on being informed by her husband that the 44th Massachusetts regiment, to which their son belonged, had surrendered at Little Washington, was of course saddened by the intelligence. To comfort her, the husband inquired if after all it was not better so, since the boy would now soon come home on his parole. "No," replied the mother, "he went to fight, and I had rather he should remain and fight it out!"

### Curious.

In the Geological Museum, London, there is a lump of silver—about as much as would make forty shillings—which has been taken from the stomach of a mule in Mexico. It appears to be a common occurrence to find quantities of silver in the stomach and intestines of the mules working in the Mexican silver mines, and its presence is accounted for by the mules eating mud, which contains much silver, for the purpose of obtaining the salt which is mixed up with it also. The silver is said to accumulate to a considerable extent without proving injurious.

### Singular.

An English paper relates that Lady Dufferin married Lord Gifford while the latter was upon his death-bed. She had attended him with careful solicitude, and desired to soothe his last moments without occasioning scandal. This Lady Dufferin, it will be remembered, was the second of the three Sheridan sisters, of whom Hon. Mrs. Norton was the eldest, and Lady Seymour, Queen of Beauty, the youngest.

### Fearful Torture.

In the islands of the Eastern Archipelago there is a mode of execution reserved for great offences. An aloe grows upon those shores, which shoots up from the ground in the form of a hard prickly spike, and reaches a height of a foot and a half in forty-eight hours. Upon one of these shoots, just appearing from the ground, the natives bind the naked criminal, and the vegetable spear grows slowly up through his flesh and vitals, till its blood-stained apex pierces the wretch's upper side, and he dies impaled.

### An Indian's Idea of a Telegram.

During the speech of one of the Indian chiefs at the White House, recently, he said that they had come in obedience to the desire of their Great Father; and, alluding to the telegraphic message to the Indian superintendent, said that the invitation had come for them "through the air, and dropped down like a bird."

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### WONDERFUL MECHANISM.

A gentleman who visited the last London Exhibition, says that among the most wonderful displays of mechanism the Swiss took high rank on account of the character of their watches, hundreds of which were sent from Geneva, of all sorts, sizes and patterns. Some were set with sprays of pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones; some were engraved, others covered with exquisite enamels for which Geneva has long been famous; some were so exceedingly small that it seemed impossible for them to go, yet they did, and with the utmost precision. Quite a number of these tiny time-keepers were set in card-cases, the frames of eye-glasses, brooches, and even in rings; one in a brooch, in the form of a serpent, from whose mouth hung the little gem of a watch, rather thicker, but much smaller in diameter than a five-cent piece, and said to be the smallest in the world; and an elegant gold pen-holder, of ordinary size, in the top of which, richly ornamented with rubies, was a time-piece, with three dials, each of a quarter of an inch in diameter, going for a week, and showing the minutes, hours, days, weeks and months! In fact the Swiss makers seemed to have exhausted their resources in the manufacture of tiny watches, of but little use to those who desire correct time-keepers, but showing the wonderful ingenuity of the makers. And yet such watches cost much more than large ones, which can be depended upon.

THE RIGHT SORT.—“Come in, Joe, and let's take a drink.” “No, Thomas, can't afford it.” “But, Joe, I'll pay for it.” “O, I am not speaking of loss of money, Thomas, but of loss of health and energy, moral principle, character, peace of mind and self-respect.”

WEAKNESSES.—Weaknesses seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more decided faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than of the last.

### A QUAKERESS ON CRINOLINE.

Some person (a man we suppose) published a communication over the signature of “Ruth,” attacking crinoline. A very pretty quakeress replies to the strictures, and says: “I would beg thee to show me a more forlorn, hopeless looking creature than a hoopless woman. Didst ever notice one hie along the street like an anointed package of contraband goods, endeavoring to run the gauntlet of inspection? Behold how her robe clings to and caresses her mud-clogged heels, collapsing with every motion like a broken springed, rain-drenched umbrella. Does she ‘enchant thee with adoring love?’ Does she not rather look as if she had come from the shivering top of the North Pole, or just emerged from the South? Why, even the little boys and puppies treat her with contemptuous satire. And where is the grace of carriage, and ease of gait, that dignifies and distinguishes those of the ‘skeleton’ persuasion? Beside, what more is needed to prove the undeniable value of expiations than their adoption and wear by many of our serious sect, who are never known to change the mode of our garments? O, ‘Ruth,’ thou art no Ruth, but a masculine miscontent, ‘hiding for the nonce behind thy wife’s coatapet, because, forsooth, she asked thee for a new ‘cage,’ and the request pinches thy pocket. Now let me advise thee don that coatapet minus the wires, also thy wife’s wrapper, just to see how nice thee will feel with thy feet hampered and muffled in the tangling skirts of heavy gowns. I think, too, thee might take a stroll on the shore, where the winds can have a fling at the cumbersome drapery. I trust thee will by that time be quite cured of anti-hoopopathy, and perfectly ready to enthroned Queen Crinoline.”

GRIEF.—Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than joy ever can, and common sufferings are far stronger than common joys.

DIFFICULT.—Nothing is more easy than to do mischief; nothing is more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

### THE OLD MAIDS OF ENGLAND.

The elderly gentlemen of England, or rather those persons who are continually agitating for the benefit of the poorer classes, and accomplish but little or nothing for the cause, simply because the stupid paupers prefer something to eat instead of printed statistics, which show in the most conclusive manner that all men should be happy if they possessed plenty of work and plenty of pay, with wholesome food at a cheap rate—these men are just now debating what they shall do with the females of Great Britain and Scotland, who are classed under the head of "old maids," and for whom husbands do not appear attainable, simply because there are more women than men in the two countries.

To find these women husbands is now the prevailing idea with the gentlemen and ladies belonging to the different societies which have for their object numerous charities of the ragged school order. They have deliberated over the matter for some time, and yet have not made up their minds how to go to work. The ladies are anxious that the unmarried girls of England should confer happiness and expense upon some fortunate bachelors, provided the latter can be found, and so the societies are casting their eyes around the world, hoping to find several spots where shiploads of blooming and mature maidens will be acceptable to steady men desirous of the chains of matrimony, without the trouble of courtship, although there are men and women who contend that the latter is more pleasant than the former.

One writer, a man who has the welfare of womankind at heart, proposes that 50,000 maids be shipped to Australia per year, for the benefit of the diggers and farmers. Imagine them turned loose. Picture the frantic rush of gold diggers to seek and carry off a wife, and the dire consternation of the maids at being consigned to such uncouth and uncivilized embraces. Knocked down with a gold nugget, shouldered by a hairy and unkempt male man, and carried off to the woods, as they tell us the gorillas carry off the sleek and shiny negroes. What has British philanthropy come to?

Another able man thinks that New Zealand is a proper place, and that some few thousand maidens could find husbands in that country, but the writer does not tell us whether he expects those husbands to be white or black. If of the latter color, imagine the consternation of the poor girls when they find themselves

claimed by a tattooed native, with but scant garments, and a liberal display of human bones around his neck, by the way of ornaments. Under such circumstances none but the strong minded would care for the matrimonial yoke, and even those might repent if their husbands should insist upon ornamenting their faces with delicate tracings of India ink. As for the young girls, they would never stand such treatment; they would sooner go without husbands. So it is evident to us that British philanthropists can't count on New Zealand as a proper place for the shipment of old maids, and we think Australia will have to take the surplus female population of England, and we have no doubt that the miners will be exceedingly glad to get them. One hundred unfortunate maids have already started for the land of gold, and if they are taken readily more will be sent out immediately. Success to them. May the poor things find tender husbands and indulgent ones.

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ONE GOOD TRAIT.—It has been said that every man has at least one good point in his character. A gentleman, travelling on Sunday, was obliged to stop to have one of the shoes of his horse replaced. The farrier was just going to church, but suggested to the traveller that Jem Harrison might be found at home at the next forge. This proved to be true; and the rustic who had led the gentleman's horse to the spot, exclaimed, "Well, I must say that for Jem, for it is the only good point about him, he do never go to church."

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A DISASTEROUS CAMPAIGN.—During the Russian campaign, which lasted only twenty-five weeks, when Napoleon the First determined to crush Alexander by invading Russia, the French lost 582,000 men and 900 pieces of cannon. We know nothing of reverses when compared to such as that.

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TO THE POINT.—"I wish I could have seen your great feat," said a lady to a young gentleman who had had a hazardous adventure in the Mammoth Cave. "There they are, madam," said he, pointing to his pedal extremities.

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A LOVER'S ASPIRATIONS.—The sky's blue again—blue as your precious eyes; and the raindrops hang upon the leaves as bright as the diamonds I wish I were rich enough to give you.

### THE WIDOWER'S VICTORY.

Widows are laughed at, sneered at, and condemned, because the dear creatures desire to marry after they have put their husbands to rest in some quiet cemetery, with handsome marble tombstones at the heads of the dear deceased, on which the virtues of the dead are most elaborately enlarged upon. Single women contend that widows are artful, and men repeat the cry, but we will make a small wager that a widower, in the artful line, can excel a widow, and allow the latter half a dozen extra chances for the purpose of commencing business on a level. Widowers have no desire to be married; they are not constantly on the lookout for young and pretty girls, and if the latter possess money all the better. O, no, widowers are not continually exciting sympathy for their children, and telling how lonely they feel at home. All such talk is reserved for widows, according to the reports of men and thoughtless girls, who must have something to chatter about.

But speaking of widowers reminds us of a shrewd dodge which one of those disconsolate gentlemen recently resorted to. He had been seeking in a beautiful and interesting girl of twenty, a companion for himself, and a mother for his three little ones. To this arrangement the young lady herself was not averse, but her mother would not consent. The suitor himself was in every respect all that could be asked, but the experienced woman dreaded for her daughter the responsibilities and trials of the relation of step-mother. So she resolved to make her heart, as noble and tender as one as woman ever had, as the very flint against all arguments and pleadings, and to chill the incipient affair by icy coldness. Thus stood the matter, when the gentleman, in pursuance of his cherished plan, made his appearance on the field of action, bringing as aids, "since pity is akin to love," his three sweet little girls with him. The good mother saw the peril, but sternly set her mind not to be caught in that trap. So she wrapped herself in a cloak of ceremonious civility, and let the little visitors sit about or play unnoticed. It was not long before wee Lillie, the youngest of the three, having picked up a doll, had become absorbed in fondling and dressing it, as the custom is with small women. Presently something went wrong; the frock or cloak refused to stay as it was put. So Lillie gathered herself from the carpet, and trotting up to Mrs. —, as she sat in her dignified indifference, looked up into her face with the

most innocent unconsciousness that she was not entirely welcome, and in her sweet Heping tones asked, "Ave yoo dot a pin?" O, wise little simpleton! Thou hast done the work. Tears swelled into the lady's eyes; all her fortifications melted away like wax in the sun; she caught the motherless baby to her bosom, and from that moment the young widower had it all his own way. That is what we call stratagem. If we only had a few such widowers at the head of our armies how soon the rebels would capitulate and lay down their arms.

### AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

An American gentleman, who has recently been visiting Paris, writes home that luxuries are expensive in that city, and cites his visit to the opera to prove it. He writes: "A friend from America had taken a box, bought a bouquet, invited a very charming lady, and was particularly urgent I should 'assist' on the occasion. The box we occupied cost one hundred francs—\$20; the bouquet, I suppose, twenty-five francs—\$5; and the carriage, both ways, six francs—very cheap—then about ten francs each for gloves and bon bons. So that the 'demnition total,' as Mantellini would say, amounts to about one hundred and fifty francs—\$30—without a supper and so forth. Paris used to be called a cheap city to live in; it is now one of the dearest in the world; especially for the luxuries of life. Poor people can and do live on a few sous per diem, but the rich throw away 'Naps.' at a rate which reaches a fearful sum in the course of a year. In a first-class hotel, for instance, every armful of wood is fifty cents, which, in apartments of any considerable size, amounts to at least \$5 a week."

**HEALTH AND STRENGTH.**—A man who takes proper care of himself, and indulges in plenty of air, exercise, and, above all, recreation, ought to be in a high range of health and strength from twenty-four years to sixty-five.

**BLIND.**—Love, justice, and fortune, are said to have no eyes; but all three make men open their eyes pretty wide sometimes.

**EMULATION.**—This is a noble passion, as it strives to excel by raising itself, and by not depressing another.

**BRANDIED.**—It is easy enough to tell a hard drinker; his offence is always brandied on the end of his nose.

### THE PROPERTIES OF MILK.

Those of our readers who are in the habit of receiving undiluted milk at the hands of some conscientious milkman have, probably, never stopped to consider the properties of milk, or paid much attention to the subject; so we think a few words on the question will prove of interest, especially at the present time, when a large portion of our citizens are complaining that the milkman's pump yields larger returns than the milkman's cows.

According to Professor Vatcher, of London, who has delivered several lectures on the properties of milk, and devoted much attention to the subject, it seems that milk is an emulsion of fatty particles in a solution of casein and milk-sugar. The butter is encased in globules of curd. These globules are of different sizes in different animals; and even in animals of the same species they vary from 1-2000 to 1-4000 of an inch. The ash of milk is rich in phosphate of lime and phosphate of magnesia, or bone-earth. Butter, curd, milk-sugar and mineral substances are the normal constituents of milk. In diseased milk are found several accidental substances, which may sometimes, though not always, be detected either by chemical analysis or by the microscope. This is the case with pus; but the microscope even is insufficient to enable one to decide whether milk is wholesome or not.

The professor also states that the food of an animal imparts its peculiar quality to the milk, as, for instance, if a cow is fed with a small or large quantity of castor oil the milk of the animal acts as a purgative on the human system. Coloring matters—the red in madder, the blue in indigo, and the tint of common weeds—pass into milk and color it. In like manner smelling substances communicate a taste; it is thus that turnip flavor is imparted to milk.

The white appearance of milk is owing to the milk globules which are suspended in it, and the less transparent milk is, as a general thing, the more butter it contains. Milk in the autumn, is usually richer than in spring, because there is less of it; but if cows are stinted in the fall their milk will be of poor quality.

The professor states that milk of carnivorous animals is much richer than that of herbivorous animals. The milk of the slut contains less water and more real nutriment than butcher's meat. Hence, it will be readily seen why it is so difficult to bring up pups by hand. Strong beef-tea is the best substitute

for that purpose. The amount of butter and of casein or curd in the milk of a slut is very large, and that of water very small. The milk of undomesticated carnivorous animals contains no sugar. The contrast between the milk of the ass and the slut is very great, in regard to water, as of butter or curd, but in milk-sugar the ass's milk is very rich, and as milk is easy of digestion; hence in Europe it is used as medicine for children in cases of indigestion. As an experiment the professor says he knows nothing so good as this lacteine for invalids.

The quality of milk is affected by the age of animals. An old cow does not yield as rich milk as a young one. After the third or fourth calf the milk begins to depreciate in quality. Climate also affects the quality of milk in a remarkable degree. Moist and temperate seasons affect unfavorably the quality of milk, it not being as good as it is in dry seasons. The general health and condition of the cow influence the quality of milk, as does the breed of the cow, the time of milking, whether morning, noon or evening; also the quality and quantity of food.

**THE PERUVIAN SYRUP.**—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement on the cover of "The Dollar Monthly," headed "Important to Invalids." The Peruvian Syrup, the merits of which are there set forth, is an article that is highly praised by gentlemen who have used it for various diseases, and the names of some of those gentlemen are attached to the advertisement.

**A DISAPPOINTMENT.**—The Duke of Beaufort, an Englishman, took a first-rate pack of fox-hounds to France to hunt wolves. A large field, some 300 or 400 persons, turned out to see the sport. A fine wolf was routed, but the dogs refused to follow him, and no hallooing could rouse them from their indifference.

**A NATURAL WISH.**—Parcelus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the handle of his sword. We wish some of our generals had devils on the points of their swords.

**AFFLICTIONS.**—Afflictions are but as a dark entry into our Father's house; they are but as a dirty lane to a royal palace.



**TABLE ETIQUETTE.**

English travellers who visit this country complain, in books and letters, that our table etiquette does not please them. They are always noting some peculiarity on the part of the rushing, headlong, ever-active American, that forces them to contrast him with the well-fed, table-enjoying Englishman, who gorges himself like an anaconda, and then requires hours for rest and digestion. Mrs. Trollope commenced the campaign against us. She pointed out, in her peculiarly elegant style, the fact that we bolted our food, ate with knives instead of forks, and did not remain at table longer than half or three quarters of an hour, and drank wine as though it was medicine instead of a pleasant beverage.

Of course such a description excited the mirth of the English aristocracy, so when Dickens visited this country he noted in his diary our little peculiarities at the table, and dished them up in his usual agreeable style for the British palate; consequently the book sold, and Americans were regarded as little better than prairie Indians, when at their meals. Now we don't blame a man for writing as interesting a narrative as he can, but when we notice that every Englishman, from Russell upward, or downward, complains of the want of good breeding at an American's table, we must confess that we think that the writers might refer to some of the English books on etiquette, which were published in Great Britain less than half a century since, and study the manners and customs of the people of that date.

We have a work before us which was published for the use of the British aristocracy forty-five years ago. It contains directions, addressed particularly to ladies, for behaviour at table. It tells them that they should keep their bodies straight and not lean their elbows on the table. It advises them to abstain from ravenous gestures, and not look at the meat, before them, with greedy eyes, as though they could devour all on the table. The author also advises the ladies not to eat soup when it is so hot that it causes tears to spring to their eyes, and not to bite bread, but to cut it. On another page the ungallant author tells his readers that they must not fill their mouths so full that their cheeks will swell like bagpipes, and at the same time he cautions them against making a smacking sound while eating.

After reading such advice we have come to the conclusion that England and America are

nearly alike in their eating peculiarities, and that acts of impoliteness can be found at the tables of both. If Americans disdain the use of a butter-knife, Englishmen have a total disregard for napkins; so there are gross practices on both sides of the Atlantic, and one nation can laugh at the other until a reform takes place.

**A SOLDIER OF THE LORD.**

No men fought better than Cromwell's "Independents," who smote the Philistines hip and thigh none the less stoutly, because they read the Bible and prayed to the Lord of hosts. Much of their spirit fell to the lot of their descendants on this side of the Atlantic, and the preachers of our revolutionary times often remind us of those of the Puritan commonwealth of England. Dr. Sprague, in his "Annals of the American Pulpit," relates the following anecdote: "Soon after the burning of Falmouth, now Portland, August, 1775, a recruiting officer went to Harpswell to raise volunteers. Unsuccessful in his efforts, one Sabbath morning he met Mr. Eaton, on his way to the meeting-house, laid the case before him, and urged him to speak to the people on the subject. 'Sir,' said the pastor, 'it is my communion Sabbath, and I must not introduce secular subjects during the day. I will think of the matter, and see what I can do. Perhaps I will invite the people to assemble in front of the meeting-house at the going down of the sun.' This he did. After service he went home and to his study, and opened his Bible to see what he could find adapted to the case. His eyes fell on this passage—Jeremiah 48: 10—'Cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.' At sundown the people gathered, and, with these words as a text, Mr. Eaton addressed them from the horse block (still standing). That night forty volunteered for the service required."

**SHARP.**—A preacher once said that ladies were very timid; they were afraid to sing when they were asked; afraid of taking cold; afraid of snails or spiders—but he never knew one afraid to get married.

**DEBTS.**—Debts are troublesome; but, as a general rule in these days, they don't give half as much trouble to debtors as to creditors.

**DOG TAX.**—The duty on dogs in England last year amounted to £196,527; and on game certificates to £240,984.

**A PARISIAN FAMILY.**

Look at this household, which is in easy circumstances! The husband and the wife, together, make out an income of six or eight hundred pounds a year; namely, an estate in Picardy, Aunt Martha's bequest, a quarter share in a house, and some money in the Funds. But monsieur is fond of curiosities, madame is fond of dress, and both are fond of keeping up appearances. Do you know what "keeping up appearances" in Paris means? It means a set of apartments in a fashionable quarter, and a man-servant who can polish floors, who can drive you in a hired carriage to take four hours' dust in the Bois de Boulogne, and can then take the covers off the chairs for a dinner-party, and for an evening-party after the dinner. Without the dinner, the evening party could not come off. With a cup of tea, merely escorted by modest cake, you might preach everlastingly in the desert. It is the dinner which forms the nucleus, and acts as the centre of attraction.

And do not suppose that it now-o-days suffices for a middle-class hostess to serve to her middle-class guests, as formerly, the soup, the made dish, the roast, the salad, the sweet dish, the fruit, and the cheese. She must serve her floor-polisher, disguised as a *maitre d'hôtel*; a bouquet of Cape heaths, interlarded with gardenias; half a dozen glasses of all dimensions, ranged according to their height, like the reeds in a Pan's-pipe, for all the wines (more or less apocryphal) of Christendom; the bill of fare scrupulously stuck in the napkin, that the guest may reserve his strength for his favorite dishes; finally, all the aristocratic dishes of the day.

But the best dish, the dish of honor to serve, is a decorated guest, an eminent functionary, if not a senator, at least an inspector-general, a writer, a novelist, a painter, a sculptor, a photographer, never mind who, never mind what, a rope-dancer, so that his name is notorious. When the dinner is over, the evening-party begins; it begins even before the end of the dinner. The hosts hire musicians by the hour—singers, actors, actresses, who sing and spout alternately operatic fragments and tragic tirades. All this is wearisome, costly, and must be paid for. At first they buy on credit; but credit is only an additional luxury. The bills fall due with the punctuality of June following May and April. Then the estate in Picardy is mortgaged; what Aunt Martha left is pawned. At last, falls the avalanche of debts swollen by accumulated interest. It is

the doleful hour of executions, seizures, and stamped leaves of ill-omened paper.

**STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.**

Some shabby fellows in Hartford, Conn., recently undertook to frighten lady passers by with a meal bag stuffed with straw, which they suspended over the sidewalk, and let down suddenly in front of every woman who came along. About half-past eight o'clock in the evening, two ladies coming from the upper part of Ann street were frightened, screamed, and ran back, while the fellows laughed and made insulting remarks to them. They returned for re-inforcements, and three other lady friends—one of them armed with her father's horsewhip, secreted under her mantle—marched quietly up to the battery. Down came the stuffed bag again, but instead of screaming or running away, the young lady with the horsewhip ran into the yard and laid it lustily over the faces and backs of the three sneaking rascals, who ran like whipped curs. Having routed the enemy, the ladies then captured the battery, carrying off the bag and cord as trophies.

**WHO DOES ALL THE READING?**—Four thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight new books were published in Great Britain, during the year ending November the 30th, 1862. Of these, 942 were religious works, 925 were novels, 700 were works appertaining to poetry and general literature, 278 were books of geography and travel, and 60 related to commerce.

**CHARACTER.**—Character is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for, if you lose it, folks will still believe you have a plenty to spare.

**ENVY.**—Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

**A FACT.**—Where one thousand are destroyed by the world's frowns, ten thousand are destroyed by its smiles.

**MECHANICAL.**—One thousand years ago the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.

**PRaise.**—Praise is sometimes as hurtful as censure. It is as bad to be blown into the air as to be cast into a pit.

## THE UPWARD CLASS OF MEN.

Mankind is divided into two classes. The upward class, who take advantage of every opening for the purpose of obtaining wealth and popularity with the masses, and the indifferent or unambitious class, who are contented with small means, and do not possess enough energy to make a strike for fame and fortune. Nature has been liberal in this respect, for if all mankind were actuated with the same ideas of wealth and fame, the world would present about as confused a scene as it is possible for humanity to imagine.

We like to see a man who has, through fortunate events, made a name in the world. If he has not had ancestral fame and fortune to help him, the more respect he is entitled to, for the path to renown is a thorny one, and is guarded by the envious and designing, and when one bold fellow makes an effort to tread the road which others have trod before him, hundreds endeavor to pluck him back, and discourage him. His merits are decied, and his honesty questioned; consequently some men grow faint-hearted, and relinquish renown to others with more assurance and dogged determination.

Sir Walter Scott, whose name stands high in the temple of literature, said that "whatever may be stated about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune." Many people will doubt that assertion, and contend that they have invested in enterprises and devoted their best energies to the same, and yet they failed; but their neighbor, who knows nothing of trade or exchange, succeeded in coining money in the most reckless of enterprises. We look upon a man who is lucky, as an individual whose fortune is certain to be made. Whatever he undertakes he carries through in good shape, and with a result that is quite advantageous to his bank account.

General Banks and Senator Wilson are usually referred to when one speaks of rapid rising in Massachusetts; but there are hundreds of others whom the State can boast of. We have merchants who entered Boston with small bundles under their arms, and but few coppers in their pockets—lawyers who commenced life by sweeping out offices—doctors who dug potatoes and hoed corn upon the old homesteads until ambition prompted them to strike out a new field of practice. But there are other States which can boast of intellect, genius, luck and ambition—so Massachusetts is not alone in that respect, and we are glad of it.

## HUMAN NEST!

The tree is the bird's luxurious bedchamber—shaded, rocked, ventilated and guarded, and all elegantly and for nothing—but it appears that the bird is not to have a monopoly of it. We find the following in a London journal: "Lady Mary W. Montague, in her interesting travels, mentions a cypress tree in a garden at Kujuk Chekmedji, that was converted into this rather singular use. The house and garden which she visited belonged to the 'hogia' (schoolmaster). 'I asked him,' she says, 'to show me his own apartment, and was surprised to see him point to a tall cypress tree in his garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so much diverted with the fancy,' says her ladyship, 'that I resolved to visit his nest nearer. But going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go up, and then I must climb from branch to branch with some hazard of my neck. I thought it, therefore, the best way to come down again.'"

AN ENTHUSIASTIC SECRETARY.—In a recent divorce case in England, in which the parties were an old nobleman and his young wife, the judge dilated on the evil effects of "marriages contracted between May and December." He has since received a letter from the secretary of a Scottish statistical society, asking for the figures in relation to the marriages contracted between these months, as he wanted to get up a paper on the subject to be read before the society!

JUST SO.—Many persons think themselves perfectly virtuous, because, being well fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

TIMELY.—Don't keep the little folks shut within doors because the weather is wintry. Let them be warmly dressed, and breathe the fresh air without stint.

A PAPER CHURCH.—In the town of Berger, in Prussia, is an elegant church, capable of holding one thousand persons, constructed, statues and all, of papier mache.

ALL'S FAIR.—Buy fair, sell fair, and love the fair. By so doing, you will stand a fair chance of having a fair life and a fair funeral.

BIG DITCHES.—There are mining ditches in California 900 miles long.

### A MISTAKE ABOUT DISTANCES.

In Europe even well-informed men have but a poor idea of distances in this country. They have never taken the trouble to look at an accurate map of the United States, to understand the extent of territory which is contained within the limits of Canada, North and South America, and really imagine that the two latter countries are under one jurisdiction, and that the distance between the two is quite limited.

We wonder how it is possible for such opinions to exist, and yet we should cease to express surprise when we comprehend that some of the colonial secretaries, under the British crown, cannot tell the boundaries of Canada, and one of them, some years since, very gravely stated that Buffalo was a British possession, and noted as a place where grain was shipped. That was the extent of his information, and it passed current until some one, better informed, corrected the mistake, and caused the minister to consult his map the next time he desired information.

Members of parliament also make some serious mistakes when discussing the American war, in their usual impartial manner. They can't comprehend that the State of Maine is as large as England, or that Texas is as large as England and France combined; hence when they speak of distances, and movements of our armies, they think that New Orleans is within speaking distance of New York, and that Washington is but a few miles from Philadelphia or Boston, some of the British aristocracy not being certain which city has the honor of being the furthestest from that paradise of politicians and office seekers.

If you informed a Frenchman or an Englishman that the distance between New York and New Orleans is the same as from London or Havre to Madrid, a wild stare of astonishment would reward your attempts at enlightenment, and while the Frenchman would shrug his shoulders, and remain silent, too polite to contradict you, or make an argument on matters which he could not believe, the Englishman would declare that you was humbugging him, and manifest signs of hostility which it would be best to avoid, if possible.

The fact of it is Englishmen and Europeans have not the slightest conception of the immense extent of our country, or of this continent, and have taken but little pains to inform themselves of matters relating to America, until the rebellion commenced. Even now they underestimate the resources of the

North, and prate of the strength of the South, as though the latter was the granary of the country in times of peace, ignoring the North West and the Middle States, which have fed Europe, the South and the North at the same time, and still retained a surplus for the want of consumers.

But wonderful is the marvel, in speaking of size, to inform a European that the territory of the United States is equal to all England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Spain, Austria, Prussia, Germany, Italy, and Turkey, and that millions of people have room for settlement here; and no doubt we should soon have numbered fifty millions inhabitants if this rebellion had not commenced. After it is finished, we must go on and multiply and make up for lost time, and let us hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be understood at home and comprehended abroad.

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**FLOWERS IN FRANCE.**—The passionate love of flowers is a marked characteristic of the Parisians, and the sale of flowers is in Paris an extensive and lucrative branch of trade. It is computed that the various little patches of ground in the vicinity of the French capital, appropriated to floral cultivation, realize an annual income of 32,000,000 francs, and give employment to 500,000 persons.

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**A BIG CITY.**—London spreads over more than one hundred and twenty square miles, contains two thousand six hundred miles of streets, has three hundred and sixty thousand houses, a population of three millions, and an assessed annual rental of over sixty millions of dollars.

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**BOOKS.**—A blessed companion is a book! A book that, fitly chosen, is a life-long friend. A book, the unfailing Damon to his loving Pythias. A book that, at a touch, pours its heart into our own.

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**DESCRIPTIVE.**—Smith says "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has not time to vent when awake."

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**SHOCKING.**—Why is a washerwoman the most cruel person in the world? Because she daily wrings men's bosoms.

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**RELIGION.**—the key in this world to let us into the next.

## Facts and Fancies.

### MR. WEBSTER AND HIS BILLS.

Our readers are aware that the late Daniel Webster was not so careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was, at times, taken advantage of. At one time a poor man sawed a pile of wood for him, and having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster. The laborer took sick during the winter, and a neighbor advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill.

"But he has paid me," said the man.

"No matter," replied his dishonest adviser, "call again with it. He don't know, and don't mind what he pays. It is very common thing for him to pay such small bills twice over."

The man got well, and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, remembered him—but paid the bill without demurring.

The fellow got "short" some three or four months afterwards, and bethought him of the generosity and loose manner of Mr. Webster in his money matters—and a third time he called and presented his bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account, which he immediately recognized, and scanning the woodsawyer a moment, he said:

"How do you keep your books, sir?"

"I keep no books," said the man, abashed.

"I think you do, sir," continued Mr. Webster, with marked emphasis; "and you excel those who are satisfied with the double-entry system. You keep your books upon a *triple*-entry plan, I observe."

Tearing up the account, Mr. Webster added:

"Go, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objections to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them *three* times. You may retire!"

The man left the room feeling as though he was suffocating for the want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

### PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.

They have some fun in the California legislature. Last winter the patience and temper of a San Francisco member were well nigh exhausted by the sharp sayings and witty repartees of an up-country member of the bar. When Christian forbearance ceased to be a virtue, he rose to his feet, and gave vent to his virtuous indignation:

"There is a wise saying in the Proverbs of Solomon, which would, I think, be very applicable in the case of the honorable member on the other side of the house. It is this:—'A fool should be answered according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.'"

The lawyer slowly arose, and coolly delivered himself:

"Mr. Speaker, if the member from Contra Costa

would make it his business to search the Scriptures a *little* more closely than he has done, I think he would find things there quite as applicable to himself as anything well can be. One of the weapons which he has used in his debate bears a striking resemblance to the one which Samson wielded upon that memorable occasion, when he met with such an overwhelming host of the enemy, namely, 'the jawbone of an ass!'"

There was no measure broached that day which met with any opposition from the parson, and a reconciliation was not effected between them until they had a little good-natured "smile" together, and a mutual understanding.

### A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A clergyman in England, one Sunday, informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts—the first would be the terrible, the second the horrible, the third the terrible horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, and wishing to bring the sulphurous lake vividly before the mind's eye of the hearer, he swung his right arm wildly, pointing to about the centre of the church, with his eyes seemingly transfixed with horror, he exclaimed, in a startling, agonizing tone:

"What's that I see there?" Still louder, "What's that I see there?" Louder yet, with a wilder swing of the arm, "What's that I see there?" Here a little old woman in black, cried out with a shrill treble tone:

"It's nothing but my little black dog; he wont bite nobody."

There was a laugh, and the clergyman concluded to confine himself to the terrible without asking questions.

### A LAZY MAN.

We were travelling in the Western part of the country last summer, and in a stage-coach met an original, a man who lived in the neighborhood, and knew every one. We were speaking of lazy men, when the stranger interrupted us, and said:

"Perhaps you don't know Zeke Gibbens, what lived down here on West Fork? Well, he was the laziest man you ever heard tell of. When he and his wife got married, they had a pretty good chance of truck between them. But Zeke was too lazy to make crops, so everything went to rack and ruin. Zeke's wife was a right smart 'oman; so she told him one day that he had got to go to work.

"'Can't you plough?' says she.

"'Don't know how,' says Zeke.

"'Well, I'll show you.'

"So she geared the boss, put him in the plough herself, and took Zeke and led him to it, and put his hands on the plough handle; and do you think the lazy critter didn't stand there without stirring an inch, till the colver cut all his coat tail off!"

What reply could he make to such a story? We

remained silent, and thought what a lousy man Zaka was.

### THE PATENT RAG-CHEWER.

In a village not many hundred miles from Boston there is a paper mill, which attracts no small share of attention from the curious, and elicits many a visit, as all are of course anxious to see the process of converting old rags into paper. It sometimes happens that those crowds of admirers of the marvellous contain among their number some of those real matter-of-fact kind of fellows, who like to know something of causes as well as effects, which may be illustrated by the following dialogue, which recently occurred:

"I say, stranger, how do you get them ere rags fine enough for making paper?"

"We have men employed to chew them, sir," replied the paper man.

"To what?—to chew them, did you say?"

"Yes, to chew them, to be sure! Did you never hear of chewing rags to make paper?"

"No, I never did, and would like to know what kind of wages you give, eaze I've got little the best set of teeth you ever did see," said the green 'un, grinning, gnashing at the same time, in the way of exhibition, with a fury that made the jesting proprietor quake lest the joke should turn upon himself, in the form of a personal combat.

"I see, I see," replied he of the paper mill, stepping back. "I never saw a better set of teeth for business. Well, we give experienced hands \$2.50 per day, and young beginners we give \$2. Do you think you would like the business, sir?"

"Yes, sir-ree, and the wages, too," replied the other with delight.

"Very well, you may set in now for a month, and at the expiration of that, we no doubt will raise your wages. Here, you may commence this"—handing an old saddle-blanket to his much delighted applicant, who took it, and sat down to his task with as much *sang froid* as an epicure would to a well-roasted piece of beefsteak.

"I say, old pard, do you think that 'ar blanket will stand by me any time at all? Why, I could chew it all smash up and swallow it before you could think to tell what time the sun sets by the almanac!"

He set to work like a juvenile steam engine, his heavy teeth grinding as if they were mill-stones, the dust flying, but desperately intent on earning good *living* wages, though the labor was decidedly bad living. With the voracity of a Bengal tiger, and spirit worthy of a better cause, the martyr to the progress of science continued his task, wondering beyond expression in his own mind how many hands, or rather how many sets of teeth, it took to do the chewing of that "tarnation big mill." But it was in vain that the heavy jaws wagged, and the sharp teeth crushed—the pile of chewed rags did not seem to grow very fast; and, to add to the

machine's rising feelings of indignation; a crowd began to gather round to witness the singular spectacle of a human opposition to the rag-breakers, shaking the whole building from another department.

"What in darnation are you gapin' at?" at last exclaimed the rag-chewer through a mouthful of rags in a state of mastication. "Drat ye, thar' is fifty rag-apillin' machines like me up stairs, all in a bunch. Why don't you go up and see *them*?"

The crowd looked very much delighted, and expressed themselves highly pleased with *his* performance.

"I know that I can't go it like them fellers up stairs, for my grinders aint used to it; besides, I don't believe horse-blankets is good to start on. But I tell you, strangers, when it comes to vittals or tekaker, I'm thar."

The fun began to rise, and with it the rag-chewer's indignation. "See here, stranger," he bellowed, spitting out his last attempt, and hallooing at his employer, who had just appeared, "blamed to blamation, if I'm going to sit here and be laughed at in this ere way! If you don't put me up stairs among the rest of 'em, I wont chew up another blanket—darned, if I do!"

"What!" exclaimed the employer, with a sober face, and very indignantly, "is that all you've chewed up? And wet, too, by thunder! Get out of this—you'll never do for this business in the world. There's a blanket ruined to all eternity, too; for you've wet every mouthful, and how can we make dry paper out of wet rags? Come, move yourself in a hurry!"

The victim did not await a second invitation, but went off in all speed for fear he should be called upon to pay for the blanket, and fully determined hereafter to stick to his lawful business, and let paper mills alone.

### READY FOR EITHER.

"Husband, husband, wake up! there's a terrible rumpus goin' on!" said an old lady "way down east," rousing her sleeping partner, with divers punches in the ribs, one night in the "time that tried men's souls."

"What on airth's the matter, Jeruahy?" grunted forth the old man, not a little put out at his rest being broken in this unexpected manner.

"Wal, I dunno what 'tis, but it was the most orful racket I ever hearn. It 'pears to me it's either the day of judgment or the British."

The old continentaler got up, and taking his old rifle down from the hooks where it hung, proceeded to put in a double charge, pick the flint, and prepare for an emergency. Surveying these hasty preparations with evident satisfaction, he added:

"An' so you think it's either the day of judgment or the British? Wal," continued he, in a tone of firm decision, "let 'em come on! I believe I'm mudy cooked and primed for either of 'em."

### "WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?"

One of the most effective popular harangues to which we ever listened, was delivered at Chillicothe, Ohio, in 1840, by one Dr. D., of Kentucky. He was a large, corpulent gentleman, full of wit and waggery, and was not unfond of a glass of "something." During the exciting Harrison campaign, he accompanied Ex-Governor Metcalfe to Chillicothe, for the purpose of attending a grand gathering of the people. More than twenty thousand freemen were assembled to express their views in regard to public affairs. Among others, "Old Stone Hammer"—Governor Metcalfe—was called upon to address the multitude, which he did in his usual felicitous style. When he concluded, there were loud cries for Dr. D. The doctor, however, was by no means inclined to respond; but the cries growing louder, and being urged by his friends to appear, he mounted the stand. As he surveyed that immense sea of "human faces," his heart failed him; but he determined to say something, and clearing his throat, began:

"Fellow-citizens of Ross county!" Loud cheers from the crowd followed this happy commencement.

"Fellow-citizens of Ross county!" resumed the doctor. The multitude, with gaping mouths and eager ears, leaned forward to catch the sounds of his voice. But the doctor was evidently stumped. He floundered, halted, and again commenced:

"Fellow-citizens of Ross county! What will you take?"

Having thus delivered himself, he "retired" from the stand to the nearest tavern, followed by an immense crowd of delighted auditors.

### WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

A writer in Illinois says:—"As in the olden time, all our 'wise men' came from 'the East.' Some of them reached our prairies before the bees arrived. Bees always follow, never precede civilization. In that part of our beautiful State known as 'Egypt,' many of these 'wise' men have exercised their 'squatter sovereignty' for the last forty years, dwelling even now in habitations as primitive as were those of the patriarch. They may be seen on any fair day, sitting about the village tavern, relating events that occurred when the 'red skins' and buffaloes inhabited the northern half of the State, and a two-year-old steer was the 'smallest change' in the circulating medium. As late as 1837, when railroads were first talked about in this corn region, they were supposed to be identical with the 'corduroy roads,' where the rails are laid crosswise over the bottomless 'bottoms!' In 1840, one county gave, it is said, a nearly unanimous vote for General Jackson for president, under the full conviction that 'the report of his death was a *Whig lie*!' When it was first reported that Professor Morse had succeeded in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the magnetic telegraph, one old *seces*,

who had been a schoolmaster, and member of the legislature, gave it as his opinion that the report was 'a humbug.' In fact, from his knowledge of 'astronomy,' he said he knew the thing could not be done! Shortly after O'Reilly's men were seen setting the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day he joined the crowd who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter *then*, he hesitated a moment—assuming an air of importance—and then replied, 'Well, gentlemen, while in the legislature, I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion, that it may answer very well for small packages, but will never do for large bundles—never!'

### PROFIT AND LOSS.

As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down town one morning, he met Tom, and stopped him.

"I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty good counterfeit three. If you pass it, I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom, and after examining it carefully, put it in his vest pocket, remarking, "It is an equal division—a dollar and a half apiece."

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom, and off he went.

A few minutes afterwards he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased a can of oysters for a dollar and a half, laying down the three dollar bill for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtfully, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said:

"There was no use looking, for he had received that note from Ben himself not ten minutes since."

Of course the clerk with this assurance forked over the dollar and a half in change, and with this deposit and the can of oysters, Tom left. Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the note.

"O, yes," said Tom, at the same time passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That evening, when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three in the drawer. Turning to his "toss tenens," he asked:

"Where did you get this cursed note? Didn't you know it was counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me, and I suspected it was fishy; but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben. With a peculiar grin he muttered "Sold!" and charged the can of oysters to profit and loss account.

Many people, when they experience the slightest tinge of illness, betake themselves to bed. They most probably think they will alleviate their pain by using a counter-pane.



# Mr. Faintheart's Attempts to evade the Conscription.



Mr. Faintheart reads with dismay the president's proclamation.



Mr. Faintheart hastens to his family physician.



The fee is \$5—is congratulated on the soundness of his health.



Tries to induce a dentist to extract all of his teeth. Dentist refuses the job.



Looks over his effects—must raise \$300.



Mr. Isaac forms a very low estimate of their value.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



And is kicked out of the house.



Suddenly thinks of his landlady and her children.



He proposes, and is accepted.



On the way to church.



Mrs. Smith's husband suddenly turns up.



The postman hands Mr. Fairbank a letter, announcing his appointment in the custom-house at a salary of \$3000 per year.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 2.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1863.

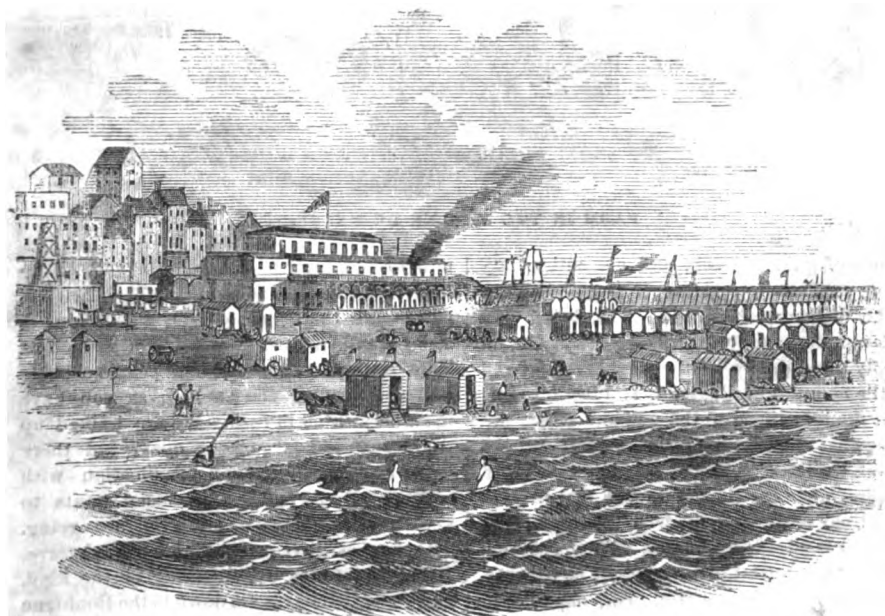
WHOLE No. 104.

## FRENCH SEASHORE AND RURAL VIEWS.

The readers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** will rejoice with us when we inform them that an intelligent friend, who is travelling in Europe for the benefit of his health—and not to escape the conscription, as some might suppose—has sent us four remarkably interesting sketches of French seaside and rural views, which are introduced on this and the following pages of the **MONTHLY**. Our friend promises, with a most sacred promise, to send us more of a similar nature before the year is out. In his last gossiping letter our correspondent writes as follows of his trip to Boulogne—a celebrated French bathing place, which is repre-

sented on this page—and his visits to a farm in the Vallee de Nacre, the Village of Portel, and the old feudal castle at Haut Ville:

“The London season is nearly over, and summer is considerably advanced. We will steal away for a short time to some pleasant place by the seaside where living is inexpensive, bathing is to be enjoyed, and where by the various objects of new interest surrounding us, we shall be beguiled into forgetting for a time the distressing state of things in America. Now it is our opinion that, for variety's sake, the greatest and most beneficial change for a man is that which is to be found in our-

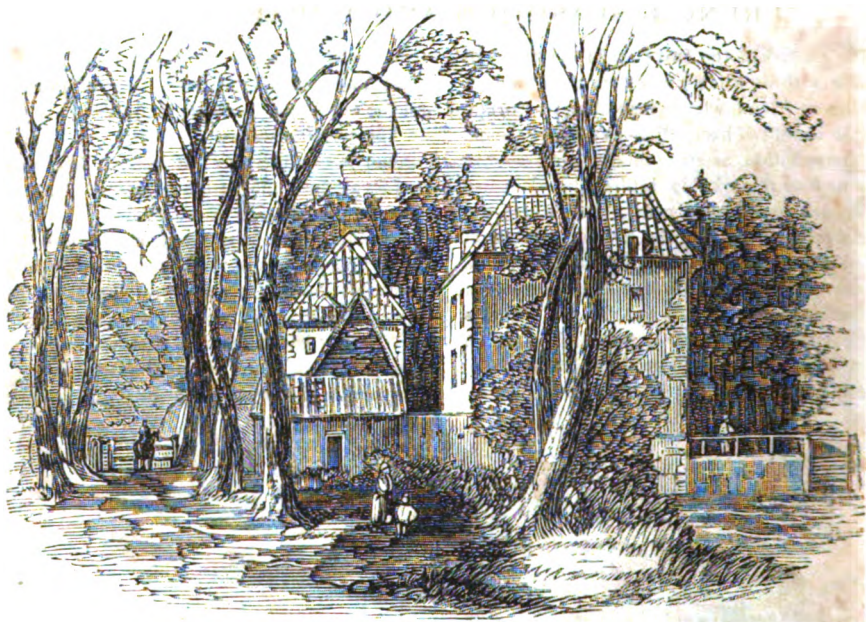


BOULOGNE BATHING ESTABLISHMENT.



of the watering-places on the continent, where you can not only get the benefit of the sea breeze and bathing, but where such diversity of life, manners, diet, and language is to be found, that those who have never been there previously seem to themselves to have discovered a new world. So we will go to Boulogne—not by the steamboat, which takes ten hours from London Bridge (that means of transit may suit those who suffer less from seasickness than ourselves), but by the South-Eastern Railway. No passport is necessary, and there is no difficulty. We are at the station. We take first-class return tickets, available for seven days, which cost us a

how delightfully cool the sea appears, and how pleasant is a 'sniff of the briny,' after an inland life of many months! The steamboat is alongside the pier waiting for us; we step on board, and in a short time are on our watery way, have left old England, and have commenced our two hours' voyage across the Channel. The brilliancy and novelty of everything delight us, and we inhale the delicious air with few misgivings as to the future. Two hours are soon passed, and if we do feel somewhat qualmish at one time it is soon forgotten; for here is the coast of France and Boulogne right before us. Two minutes ago every word you heard spoken was English—



FARM IN THE VALLEE DE NACRE.

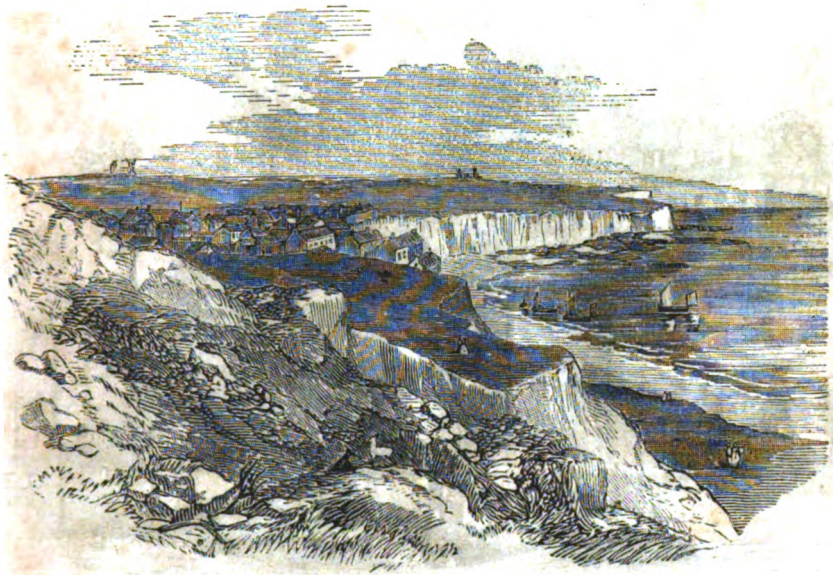
couple of guineas each, and our entire travelling expenses to and from Boulogne are paid—the distance, there and back, being 210 miles, performed by special steamers. On, on we fly through two of the most beautiful and fertile counties in England, and begin to feel that the influences of the sun and breeze are somewhat different to those in London streets, where the latter savors of its connection with sewers, and the former breeds flies to buzz about our faces, and to drop into our food, and takes advantage of the formal costume which 'respectability' condemns us to wear, and bakes us incontinently. On, on, and in about three hours we are at Folkestone. Ah!

now French begins. Be not dismayed. Boulogne is an English settlement; 7000 English people are there out of the population of 29,500; and, if your knowledge of French is little or nothing, you will find people capable of understanding you so long as you have the wherewithal in cash. We are walked up to the custom-house on the quay, and there leave our carpet-bag for examination with some regret and fear. The official wants to know to what house or hotel you are going. You say at a venture Hotel d'Angleterre, Hotel d'Provence, or something of the kind, and the statement is set down in the Boulogne chronicle that one more John Brown paid a

visit to this town, upon a certain day and year, taking up his abode at so and so. And now you can go, find out your hotel, and send for your carpet-bag from thence. As you pass through the streets you observe French and English notifications combined in a manner than which nothing could serve better to indicate the closeness of national alliance—at all events here. The hotel is reached; you have no difficulty in making your wants understood, even if you speak no French; and you arrange for apartments for the week, attendance, and board at table d'hôte (four meals per diem), all for from seven to ten francs a day. Private lodging is also very cheap, and food of all kinds is inexpensive.

of Boston say if they were compelled to wear them?

"The bathing establishments at Boulogne are upon a large and well-arranged scale. The beach is of considerable extent, and is of fine white sand, most agreeable to the feet. Bathing machines are on hire at all periods of the day, at 15 cents a bath. Dresses are supplied to and worn by the bathers; and two men in the employ of the Humane Society are always afloat, and ready to go to the assistance of any bather who may require their aid. The *établissement des Bains* is a showy building, containing dancing and reading rooms, at the former of which balls take place three times a week; and besides these there



VILLAGE OF PORTEL.

"Having settled into our apartments, and eaten a capital dinner, much improved by a bottle of good *vin ordinaire* or other light wine, we go out to examine the streets and shops, and take observations, leaving particulars for a future time. The streets are remarkably clean and neat; and the rosy-checked buxom damsels, with a great belief in caps and earrings, who are perpetually flitting about upon some domestic errand or other, add very considerably to the interest excited in the stranger's mind. Then, there are the *gens d'armes*, with their cocked hats, whom the new-comer supposes at least to be field-marsals, and is astonished to hear are mere policemen—policemen with swords and cocked hats. What would the officers

are various places of amusement to which visitors may go if it so please them.

"After a bath we mount a donkey and away we go, up the declivity between the lower and upper town, and slowly on through lanes and by-roads of various kinds, but all possessing some rural charm, until we reach the *Vallee de Nacre*, whither it was perfectly obvious the donkey (*baudet* here) had been fully aware that we were going, even when his saddle was being girthed up in the yard of his master's establishment. Ah, we find this is the place for picnics, fresh butter, sweet milk, and fruit. We stop and have a luncheon, and then start for the village of Portel, a little fishing town, about a couple of miles from Boulogne, and a path to which is along the

cliff, with a fine view of the sea all the way. There are the boats scattered about, some mere specks on the horizon; on the beach below us, in their picturesque red petticoats and white caps, are the fishermen's wives and daughters washing their linen, spreading out the nets to dry, and engaged in other occupations which at this distance we cannot clearly discern. It is a very primitive village, the cottages composing it being built wherever there was room to set one up, and with a disregard to anything like attention to the formation of streets or the making of footways. We wander to the beach and chat and laugh with the handsome women whom we find there, and for which Portel is celebrated.

#### LIFE FROM A LIFE.

Charles XII. of Sweden condemned a soldier, and stood at a little distance from the place of execution. The fellow, when he heard this, was in hopes of a pardon, but being assured that he was mistaken, replied with a loud voice, "My tongue is still free and I will use it at my pleasure." He did so, and licentiously charged the king, with much insolence, and as loud as he could speak, with injustice and barbarity, and appealed to God for revenge. The king, not hearing him distinctly, inquired what the soldier had been saying. A general officer, unwilling to sharpen his resentment against the poor man, told his majesty he had only repeated with great



FEUDAL CASTLE AT HAUT VILLE.

"Leaving Portel we gallop to the feudal castle at Haut Ville, or the old town of Boulogne, which was built by its founders upon the summit of a hill. There are many castles, ramparts, and cavernous gateways in the town, and it only required a little civility, which Frenchmen prize, to see the interior of many of them. The accompanying sketch is a fair representation of one of the most ancient of the feudal castles. If the readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY are as pleased with my sketches and descriptions as I was with my visit, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble. I passed two weeks most beneficially, and then returned to London."

earnestness, "That God loves the merciful, and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger." The king was touched by these words, and sent his pardon to the criminal. A courtier, however, in an opposite interest, availed himself of this occasion, and repeated to the king exactly the licentious expressions which the fellow uttered, adding gravely, that "men of quality ought never to misrepresent facts to their sovereign." The king for some moments stood pausing, and then turned to the courtier, saying, with reproof looks, "This is the first time I have been betrayed to my own advantage; but the lie of your enemy pleased me more than your truth has done."



## COCKLE GATHERERS.

On this and the next page our engravings represent one of the peculiar traffics of Wales. Preparing and carrying cockles to market engages the attention of a large number of stout, fair-faced women, who work early and late at the business. The cockle is a favorite article of food, with the people of Wales. It is a shell-fish, of small size, and resembles, in a measure, the snails which are found on our sea shore. Eight miles from Swansea, and on the Loughor river, stands the little village of Penclawdd, chiefly inhabited by a small colony

spring to cleanse them from the sand. In this state they are carried to market, in pails and baskets on the heads and arms of those sturdy daughters of Cambria, who frugally abstain from the use of shoes and stockings till near their journey's end, washing their feet in some convenient stream, and then completing their attire, which on market days is of their very best. The donkeys, also, are employed to carry cockles. These cockle girls are the most picturesque figures that are met with in this part of Wales. Habited in varied and heterogeneous habiliments, both as to form



WASHING COCKLES.

of women, children, and donkeys, whose daily occupation is the gathering and preparing for market of those delicate little cockles. These shell-fish are found in seemingly exhaustless numbers on the extensive sands at the mouth of Carmarthen bay, about three miles from the village. On these flats at low water congregate some hundreds of the cockle girls, who, with a bit of rusty hoop or small hoe, scrape up from the sand the very first cockles, deposit them in sacks and baskets, and convey them to the village, where, as shown in the illustration, they are well washed at a

and color, the groups either going to, or returning from "the diggings," or as seen while preparing the cockles, form excellent studies for the pencil.

How pleasant when one is lying in full gaze of the voluptuous moon, counting the jewels that flash in the deep blue sky with a heart entranced by adoration, it is to feel a bedbug, as big as a sea-turtle, rooting into the middle of your back, and hear about forty of the "ancient regime" gallinippers singing "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled."



## A CAPTAIN OF ZOUAVES.

The captain of Zouaves could scarcely have exceeded five-and-twenty years of age. Handsome in person, manly, frank, and courteous in manners, he was by nature, as evidently by choice, a true soldier of the tinned field. In fact, almost a child of the wild Arabs, from having served in Algiers since his beard had commenced its growth—his home the camp, his resting-place not seldom under the vault of heaven. In the course of conversation, he

ed-for prize," he continued, "and now, though scarcely recovered from my wounds, I am again returning, after a brief visit to my home, to the side of my brave comrades." In truth, he gave sufficient evidence of not having recovered from his wound; nevertheless, he was all anxiety to be once more in the battle-field, and full of energy and manly spirit. Indeed, the day subsequent to our arrival at Constantinople, I met him in the bazaar. He appeared so cast down, I really feared he had some



CARRYING COCKLES TO MARKET.

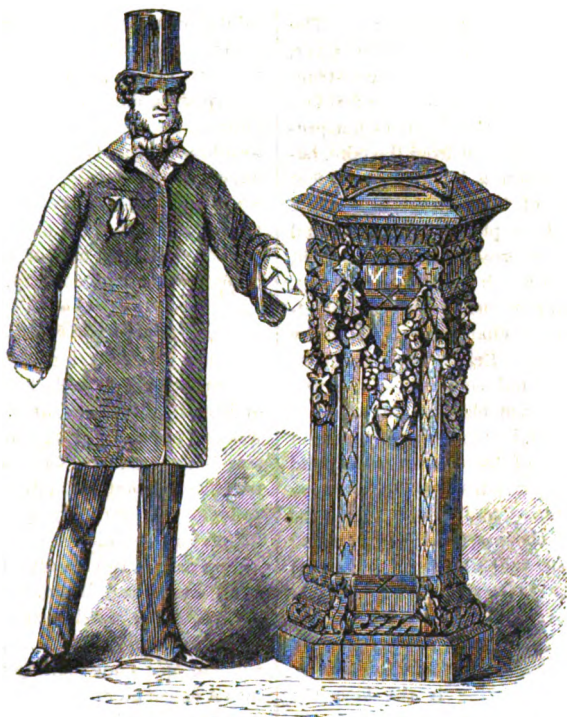
informed me, without the slightest assumption of manner or bravado, that he had been five times wounded—four times in Algeria, and again at Inkermann. On the last occasion, General Canrobert had sent to him to say that his wound should be bandaged with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. "I ask for nothing more," he replied. "This, however, is the third time it has been promised, but, as yet, I have never received it." "Be satisfied," said Canrobert, "the emperor will never neglect a brave soldier." "I obtained the wish-

great cause of sorrow; and so had he. His brave Zouaves, as he called them, had suffered severely in a recent sortie. Of this he had just been informed, and he took the fact of his not having been present to share their dangers as much to heart as if he individually had been the cause of those disasters. I asked him if he frequently visited his home. "Rarely," he replied, "save when I have been wounded, and then I seek rest." Nevertheless, his family were alike wealthy, and of high birth.

**STREET LETTER POST IN LONDON.**

England took the lead with cheap postage, and the United States followed suit, but we have not yet arrived at such a state of perfection as John Bull has infused into his postal department. He carries letters for a penny—we charge three cents. He transmits many orders through the post-office, from one end of the kingdom to the other. We know nothing of such a convenience. At every important corner in the city of London letter-boxes can be found, and the annexed engraving represents one of them. It is light, handsome in

twittering, as if to assure its follower of success, and often alights on the ground or a bush, and looks back to see if the person is still in pursuit. The native Africans, when conducted by the bird, frequently answer its twittering with a whistle as they proceed, to signify to their conductor that they are still following it. When the bird arrives at the hollow tree, or other place where the honey is deposited, it hovers over the spot, points at the deposit with its bill, and perches on a neighboring bush or tree to await its share of the plunder. This is the usual termination of



STREET LETTER-POST IN LONDON.

form, and made of iron. It is a great contrast to the awkward looking boxes which accommodate the citizens of Boston.

**THE AFRICAN HONEY-BIRD.**

The honey-bird is about as large as a gray mocking-bird, and of a similar color. It endeavors to attract the attention of travellers, and induce them to follow it. When it succeeds thus far, it almost invariably leads the person who follows to a nest of wild bees. While on the route, it keeps up an incessant

the adventure. But sometimes the honey-bird seems to be actuated by a love of mischief, and instead of leading the traveller to a bee's nest, conducts him to the lair of some wild beast, and then flies away with a twittering which sounds a good deal like laughter. Gordon Cumming, "the lion killer," once followed a honey-bird which conducted him to the retreat of a huge crocodile; and, having introduced the traveller to this august presence, the little feathered joker took a hasty leave, evidently much delighted with the success of the trick.

## SCENES IN CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Cleveland, Ohio, the capital of Cuyahoga county, on the shore of Lake Erie, at the mouth of Cuyahoga River, 255 miles northeast from Cincinnati, is an important and flourishing city. The commercial advantages of its situation are very great, the harbor being excellent, the lake giving easy communication with a wide and productive extent of country, while the Ohio Canal and the various railroad lines enhance the facilities afforded by nature, by adding those of science and art. Next to Cincinnati, it is the most commercial town in the State, and there is no reason why its trade should not be indefinitely extended. The harbor is formed by the mouth of the river, and has been much improved by the construction of a pier on each side, extending 200 feet into the lake. Though the city does not present a very imposing aspect from the lake, being mostly built upon a level plain, 80 feet above the surface of the water, still it is one of the most beautiful places in the United States. The streets cross each other at right angles, and vary in width from 80 to 120 feet, many of them being bordered with ornamental trees, and opening charming vistas to the blue waters of Lake Erie. The numerous churches, schools and seminaries, the fine blocks of buildings, the elegant private residences, the width and commodious access of the streets, the air of taste, refinement and prosperity which pervades the city, combine to render it attractive and interesting to the visitor. To give those who have never had the good fortune to visit Cleveland some idea of the city, and to revive the agreeable memories of those who have seen it, we publish on this and the next pages, a series of views prepared for the DOLLAR MONTHLY. The subject of our first engraving is the beautiful fountain near the court house. Our picture embraces a portion of an extensive park, which is very tastefully laid out, and is a feature of Cleveland of which the citizens may well be proud. The steeple in the background belongs to the fine church of the Presbyterian society.

The next view represents the old court house, situated on the public square, or rather it was there until quite recently, when the building was compelled to give place to one of more modern pretensions. Our design was taken when the old court house was in full blast, and when the children frolicked on the grass, and cooled themselves beneath the shade of the spreading branches. The square is

still a fashionable promenade, and the Cleveland people are justly proud of it.

Our next engraving represents the medical college, which stands on the corner of St. Clair and Erie Streets, and is a prominent feature of the city, although the architecture is somewhat incongruous and unique. But to return to the history of the city. It was founded in 1796 by General Moses Cleveland, for whom it was named. For nearly thirty years it was but an inconsiderable straggling village, quite unhealthy, and consequently receiving a bad name; but as the surrounding country was brought under cultivation, its salubrity improved; fevers were no longer common, and, after 1830, the commercial advantages of the place attracting the notice of enterprising men, it increased with great rapidity. Its excellent harbor, and its being the terminus of the Ohio Canal, gave the first impetus to its development. Then came railways and other improvements, till it became what it is—one of the most important of our inland ports, and one of the most beautiful cities in the whole country.

## THE SERPENTS' DEN.

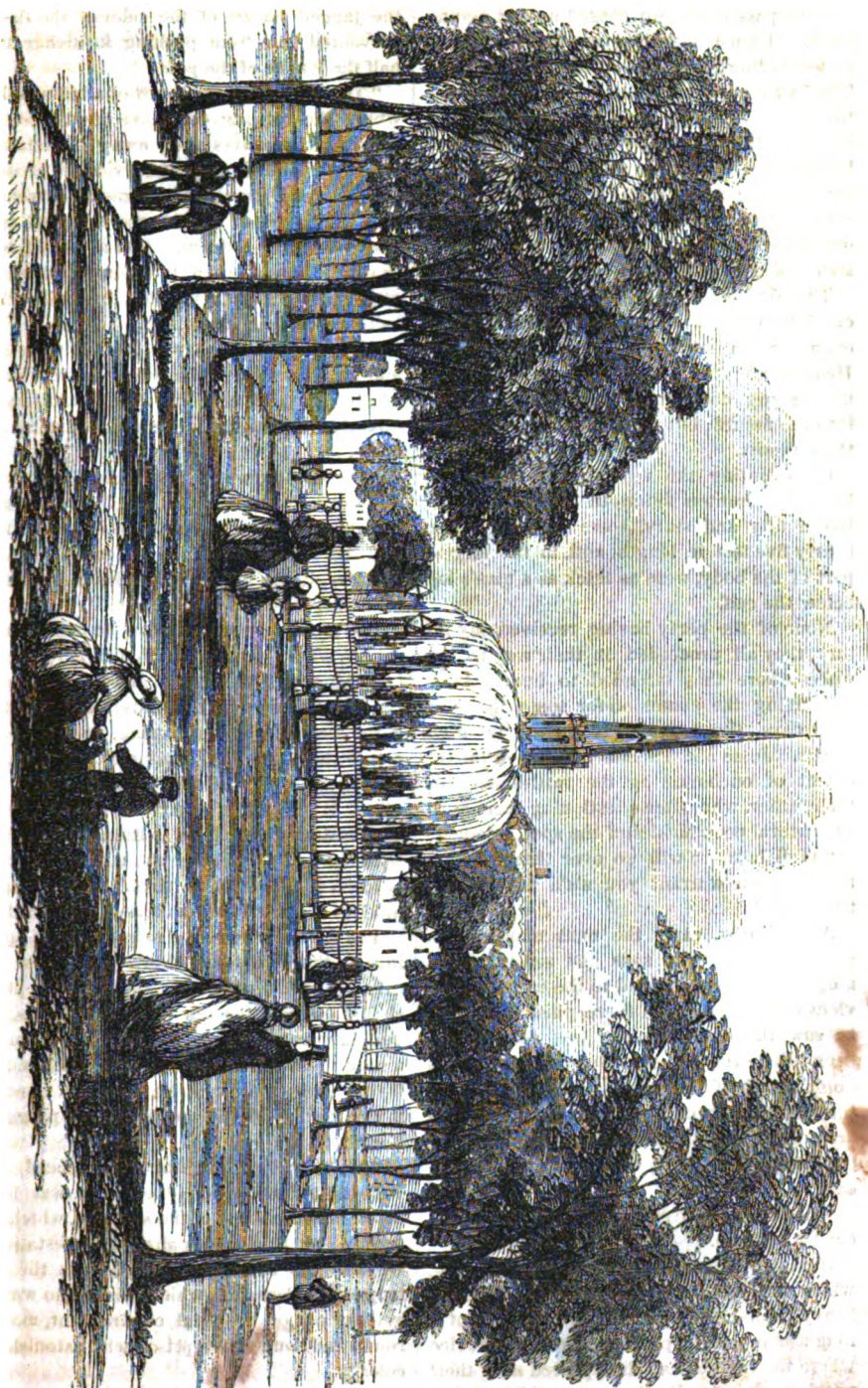
In the year 1792, a man by the name of Job Slocum, together with his family, consisting of his wife and two sons, settled in the north-western portion of Virginia. His rough cabin was built upon the banks of a beautiful and romantic stream, that after meandering in the valleys, and through the dense forest, at length emptied its waters into the Ohio.

One day, in the opening of 1799, Job's two sons, Jesse and Thomas, in company with several of the neighboring settlers, had made up a hunting-party, intending to be gone some days. They took up their line of march into a dense piece of woods to the northward, and after making their exit from this, commenced the ascent of a steep and rocky acclivity. They had reached about half way up, when all at once the foremost of them started back, with surprise and horror, as the well known sound of the rattlesnake fell upon their ears. Immediately following the alarm, they beheld numbers of these venomous reptiles directly in their path, some of them of huge size, and all having their heads raised and thrown back in a threatening manner. But the early pioneers were not men easily frightened off by such a foe; and our heroes, after procuring good hickory cudgels, pressed on to the encounter.

As they approached, the serpents—which,



FOUNTAIN AND SQUARE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



while the party were cutting their staves, had become passive—again roused up and assumed the defensive, darting out their tongues, and sounding their rattles fiercely in defiance. The battle now commenced in real earnest—the snakes striking with great anger at the men, and they in turn avoiding the danger of being bitten, and showering heavy and desperate blows upon the reptiles. The latter, after a prolonged and savage contest, finally fled, or rather retreated, down into a crevice of some rocks near the brow of the hill.

The attacking party advanced with great caution to the opening, expecting to see the enemy again start up to renew the fight. Hearing no rattle, however, the boldest of the men, going down upon their knees, peered into the fissure; but nothing was to be seen of the serpents.

On counting the number that had been killed, the hunters found that there were between fifty and sixty, some of them being nearly five feet in length, and, in the largest part of the body, were as thick as a man's leg below the calf.

None of the party having received any injury, they all proceeded on their way to the place where they intended to hunt. After prolonging the excursion for some three or four days, the company returned in high spirits. Jesse and Thomas mentioned the incident of encountering the rattlesnakes to their father, who, after questioning them as to the natural peculiarities of the spot, rejoined:

"Well, lads, we will go over there to-morrow, and I'll warrant you we'll have a fine time of it."

Accordingly, early the next morning, together with his two sons and several of his neighbors, Job proceeded to the scene of previous encounter. And there, piled in a heap, he saw the dead serpents just as they had been left by the victors. But the most thorough search of the locality failed to discover the whereabouts of a single living one. This very much astonished all present, with the exception of old Job, who, turning to Jesse, said:

"Lend me that pole, lad, and I'll see if I can't find them."

Having obtained the instrument referred to, which was nothing more than a large and heavy plane-iron lashed to the extremity of a long ashen pole, he proceeded to the crevice where the reptiles had disappeared after their previous defeat. Parting some thick underbrush that covered it partially over, he thrust

his weapon as far down as practicable, though the jagged nature of the sides of the fissure prevented him from pushing it further than half the length of the pole.

"There must be some sort of a hiding-place where the rattling eels have crept into, and sneaked themselves snug away!" exclaimed Job, determinedly and angrily, as he arose to his feet, and drove the keen-edged weapon into the trunk of an old tree that had been blown down by a storm. And as he did so, a sharp rattle was heard in a dense, almost impenetrable thicket, some ten or twelve feet behind where he stood.

"Look out, lads—there's the ugly varmin't; and we'll have them all around in the shake of a buck's tail!" cried old Job, turning in the direction in which the ominous warning had come.

In a few moments two sturdy fellows, by Job's order, were clearing away the entangled growth of bushes; and after working hard for half an hour, they succeeded in solving the mystery, in the discovery of the hiding-place of the reptiles.

It was an irregular cavern, or rather natural pit, whose sides were almost perpendicular, and about thirteen or fourteen feet deep. On the western edge of this natural well, a large tree had been growing, and had fallen across the top in such a manner that, the roots resting on one side and the branches on the other, it formed a complete bridge across. The bottom of the pit was literally swarming with the loathsome serpents, which no sooner perceived the hunters than they set up a hideous noise, rattling and hissing violently.

The only chance to the retreat was an opening in the side some twelve feet below the ground; and in order that none of the reptiles should escape through this, the hunters, obtaining water from a neighboring spring, made a tough paste of a quantity of the rich mould laying about, and dropping it down, rammed it very tightly in the opening, thus plugging it entirely up.

And now the slaughter commenced. A volley, that did much execution, was fired down into the midst of the serpents, which redoubled their previous angry manifestations. Round upon round was hurled upon the entrapped rattlesnakes, which, finding no way of getting out of the fatal confinement, moved round and round, their prison with astonishing celerity.

Jesse Slocum, Job's eldest son, at last becoming tired of firing, seized his rudely con-



COURT HOUSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



structed lance, and, creeping midway out upon the trunk of the fallen tree, commenced to drive the sharp edge of the plane-iron into the bodies and heads of the writhing, wriggling snakes, which now presented a horrid appearance. Covered with their own blood, the furious reptiles, leaping and almost flying around their den, rendered the sides thereof, to the height of six or eight feet, red and gory.

For some time Jesse Slocum occupied his position, dealing death below; when one of his companions, noticing a peculiar swaying motion of the tree, called to him to come off of it, or there might be an accident. At this he burst into a hearty laugh, and renewed his work with increased vigor, exclaiming:

"If you'll only hush up, I'll have some nice rattlesnake pie ready for you in a very little while."

As he finished this remark, a huge serpent emerged from the almost seething mass directly under him; on perceiving which, he raised his weapon as high as possible, and taking a true aim, delivered a terrible blow directly upon the reptile's neck. But even as he did so, the further end of the tree split, and sunk with a harsh, scraping noise, about half-way down the side of the horrid well, where, resting a moment, it fell with a dull thump to the bottom.

Jesse was a powerful, heavily built man; and when he saw his danger, he had like lightning managed to turn himself completely round and clasp the trunk with both arms. As the tree fell—the roots of which still held, however—the shock caused him to slip from the upper to the under side, so that he was now compelled to support his whole weight in that perilous position. Neither could he move, for should he attempt to recover himself, he would inevitably fall into the reeking, loathsome mass beneath, where he would have become the victim of those rattlesnakes which had as yet escaped their doom. Many of the venomous reptiles would now and then strike furiously at Jesse, or else at his coon-skin cap, that had dropped from his head among them. Finding himself fast giving out, he called out, in a husky, choking voice, to one of his companions:

"Shoot me—shoot me, Bill, for heaven's sake! You can't save me, and so don't let me fall in alive!"

The father, who till this moment seemed rooted to the ground with his son's danger, as the tones of the fearful entreaty fell upon his ear, started, and turning to those around

him, inquired in a cool, firm tone, "Have any of you any thongs?"

"Here's some!" cried several of them in a breath.

Grasping them quickly, he turned to Jesse, exclaiming, in an encouraging tone:

"Hold out a little while longer, lad, and I'll save you."

Then seizing a hatchet from one of the group, Job Slocum hastened along the tree to where his son's arms clutched the trunk. Drawing his stout knife, he placed the point in a crack, and with a blow or so with the hatchet, drove it up to the haft in the wood. Doubling one of the thongs, he looped it round the primitive staple, and whirling the two loose ends under Jesse's body, caught them, and drawing the thong tightly up, knotted it about the handle of the knife. Creeping further along he secured, in a similar manner, his son's ankles; and then facing about, took hold of Jesse's feet and held them firmly, while the imperilled man exerted his own strength to retain his former position. It was exceedingly difficult for him to do this, but he at last succeeded.

As soon as the desired object was accomplished, Job severed the thong that bound his son's ankles; and then, at an imminent risk to himself, crept over his prostrate body, cut the cord around his shoulders, and regained the edge of the pit.

Carefully, very carefully, did Jesse Slocum follow his father. When he came within reach, every hand was extended, and he was almost lifted to a sure footing upon *terra firma*. An exultant shout of joy now rang through the silent forest, at the almost miraculous escape.

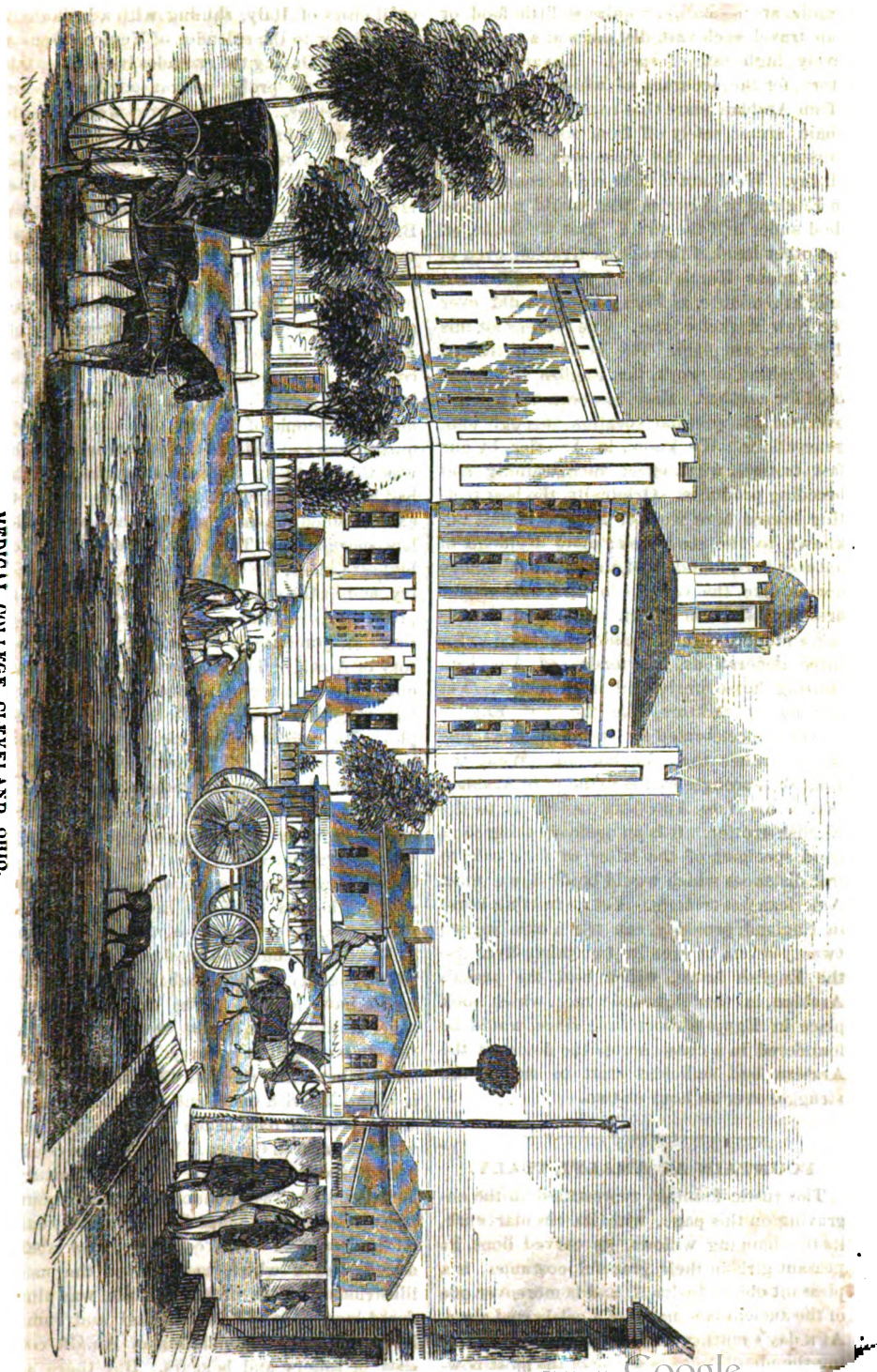
It was believed, after a few more rounds were fired, that all the reptiles were killed. As to the exact number destroyed, the hunters could form no just estimate; but all agreed that there were at least from four to six hundred. Doubtless this secluded retreat had been for years their breeding place, as many of them were of enormous size.

#### ARABIAN AND OTHER HORSES.

The popular notion that the Arabian excels any other horse, in all particulars, is opposed to the testimony of every traveller who has personally tried the best Arabians, and opposed also to well-known physical laws. That in which the Arabian is superior to all other horses in the world is endurance combined with docility and speed. No others are so



MEDICAL COLLEGE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.



gentle, are so hardy, require so little food, or can travel such vast distances at a comparatively high rate of speed. Layard tells a story, for the accuracy of which he vouches, of an Arabian mare that carried two men, in chain armor, safely off from some Arrezaya pursuers, though the chase was maintained all day. We doubt if there is a thorough-bred, in England or America, that would not have died under half the strain. But we doubt, on the other hand, if there is an Arabian, even of the famous Koreish breed, that could run a mile in a minute, as Flying Childers did over the New Market course. The reasons for this difference are plain. The Arabian is trained for one kind of work, the English thorough-bred for another. Each has been bred, moreover, for his peculiar vocation, through long generations. We know, in America, by our fast trotters, what effect such training and breeding produces. Originally, the best trotting horses here were of a blood almost unknown to the stud-book; mere accidents of nature; born founders of a new line of famous horses, like the Godolphin Arabian, or the first Koreish of the desert. But careful breeding, and more careful training, persisted in for three generations, has made the American trotting horse unrivalled in swiftness. Yet our fastest trotters, like the best English racers, are celebrated for speed at short distances rather than for bottom. What the English thorough-bred is to the pure Arabian, that a first-rate American trotter is to the English trotter. It is an ordinary thing for a good specimen of the latter, or for a pair, to trot distances which would break down most American fast trotters. Yet no trotting horse in England, probably, can trot a mile in two twenty-seven, or even in two thirty-five. So the English horse, which beat the pasha's Arabian, in the eight-mile race, which took place in Egypt a short time since, would be foundered in a chase across the desert, if the Arabian had sufficient start to extend the struggle over an hour or two.

#### FOUNTAIN AT AMALFI, ITALY.

The rustic fountain represented in the engraving on this page, with its circular curb, its overhanging willows, its carved lions, its peasant girls in their graceful costumes, is a pleasant object in itself, and is moreover one of the ancient landmarks of a celebrated place. At a day's journey from Naples, Amalfi, during the middle ages, was one of the most pow-

erful cities of Italy, shining with a brilliancy not inferior to the splendor of Venice, Genoa and Pisa. During the crusades it shared with those cities the profits of transporting troops and provisions. Its naval forces were considerable, and it had sufficient authority to give its name to a maritime code which took the place of the Rhodian laws throughout all the Mediterranean, and even at Constantinople. But in the 10th century it succumbed in naval struggles with Pisa; frightful tempests, and particularly that of Nov. 24, 1343, completed its ruin. Amalfi belonged successively to various princes. In 1584, the whole territory of Amalfi was sold for 216,000 florins by the Riccolimini to the prince of Stigliano. But the latter, being unable to make immediate payment, the people of Amalfi collected the requisite sum and claimed the preference, which was allowed them. Commercial genius, which had been the making of their fathers, was not extinct among them, for they made an excellent speculation. They sold in detail, to the highest bidder, the numerous fiefs of the country, and in the space of six months realized a profit of more than a million ducats. This singular purchase is the last page of the history of Amalfi. The city for a long time has only been a village of secondary importance, following the fortunes of the kingdom of Naples. Its walls, its shipyards, its arsenals, its basins which received its own galleys and the vessels of all nations, its industrious population—all have disappeared. Its ruined houses extend in a semi-circle over a gentle declivity which terminates in a deserted quay and a bay—a few fishers' barks are moored to the shore; the sea itself has invaded the place where rose the rival of Pisa, and the traveller, as he goes through the modern hamlet, asks where the fifty thousand inhabitants of Amalfi could have lodged. The cathedral, many times restored, was almost entirely rebuilt at the close of the last century. Of the ancient edifice there only remains the façade, which is in the Moorish taste, and the bronze gates, which bear the date of the 10th century and were wrought in Greece. Near it is the courtyard of the campanile of the 13th century. Between these two monuments and the mountain stretches the Campo Santo, vulgarly called the Paradise. This cemetery, now abandoned, and in which were buried the most illustrious citizens of the republic, was plundered long since of its sarcophagi and tumular stones. The population of Amalfi consists of sailors and beggars. But there are



THE FOUNTAIN AT AMALFI, ITALY.



some paper works, and the best masonroni of the kingdom of Naples is made here. Every year it is visited by numerous travellers, who come to admire one of the most varied landscapes in Italy, the most remarkable for the purity of its lines and the brilliancy of its light. The ruin of this unhappy republic seems to justify these words of Montesquieu: "Powers established by commerce may subsist a long time in mediocrity, but their greatness is of brief duration. They rise by degrees, unnoticed by any, for they perform no special

act which makes a noise and denotes their presence; but when matters have reached a point where they cannot but be seen, every one seeks to deprive this nation of an advantage which they have obtained only, so to speak, by pure surprise."

#### BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

Our last engraving represents a favorite and amusing game in New England, and we suppose that it is popular in other States. Blindman's Buff, before our parlors were overload-



ed with fashionable furniture, was indulged in to a much greater extent than at present. A glance at the engraving is sufficient to cause a smile to steal over the face of the most ill-natured man, and to carry him back to child-

hood's days, when fun and frolic were thought of instead of trade and speculation. Who cannot remember the wild romps, the thrilling excitement, and the happy hours passed in playing blindman's buff?



BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE SENTINEL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Soldier, upon the bastioned wall,  
Treading thy solemn, measured beat,  
The sky of midnight o'er thy head,  
The broad Atlantic at thy feet,  
Tell me thy thoughts, as pacing on,  
Through tropic heat and moonless air,  
The slow night passes, and the morn  
Breaks up the east with lurid glare.

The faint breath of the languid South,  
So sweet, it must have wandered through  
The orange groves of Indian lands,  
Or white magnolias wet with dew,  
Falls on thy brow with gentle touch—  
A soft, insidious, wildering breath,  
Holding in its voluptuous sweets,  
Maybe, the hidden pangs of death.

Tell me thy thoughts, stern sentinel;  
Are they of yester morning's strife?  
When mid the roar of shot and shell,  
And mid the shrieks of parting life,  
Thy red sword gleamed in yonder breach,  
As leaping on a prostrate gun,  
Thy voice sent forth the rallying call,  
"Huzza, huzza, the day is won!"

Art thinking of the coming morn,  
When blood dark shall the banners glow,  
And on the tented fields out there,  
The deadly columns storm the foe?  
When mid the smoke and clash of steel,  
And mid the strife of carnage dire,  
Thy stalwart form shall lead the van,  
And meet the death-hot, murderous fire!

Is't fear that blanches thy grim brow?  
Fear!—should a soldier know the word?  
Come life, or death, what matters it,  
When the war-trump his blood has stirred?  
Speak, soldier!—ah, thy cheek is flushed;  
A tender gleam, like yon soft star,  
Lights up thine eye as it is turned  
Toward the Northern sky afar.

He answers not. Wherefore's the need?  
He thinks not of the battle's din,  
Nor of the gloomy, bristling walls  
That shut the strong old fortress in.  
He knows whose orchard trees are white  
With wildest wealth of rosy snow,  
And where the radiant May has kissed  
The clover meadows into glow.

He sees the low, brown cottage home,  
Half hidden 'neath the sheltering trees,  
That, gray and mossy, lift with pride  
The peerless growth of centuries;

His eyes are moist—'tis not the mist  
That rises from the wave-beat shore;  
'Tis a grand weakness, yielded to  
For those he may see nevermore!

Soldier! it is a thrilling sight  
To see the brave man, when he weeps  
At thought of those whose memories  
Fore'er within his heart he keeps.  
God bless thee, sentinel, to-night,  
While on thy lonesome, watchful beat!  
The sky of midnight o'er thy head,  
The broad Atlantic at thy feet.

[ORIGINAL.]

GLENBURN HALL:

—OR—

THE JUST RETRIBUTION.

BY BELLE TUDOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE BROWN HOUSE.

"Look there, Tom; just pass your artist eye over this scene, and tell me how you like it." Nathan Morse reined up our restless steed, and indicated with a motion of his hand, a low, brown cottage, set in an irregular garden, with a back ground of dark mossy pines. A slow, rippling stream came out of the forest behind, wound round the sloping cornfield, under an old ruinous bridge across the wagon road, and lost itself behind a birch-crowned hill on the other side.

We were in a little valley, and there was no other dwelling in sight, and this was a comfortable looking little nest, suggestive of that peace and contentment which worldly ambition never breathes upon: We had passed several thrifty looking farmhouses, but the seclusion of this, the dark pine background, the cozy nooks about the stream, gave this rural dwelling a homely beauty very pleasing to contemplate, yet I was at a loss to know why my practical friend, Nathan Morse, should so suddenly develop a taste for the beautiful. I looked into his face and was surprised at the deep, unusual expression there. His eyes were fixed upon the brown house with its trimmings of woodbine, and roses, and honey-suckle, now in fragrant, luxuriant bloom. Such a gaze! His soul had come up to his face, and sat solemnly there, and for the first time I realized that Nathan Morse had a well made, powerful soul.

Nathan Morse was my fellow-clerk in the

large house of Gleck & Company. He was a stern man of business, rapidly rising in the favor of the firm. I had thought him a clear-headed, earnest, practical business man, and nothing more. We all envied his stern talents, but consoled ourselves with thinking that while he excelled us in his business tact, he lacked that social, jovial disposition which was our exhaustless fund of pleasure. We had long since convinced ourselves that Nathan had no sentiment, no sweet, gentle memories, no mementos of the blessed days of youth and love. But now I was puzzled, and turned again to this quiet scene before us to see if I could discover the mystic charm that had wrought such a spell upon my cold, undemonstrative companion. Then I turned toward him again, and felt all my preconceived opinions of his unromantic life fast melting away before his transfigured face.

The old look of reserve was coming back to his eyes; but a strange sweetness lingered long about his mouth—that mouth which never relaxed its firm compression save for an instant smile at some of our drollery, which he seemed instantly to forget. Ten minutes passed in silence, and I do not think that Nathan ever dreamed what a startled curiosity he had roused in my breast. I do not think he thought of me, till at length he said, as though he did not notice the long silence:

“How do you like it, Tom?”

“Ah, very well; a wild, pretty scene, with a picturesqueness quite English, with its heavy foliage of vines and roses. The stream is very charming. But you have been here before?”

“A long, long time ago. Please drive down to the stream and water the horse, while I look round a little.”

He dropped the reins on my lap and sprang eagerly from the wagon, and walked up to the garden gate. A little miss, with long, flaxen curls, came out and asked him if he wanted “to see father.” He asked her for a drink of water, which she brought, and gave to him with a sweet smile. He smiled very sweetly upon her in return, and begged her to give him a few of those blush roses under the window.

“If mother is willing, sir,” she answered, and ran into the house, but soon returned with a pair of shears with which she cut a large bouquet of the finest blush and white roses. He passed his hand caressingly over her curls, thanked her and walked away.

I was more and more perplexed. Nathan

Morse, of all men, smiling upon a little girl and holding roses to his lips! Had the hoary summit of Mt. Washington suddenly blossomed with warm and fragrant flowers, I could not have been more astonished than I was at these developments. He walked forward to the old bridge, went under it, added some purple violets to his bouquet, walked down the path by the stream, and then came back to the wagon.

“You seem to have some interest in these peaceful haunts, Nathan,” I at length ventured to suggest, hoping to draw him out.

He had turned to gaze again upon the old house, as if he were feasting his soul upon rare dainties, for which it had long been famishing. Then he looked earnestly into my face, to see if he might safely confide in me, I thought, then said, slowly:

“You see that window with the muslin curtains where the roses grow? I was born in that room, Tom, and there my father and mother died.” A spasm of passionate emotion went over his face, and his lips quivered, but he recovered himself, and said calmly, “Drive on, Tom.” There was a world of long, patient suffering in the sigh that followed.

## CHAPTER II.

### GLENBURN.

WE rode along slowly, with the reins lying loosely upon the proud neck of the noble little Spaniard, who checked his lively pace to our mood. Gleck & Company had sent Nathan out to a country village on important business for the firm, and had furnished him with one of their own light wagons, and this beautiful little horse. He kindly invited me to accompany him, and obtained permission for me to leave.

Nathan had risen very rapidly in the estimation of Gleck & Company within the last year. He had been in their employ for six years, and carefully saved his earnings. About a year before he made an investment of his savings in Minnesota land. A worthy young friend of his went out and took a claim on the west bank of the Mississippi, directly opposite St. Anthony, and Nathan had risked a thousand dollars in his hands, and this property had already tripled in value. The shrewd firm of Gleck & Company foresaw that this investment was to be a source of wealth to young Morse, and were already talking of offering him a partnership. They

had great confidence in his mercantile abilities. So it was quite understood that Morse would doubtless soon become the junior partner of their house.

Our slow riding at last brought us to a neat village shut in by hills and woodlands, and marked by its perfect stillness. Sabbath quiet reigned in the streets, and the shrill cry of chanticleer was the only sign of life or greeting at the village inn, where we stopped. The creaking signboard bore a dingy name that looked like "Glenburn House," intimating that this Sunday village rejoiced in the Scottish name of Glenburn.

A wheezy landlord at last made his appearance and took charge of our horse. I felt quite sure that he had not been called to perform a similar duty for weeks. A look of pain had settled down upon Nathan's face as he stood in the low doorway and looked out upon the village.

The most singular feature of this little village was the two churches which stood facing each other on the slope of the hill, and I began to wonder why they stood there so near each other, that their organs must mingle their vibrations, and their preachers hear each other's voices from their respective pulpits. One was a small, neat, wooden building, in perfect keeping with this small, quiet village and seeming very sacred with its slender white spire pointing toward heaven. The other was a massive stone structure of unique architecture, half Gothic, half Roman.

"The place has scarcely changed in ten years, Tom," said Nathan, sadly. "You are wondering what those two churches stand there so near together for," he added. "I must tell you about them. The stone church is the cathedral, the wooden one the meeting-house, and there is quite a history thereupon, which I will tell you to-night to kill time."

This killing time referred to me, particularly, I knew, for Nathan had little need to kill time among all these reminders of his boyhood.

"I will show you round if you like," he said, buttoning up his coat, and pulling down his hat, a movement indicative of putting on new dignity and putting off childish weakness. We walked up through the village, round the base of the hill consecrated by the churches. Suddenly I thought I had passed into fairy land. I never had gazed upon such a picture of exquisite loveliness outside of framed canvas.

It was a stone mansion of elegant form and structure, surrounded by a large garden, hedged with cedar, and shaded with magnificent trees. Climbing roses and honey-suckle festooned the pillars of the portico and relieved the sombre hue of the dark stone, while the gigantic poplars threw round it an air of patrician soberness. The walks and hedges and fountains were fashioned after the true English model, and there was nothing to mar the symmetrical perfection of the whole. Nathan smiled faintly at my looks of amazement, and then I thought I knew why he had brought me with him.

I am an artist. I say it boldly, for I believe that God made me an artist, with a soul specially tuned to all the instincts of artist life. True, I am all untutored, undeveloped, as the spiritualists call it, yet I feel all the power within, that Raphael might have felt at my stage of development. How dull and tedious to me were the shipping lists and ledgers of our counting room, while a thrifty tree, a silver ripple on the brook, a rugged cliff, or a full-rigged ship, anything that I could paint, was a real treasure to me!

But I was poor, and my companions knew, for I never had any secrets from the world, that I was struggling on in this great work-house, to get the means to study my art. Nathan knew all this, so I guessed this was why he brought me with him to Glenburn. I was partly right, though he declared that he was wholly selfish in the matter, since he wanted pictures of the brown cottage and this fine country seat. I was no less grateful to my friend, but was somewhat surprised to find that he cared for such things.

"There can scarcely be a finer view than from this point," I suggested.

"I think not," he replied; "but get in a glimpse of the churches if you can."

I favored his whim, as the picturesqueness of the companion churches would lend an added charm to the picture. While we pondered, studying the many attractive points of the scene, a carriage rolled from the avenue and approached us. Nathan stepped back as if to avoid notice, while I watched its approach, and secretly resolved to add this aristocratic carriage to my sketch. As it passed us, a lady looked out. That fair face haunted me, with its paleness and sorrow, and those strange, meaning eyes. There were years of long and patient suffering in those deep, earnest eyes, such a look as we sometimes meet, that falls upon our spirit like a nightmare,

that we cannot shake off; not with terror, but a sad pity which we know is helpless to aid that silent sorrow.

I think I heard a faint groan as the carriage passed us, and the next moment the sharp voice of a woman commanded the driver to turn back. As they repassed us, I thought that Nathan made an eager gesture to rush toward the carriage, and looking round I saw that his face was ashy pale, he tottered towards a tree, sank down and pulled his hat quite over his face. The only words I distinguished were, "God of mercy, help us!"

"The plot thickens," I thought, and stepped forward to offer Nathan assistance in reaching the hotel, but he rose up himself, replaced his hat, and said:

"Come, Tom, let's go back."

He tried to smile, as if to convince me that nothing had disturbed him, but the smile became a look of piteous entreaty, and he added, hastily:

"Don't speak of it. I'll tell you all about it, sometime. When can you make the sketch?"

"In the morning, unless you can stay a day longer, and have it made with such a shade as this upon the landscape."

The sun was most down, and burnished the windows of the white meeting-house with a flood of golden light, throwing a dark shade over the whole cathedral, and casting long shadows from the poplars and elms with rare richness across the garden and greensward. It was a bewitching subject for a painter to linger over.

"Choose your own time," he replied. "My business will keep me here a day or two longer."

We walked in silence to the hotel. I went in and ordered supper, but Nathan continued his walk alone. Half an hour later I looked towards the hill of the companion churches, and saw, standing still and stately upon the knoll between them, a titanic human figure, strongly defined against the amber sky of sunset. It was Nathan Morse. His back was towards me, and I think that he was looking down upon the stone mansion we had just left. Half an hour, three quarters passed away; the lamps were lighted in the low parlor, supper was brought in. I looked again from the window, and there in the summer gloaming, like some steadfast statue, still stood the form of Nathan Morse.

## CHAPTER III.

### OLD STORIES.

I THOUGHT at first that I would go out to the sacred hill and join my friend, fearing that evil spirits might lead him into harm; but changing my mind, requested my landlady to keep the toast hot, took up an odd volume of the Wandering Jew that lay there, and waited. Nathan came in very soon, looking more like himself, only his eyes were somewhat red, and his countenance haggard.

"Not supped yet, Tom?" His voice was clear and cheerful.

"I am too social to eat alone," I replied, gaily, "my appetite positively demands company at meal time. Bring in the tea, Mistress Richards."

He ate well, and I began to hope from these auspices that my curiosity would soon be gratified.

"Who did you say owns this palatial dwelling, Nathan?"

"Deacon Clary lives there," he said, very laconically.

We drank tea in silence, and hoping much from the influence of the hyson, I soon made another attempt.

"Are those two churches rivals, Nat?"

"Ah, yes, yes," starting from a reverie, "I did promise you that story. Perhaps you will not find much to interest you in their history, but it is so closely connected with my own life, and all my hopes, and memories, and disappointments, that I cannot look upon that hill without feeling my whole being stirred like a volcano.

"With devotion?" I asked.

"With irrepressible rage and revenge!"

"Why, Nathan! I am not affected so. I think I scarcely ever saw a more peaceful scene than that smooth, green slope where the village people go up to worship. My thoughts are irresistibly led into a calm, devotional channel, while yours are directed in quite the opposite way. Well, well, go on." I saw that my levity displeased him.

"Yes, they are rivals, Tom, and if there is any meekness and religion in Glenburn, I think it will be found on Sunday in the low, white church; the pomp and aristocracy worship at the cathedral."

"Baptist?"

"No; Orthodox," with intense sarcasm.

"Perhaps Deacon Clary had a hand in getting up the cathedral?"

"Perhaps so."



"Perhaps he built it for an offering of peace and good will toward men."

"Perhaps. God knows. But hark ye, Tom, mark it all over the world, where costly churches are raised, and great deeds done in the name of religion, it is oftener pride than piety that lays the corner stone. I know you will say, 'judge not;' but there is another text that will sometimes come to the memory of Charity herself, 'By their fruits ye shall know them?'"

Boniface came in, and seeing that we had finished our toast, ventured to hint at something cheery in the cellar, which he could recommend, having tried it.

"Thank you, my good host," said Nathan; "but we are cold water boys."

"O, ah, beg your pardon. Take a cigar?"

We took a cigar, and Nathan asked if Deacon Clary was about home.

"Wal, yes, I guess he is. Want ter see him, I s'pose?"

"Do you know whether he spends his time at the store?"

"Wal, yes, I rayther guess so; business sorter dull at the shipyard now. Deacon's growing old, well's the rest of us. Know him?"

"I have seen him. Has he much of a family to leave his large property to?"

"Wal, yes—that is—no. Wife died twenty odd years ago. Two boys died afterwards; three girls married, one ter home—sickly, some say consumptive, but I rayther guess not—takes arter her mother, who was a puny little thing; but everybody liked her. Folks say the deacon's kinder runnin' down—don't know how 'tis—rayther guess he'd better sell his meetin'-house! Ha, ha, ha!"

Nathan fell into a reverie, and our Yankee entertainer, having failed to ascertain our business, and finding us rather taciturn, placed a fresh candle upon the table and retired.

"Old Richards does not recognize me," said Nathan, when his heavy footsteps died away. "Are you sleepy, Tom? I feel like talking over those old times to-night, if you would care to hear them."

"Care to hear them! As though I hadn't been dying with curiosity for the last three hours."

He smiled languidly, and tossed his cigar out of the window. I elevated my feet to the window casement, and snuffed the candle; but a deeper shadow settled down upon Nathan's face as he began his tale.

"Those roses, Tom," pointing to the roses that grew by the little brown house, which he had carefully placed in a pitcher of water, "those roses have made me strangely childish. I feel lonely, Tom, as though I had no friends in the world; and to-night, after I left you, I went up on the hill, and I really thought it would be a very pleasant thing to die and be laid to rest down there in the church-yard. I never feel so when I am in the store, and I don't know what ails me. Perhaps it is the influence of all those old associations; the rush of old memories oppresses me, and makes me feel alone and lonely. I feel that I have nothing to live for or care for."

"You need a home, Nat," I ventured to suggest, for I was pained at his sadness. "You really ought to have a nice home of your own, and then you wouldn't be so possessed with these blue devils."

He shook his head, and went on. "My earliest recollections are of walking between my parents to the little white church on the hill, dressed in a new rig of plaid shirt frock and white trousers. I think it was the pride engendered by the nice new suit of clothes, which stamped this trivial circumstance so firmly on my mind. The inside of that house, the hard old preacher, the bald-headed old men, scattered over the house—there were eight bald heads, for I counted them every Sunday—the Clarys in the front pew, are all as plain to my memory as the incidents of to-day. Our seat was in a wing pew, and commanded a view of the entire house, a situation highly gratifying to a child of five, who sometimes wearied of following the profound arguments of a learned discourse up to 'fifteenthly,' 'lastly,' and 'finally, my brethren,' and who took intense pleasure in watching the manoeuvres of regular little folks, and the vain efforts of sleepy big folks to keep their eyes wide open.

"The Clarys sat in the front pew that faced the pulpit. There were five children in that pew then, afterwards there were six. The deacon was a slender man, pale and thin featured, with a wide mouth, and lips drawn stiffly and tightly over his prominent front teeth. I used to watch his face to see if his features ever moved or changed; but his lips never unclosed through the long sermon. I describe him as he seemed to me then, a boy of five, and tell you the points that interested me then. He always followed his family into church, because other men preceded theirs, I

suppose, and when the door opened, and Mrs. Clary appeared, I would say to myself, 'Now Helen will come next, then Augusta, now Laura, now James and Columbia, now the deacon.' That was the unchanged order of their entrance into church; then my mind would linger upon the deacon's movements, and I would anticipate each action until he was finally settled for the morning. At the door he removed his hat, walked solemnly through the aisle, entered the open door of his pew, placed his hat on the seat in front, set his cane in the corner, placed his gloves in his hat, then closed the door of the pew and sat down, took out his snowy kerchief and wiped his brow, placed his left leg over the right, fixed his eyes on the pulpit, and never stirred until the benediction. Others rose at prayer time, and during singing; the deacon closed his eyes during prayer, and that was the only perceptible change in his demeanor through the entire service.

"I was a restless little fellow, and this stern method, and strong repose of muscle, made a deep impression upon my young mind. Every Sabbath I watched that same unchanged pantomime, and wondered why he did not forget the order of his movements, and sometimes set down his cane before he did his hat, or cross his legs before he wiped his face. No such irregularity ever occurred, and his fixed immobility was as wonderful to my active mind as it was painful to my restless limbs.

"After the deacon was fairly fixed I would spend the next half hour watching the face of the young Clarys, and tracing the close resemblance between Augustus and Helen, and their father, who had long faces and cold blue eyes, while the others were less sallow, and round favored like the mother.

"That mother! All through the long sermon my eyes would turn again and again to the sweet countenance of Mrs. Clary. Her face was thin and pale, and her gray eyes drooped heavily now and then as if some heavy sorrow was pressing her life out; but there was patience and submission in every lineament of her delicate features. She never frowned, not even when her younger children exchanged whispers or roguish pinches; but a grave, loving glance, upon the offenders, would quell all improprieties of conduct. I think she loved her husband; but his cold, unloving temper and constitutional hardness and harshness chilled her to death. She never got up after Grace came into the world, though nobody could tell why she drooped.

"She was one of those sweet, loving creatures who need a fond, cherishing affection to rest upon, to whom love and fondness are as essential as sunshine to rosebuds, and without which they must fade and die.

"He was a man who considered a family conducive to distinction and consequence, and valued his wife as a part of his establishment, and quite a necessary companion for the early days of his sons. If there was anything that he loved in this establishment it was his eldest son Augustus, who promised to become a worthy successor to his worthy parent.

"He never seemed to miss his wife when she died. She had lived as long as she was necessary to the comfort of her sons, and all must die. They said she seemed glad to die, only she grieved to leave her babe, little Grace."

I was not mistaken. Nathan's voice had a deeply tender modulation as it lingered upon the words "little Grace," so I ventured to inquire:

"That was the one I saw to-night?"

"Yes. She is like her mother, poor Grace; but we will not speak of her."

I was disappointed, for young artists are proverbially given to romance, and I was not sufficiently an exception to disavow my extreme curiosity to know this strange romance of my strange friend Nathan. But I knew his humor well enough to let him take his own way in telling me the story, for I very well knew that to betray undue curiosity would only defeat my own desires upon the subject, so I inquired how the deacon had amassed such wealth, and what was the extent of his resources.

"He inherited from his father a vast property, and a constitution eminently adapted to the acquisition of wealth, so that at twenty-five he was well able to build that stone mansion we have seen, and he married soon after. His father left him a large interest in the West Indies, in the sugar trade; I think he was sole proprietor of an extensive plantation in Cuba. But the deacon himself commenced a business here in ship building. I will take you down to the shipyard to-morrow; it is not so flourishing as it was a dozen years ago. He had a method of transacting business, not uncommon among country nabobs, of hiring a great many workmen and keeping all his money to himself—a theory which very charitable people vulgarly call 'face grinding.' His grindstone was that large store down yonder. It was a principle with him, a part

of his orthodoxy, in fact, not to pay his hands money. I once heard him say to a poor man who presumed to expostulate with him upon this tyranny:

"It's no use, friend, no use talking. Poor folks waste money, and I cannot have my money wasted. If you want anything, go to my store and get it, and if it is not there, tell my son to order it from Boston. My father was a poor man once, but he knew how to take care of his money, and so got rich, and you might do the same if you were prudent."

"He thought it was necessary for him to take personal charge of the financial interests of these extravagant working men who were poor because they were not saving of their money. Poor slaves! Little money they had to save indeed. So those who were too poor to get away from his clutches worked on in the mill or the shipyard for a stipulated price of so many dollars per month, and took their pay out of the store at an advance price of forty or fifty per cent. in the deacon's favor. If the poor fellows had families, they soon got in debt, and then their employer displays his religious proclivities by admonishing his debtors of the sin of defrauding the righteous of their just dues, and coming to the Lord's table with unwashed hands—meaning the sin of debt—and such cant. You will understand the system of oppression better after you ride round the shipyard and the suburbs of the village, and see the dens of wretchedness he has planted. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Yet Deacon Clary thinks himself a pious man, and expects to go to a heaven where there will be no wicked debtors."

I had never had such a picture of tyranny and oppression presented so vividly to my mind before, except in dark stories of romance, where priestly sanctity wrought deeds of horror under the cloak of religion, and I was roused to passionate indignation. I shook my fist menacingly in Nathan's face, as though he had been the Pharisee of whom he spoke.

"Don't you believe in everlasting torment, Nathan Morse? Where are God's bolts of vengeance, that this man can live in plous luxury all his days, wringing the life-blood from hundreds of human hearts, and selling it for gold to pamper his pride?"

Nathan took my pugnacious fist and smiled, not at my furious passion, but at his own deeper thoughts, a smile of deep, mysterious meaning; but he repiled in a light strain, as if to calm my emotion:

"Do not be worried, my dear Tom, with regard to my religious tenets. I believe I am quite orthodox in my creed, and I believe with you; that every man shall be judged according to his works. Yet high-handed hypocrisy and oppression sometimes has its reward even in this world, and Deacon Clary may die a humbled man."

I would have refuted the idea that any punishment in this world were sufficient to atone for the misery that he had imposed upon the hundreds of poor wretches in his power; but Nathan spoke with such a tone of prophetic meaning that I rather waited for him to explain this seeming insinuation. He did not explain it, however, and utterly disregarded a strong hint on my part to do so; but went on to speak of other matters, which belong properly to the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE BITTER CUP.

"You are wondering what all this has to do with the two churches, Tom. But if your patience is sufficiently elastic to carry you through a detail of my own family affairs and fortunes, you will learn all in good time.

"You and the other boys in the store have thought me stern. I inherit the hardness of my bearing and the hardness of my frame from my mother, who was of Scottish descent, but my father was an open-hearted, frank-looking Yankee citizen, of an impulsive, trusting temperament and benevolent disposition, which expanded widely in his religious life. He was in fact the other deacon of the church at Glenburn; and if I were commanded to produce two extremes of the *genus homo*, I would point to Deacon Clary and Deacon Morse. I do not think there could be an emotion or idea in common with them. My father was poor, trusting and generous, Deacon Clary, crafty, sordid and self-sufficient.

"My father married at the age of twenty-three, and went to live in the brown house by the brook, which, with twenty acres of excellent land, was the property of his uncle, John Morse. He bought this place, as most young farmers were accustomed to do, upon credit, securing the creditor with a mortgage on the property. I would not run such risks, but he was young and sanguine, and Uncle John was a good, generous man, and was not willing to take the security; but my father insisted upon it, so the papers were drawn up in due form.

"Time passed on. I made my debut into this world of sin and sorrow to the joy of my parents and to my own misery. Everything seemed prosperous to our life-boat; and with my father's industry, and my good mother's helpful frugality, there seemed no reason why we should not soon be in easy and independent circumstances.

"My father had paid Uncle John two thousand dollars towards the place, and but five hundred yet remained due. True, the payments were not always paid exactly as they fell due, but no one thought of that. I think there was some serious talk about calling the remaining debt but three hundred, if paid within a year, as Uncle John wanted to make out some money before this last payment fell due. He had met with some losses in shipping that year, and before this matter was settled, he took a fever and died. My father was with him to the last, and took the fever, which brought him very near the tomb. This was in the spring of my seventeenth year, just the time of the spring farming. I was watching over my sick father, and so our work was entirely neglected.

"Father was convalescent when Uncle John's affairs were settled. Deacon Clary brought forward accounts that swallowed up the remnant of the estate, including my father's notes. There was a hundred dollars due in December of that year. How we paid it, I can scarcely tell, but I remember many a meal of mush and molasses—and the best cow was sold. The cow was mother's own, which she bought with the butter and cheese she made.

"In this settlement of Uncle John's affairs, there were some papers relative to the shipping and the Clary accounts which touched a tender point of the law, and after some fluctuations, the law slid a handsome little property into the hands of Deacon Clary, that some bold people said belonged to Aunt Sally, Uncle John's wife. I was young then, and did not understand the intricacies very clearly, but I remember that my father was deeply moved, and said some things that reflected strongly upon Deacon Clary's probity and justice—something about devouring widows' houses, which double-tongued rumor soon brought to the ears of this worthy saint, who was highly indignant at the gross ignorance of a man that did not know that law was justice, and highly incensed that his brother should accuse him of injustice; and at last felt it his duty to take measures against my father

for slander, with a view to his expulsion from the church.

"Owing to a bold diversity of opinion among the members, my father was sustained, and the deacon very wrathful—if wrath and anger can rest in the bosom of a rich deacon. This breach in the staid old church gradually widened, for my gentle father became suddenly obstinate, and refused to retract his accusation of the deacon's dishonesty; subtle broils ensued, and finally the Clary faction seceded and built the cathedral.

"This famous edifice was long in building, and engrossed the thoughts of the entire community, and party fires burned fiercer. At last the bell was hung amidst much roystering applause, but the deacon did not join in the raptures of his miserable minions. His eldest son, whom he had just taken into partnership, lay moaning with a fierce fever, and the wild clamor which responded to the first notes of the cathedral bell, was unheeded by the anxious parent, who sat by the bedside of his unconscious son. All night he had sat there, stern and silent but ghastly pale and haggard; all day he never left the darkened room, and midnight found him again a silent watcher by that couch.

"That night the whole village was aroused and alarmed by the strange tones of the cathedral bell, which fell with a heavy, irregular tolling upon the stillness of the midnight. The new church was instantly searched, but no trace of any person could be found; yet I presume there are people in the village who will tell you there was a suffocating odor of brimstone in the belfry. But all this is quite plausible; and there were sad rogues enough on board the vessels, whose brains were quite fertile enough, and whose limbs were agile enough, to carry out this nefarious plot. That night Augustus Clary died.

"Deacon Clary looked very haggard and stern for many weeks, and there were subdued whispers when he passed by about the church quarrel, new church, midnight knell, and the death of his son. But he was a rich man, and such things were easily forgotten.

"Of course the white church failed, after a smart new minister came to the cathedral. Now and then a charity preacher came to preach to us, but the prayer-meetings were faithfully continued, and the devout souls used to think that God came more freely into the little vestry after Deacon Clary left us. He had always presided at those prayer-meetings when the preacher was absent. But the

year after this secession, my father occupied his place. I can see him now, as he used to stand in that vestry desk, and read some comforting chapter from the Word, with a look on his mild countenance like that which St. John might have worn after his vigils at Patmos. His hair began to silver about his temples then, and he stooped slightly.

"Little Grace Clary sometimes stole into those prayer-meetings and sat beside my mother. The other Clary girls had grown up rude, fashionable girls, and spent their time away from home—summers at Newport and Niagara, and their winters at New York. The other boy was a rude, vagabond fellow, who fell an early victim to dissolute habits of intemperance and debauchery."

"Then you became intimate with Grace at the prayer-meetings?" I ventured to inquire.

"Yes, no. Do you suppose she is ill, Tom? Merciful Heaven! to think of that groan. O Tom!"

His emotions overpowered him, and he leaned his head upon the table. A deep, agonizing groan burst from his overcharged breast; but he was soon himself again, and after taking a few hasty turns across the room, seated himself calmly, and resumed his narrative.

## CHAPTER V.

### ROMANCE.

"Don't mind my childish folly to-night, Tom; you will never see it again. I will hasten on with the tale, for it is ten o'clock."

"Never mind that, Nate; the night is better than the day for fairies, witches, romance and old stories."

"Ah, you are only a moonstruck boy yet, Tom."

There was a slight tenderness in his tone. I wonder to this day why Nathan Morse chose me for his confidant. I believe he never told this tale but once in all his life.

"There is little more to tell you, Tom," he at length continued. "Another year came round, and my father grew feeble. He was prematurely old. This year another two hundred fell due to Deacon Clary. It was a hard, biting season, no money, no trade. All our farm stock would not bring a hundred, for we now had only a horse and cow. You can guess the result. It came, a foreclosure, and we were penniless!"

"That night my father came home very pale and patient. He told us calmly how he

had pleaded with his relentless creditor for an extension of time, and how he was met with a grim, remorseless, triumphant refusal.

"My mother was a stoic, she uttered no complaint, but looked anxiously and often towards my father. I think that she cared little for the loss of our all, in her deeper feeling for his disappointment.

"That night he read with a feeble, weary voice, the fourteenth chapter of John, and the Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' He retired early, and the house was still at an early hour.

"Tom, I can scarcely tell you the rest. My mother called me at midnight, and sent me for the physician; but my father died before I returned, and my mother never spoke again. She breathed her last the evening of the next day.

"The night my father died the cathedral bell again gave out that wild, irregular tolling. The funeral procession went out from the white church; but Deacon Clary was not there.

"I never wept, but I vowed above the unburied clay of my murdered parents to be their avenger. *And my time has come!*

"The night after the burial, I went alone to the new made grave, and there renewed my vow. While I sat there, wrapt in a stony anguish, a gentle touch roused me, and looking up, the little white-robed figure of Grace Clary stood, statue-like, in the moonlight with her small hand on my shoulder. Her face was very pale, and so much touching pity lay in her mild eyes, and on her quivering lips, that I leaned my head against her white garments and wept. Her gentle hand wandered over my brow and dishevelled hair, and lay warm and loving in my heart. I drew her little hand to my lips and clasped it convulsively in both of mine. I had no one else to care for me, and told her so, and she told me that she always loved me, and always should, and we sat there an hour with arms twined about each other, my guardian angel and I, till my grief was calmer, and a new hope stole into my soul, such a strange, fantastic hope, as boys, only boys, would dare to indulge.

"I went to work in the village, not for Deacon Clary, but for a kind farmer. That winter I sometimes met little Grace at prayer-meeting, and walked round her way home when no one was with her. These rare, delicious meetings, Tom, are the oases in my desert life. They have cheered me all the way along, through this friendless world, and

I cannot recall them to-night without a thrill of rapture that I was not conscious of then. Twice I clasped her in my arms and kissed her pure lips, and she has ever since been a sacred being to me. Angels might have envied our pure affection, and I believe they did."

"We loved with a love that was more than love,  
I and my Annsabel Lee;  
With a love the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me."

I recited these rhapsodical lines in a strain suitably solemn, and was pleased to see that the inspiration upon Nathan's face did not turn to harshness again.

"Did her father ever find it out?" I inquired.

His face grew frightfully dark at the question, and his voice was husky as he replied:

"Yes, he knew it. He will think of it in the realms of the damned! Companion devils will taunt him with that night's work. He will think of it to all eternity.

"We were standing behind the cedar hedge. I was going away, and that evening was bidding her good-by. She had yielded her slight form to my embrace, and stood with her face hid against my breast, while my arms were closed around her, and I was eagerly demanding of her those rash vows which love imposes.

"You will always love me, Grace, no matter who seeks your hand?"

"Always, Nathan," she said, far too calmly to suit my passionate mood.

"If your father should command you to marry another, Grace?"

"I should disobey him, Nathan. I would die, first."

"Just then we were suddenly parted by violent hands, and a blow felled me to the earth; but not before I saw her demon father strike that angel girl on her soft cheek and neck."

"By Heaven, Nate! And you have let him live on the same planet with you ever since!"

My fury calmed his ire, and he said, "Spoken like the foolish boy you are, Tom. I could have shot him; but neither Grace nor I would have been the happier for it. There is an inconvenience often results from fierce young men shooting rich old ones, which I did not care to risk. It was midnight when I awoke and crawled home.

"No, one but the deacon, Grace, and you and I know of that blow. And you must not think that I ever forgot it.

"I met the deacon next day, and looked into his face with an unshrinking gaze till his eyes sought the ground, and I think he understood me. I think he will think of it again."

"And Grace?"

"Yes, Grace! She was kept a close prisoner for a month in one little chamber; her father kept the key and carried her food to her. But the gardener brought me a little note from her one day before I went away; here it is."

Nathan took out his plethoric pocket-book, filled with all sorts of counting-room papers, unclosed an inner compartment, and took therefrom an envelope, from which he drew a little note and a ring of soft brown hair. He gave them to me. The note ran thus:

"DEAR NATHAN:—I cannot see you again before I go, because I am shut up in my room. Father is very angry with us both; but I shall always think of you just the same till I die, and I hope you will not forget me. Nobody shall make me think ill of you, but yourself, Nathan, and I hope you will always be good. Perhaps it was wrong for us to do so, if it was we are punished for it, and if I never see you again, you may always know that I never changed, and shall pray for you every night as long as I live. With much love,

"GRACE."

I smiled, innocently, of course, but he could not see why I smiled, so he coldly put up those mementoes of his love, and ceased speaking of Grace, nor could all my ingenuity induce him to talk of her again. My questions elicited short replies, and all the further information I got was the facts that he was twenty when he left Glenburn, and Grace was fourteen, that he went to P—— and worked his way from a low clerk in a petty grocery, up to his present station.

## CHAPTER VI.

### FALLEN.

CONTRARY to all precedents in the annals of romance, whether in printed books or in silent hearts, Nathan Morse went quickly to bed, and snored. Pardon me, fair reader for admitting this vulgar episode into my sketch; but I write mere facts, and priding myself upon my truthfulness as a chronicler, and my accuracy and minuteness in all things appertaining to the hero of this tale, I cannot conscientiously and honorably omit this fact—he

snored. It is a vulgar and trivial circumstance in itself; but how could I so well describe to you the tranquil and passive state of the mind of Nathan Morse, as to mention this incident?

I might affirm that he fell into a sweet and sound slumber, undisturbed by selfish dreams and mournful reflections; but it might occur to the incredulous reader that possibly I, Thomas Millions, was mistaken in regard to the state of my friend's breast; but if I affirm that he snored, who can doubt that he slept soundly.

Again my small critic may take exception that a man of so much feeling and sensibility should sleep at all under such agitating circumstances. This would only evince a shallowness of judgment with respect to my critic's knowledge altogether unfavorable to a student of human nature. Highly wrought passion is always succeeded by a corresponding extreme of passivity, an indisputable reaction which is a law of our nature. So the fierce ardor of Nathan's disposition had expended itself, and during the succeeding reaction he fell into a tranquil sleep.

In the morning Nathan Morse wore the old familiar countenance of the head clerk of the counting-room of Gleck & Company.

After breakfast I took my sketch-book and sauntered down to the brown cottage by the brook, and choosing a lively prospect from the hill, made a hasty sketch. I was well pleased with the subject, and resolved to do the picture in oil and color it faithfully, as it lay in the bright hues of June. At ten I went back to the inn and found Nathan waiting for me with the horse already harnessed. He was careless and lively in his air, and said with assumed impatience:

"Hurry up, Tom; I've been waiting for you this half hour."

I fancied a shade of recklessness in his demeanor.

"Jump in, if you want to see Beelzebub's prime minister this morning."

He gave Jess a smart touch with the whip, and in a few moments drove up to a large wooden store, with a large sign over the door with "David Clary" in gilt, and a black lettered sign with "Post-office" over the window.

We hitched the horse and went quietly in. There were no loungers here, but a cold stillness reigned. Through a glass door at the farther end of the building, we saw the reverend proprietor sitting at his desk. He had not observed our entrance, and we had ample

opportunity to study his face. He had much the look of Dombey in the illustrated edition of *Dombey and Son*. There were the same hard features and iron expression, and as I looked I thought, "This man will never repent; he has worn the sheep's clothing so long to deceive others that he thinks he is a sheep himself; but the Shepherd knows."

He was old, with sparse gray locks which he combed into a point over his bald brow. His cheeks were deeply furrowed, and there was a repulsive and suspicious look in his small blue eyes which were shaded by deep arches, and in the lines around his tightly shut mouth. A stiff, high collar, old-fashioned stock, and black broadcloth composed his principal attire.

Nathan's gaiety had disappeared, and he looked ten years older as he stood scanning his old enemy. He turned toward me with a look hard enough for Clary's own visage, and whispered:

"My time has come."

A step roused the old man, and he started nervously, but paused to put his papers in order, and lock his desk before he came forward. When he did come out, he wore an expression of such wrapt abstraction, that I doubted if he was fully aware of our presence.

Nathan deigned a stiff "good-morning," but though I watched the old man narrowly, I detected no sign of response to his greeting. He seemed utterly oblivious of our existence, till Nathan, in a louder key than usual, informed him that he had the honor to be an agent of the house of Gleck & Company, and was the bearer of a letter to him from that firm.

His hand shook as he took the letter, and his brow flushed vividly as he perused it; but I am certain that no muscle of his face relaxed. Marble features could not be more inflexible, till he folded the letter, returned it to the envelope, and his lips unclosed just enough to emit the words:

"Step into the office."

They went into the back room, and I sat down and watched them through the glass door. The old man spoke first, with the same stony features; but his fingers played nervously with his kerchief. Then Nathan spoke earnestly a long time, and made a few significant gestures with his right hand, like those we use in laying down the case.

Then the deacon's face gathered a hopeless look of entreaty, and as he spoke his gestures indicated explanatory argument; but Nathan

rose to go, shook his head and gathered up his papers and opened the door. The old man suddenly became frantic in his entreaties, and seizing Nathan's coat, cried:

"O, you must, you will! Think of it, and you will give me a chance to recover myself. It's a hard case to let an honest man be ruined for want of a little more time."

Nathan was inflexible, and turned sternly towards the old man, and said in a voice of cold, pitiless meaning:

"I shall settle this business before I leave, and in the meantime you will find an apposite allusion to your affairs in the fifth of Matthew, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

The door closed, the old man sunk helplessly down into his velvet chair, his eyes closed, and a deathly pallor came over his face. Nathan turned and looked at his fallen foe, without a shade of remorse. He had wrenched from his grasp his long-boarded treasures. At that hour all the worldly estate of David Clary passed into the hands of Gleck & Company. Had he treasure in heaven? God knows Nathan Morse had no fiendish desire to lay crafty hands on that treasure; but I think he cherished the sophistry that men who professed to the world that they counted the goods of this world but dross and vanity, might well prove their sincerity by meekly giving up this world's goods, and following the steps of their portionless Master.

We rode down to the shipyard. Nathan was taciturn and icily moody, but I believe he was gloating over his revenge. About the shipyard was a scene of wretchedness that I had never before seen. The huts of the workmen were scattered round, and a few famished and naked children were feebly playing about. They did not play like healthy, rugged children, though the instincts of amusement were not wanting. Their voices were shrill and weak, their movements languid and weary, and their forms shrivelled. Faces of women appeared at the windows, but every trace of womanly spirit had long since departed their lineaments.

Savage, brutal-looking men were lazily hewing in the yard, but there was little of manliness in their appearance. Tyranny and oppression had done its work well, and here were the fruits—ignorance, disease, famine and intemperance.

Nathan stopped the horse and gazed around, and his face glowed with a new light. He was looking into the future.

"Poor wretches," he exclaimed, "you are at last avenged! There are better days coming!" Then turning to me he added, with fearful emphasis, "My murdered parents are avenged!"

As we rode back, he explained the process by which Clary had become involved in some grand speculation, which ruined thousands. His notes fell into the hands of Gleck & Company—perhaps Nathan could tell how—and now his destruction was complete. The proud, aristocratic David Clary was penniless, and Nathan Morse was avenged. There was a satisfied look on his face, not a wicked triumph; but I think that he was looking to a time when the miserable minions of Deacon Clary's oppression should take their places among men, and know the meaning of that great boastful word, freedom.

## CHAPTER VII.

### BEHIND THE CEDARS.

SOON after the sun began to descend towards the dark forest in the west, I took my sketch book and went alone to the spot where we had seen the white, patient face of Grace Clary. Nathan would not accompany me; he had scarcely spoken since our return from the interview with the old man; but took refuge from my volubility behind a paper which he never read, but gazed at intently whenever I was near. I walked slowly on towards the spacious gardens, admiring the proud, patrician taste which was all there was to admire in this hard old man. At the corner of the hedge was a little rustic gate, admitting to the winding walks, and shades, and arbor of the garden. I could but admire the fine, well-cut hedge of cedar. I had never seen such an one before, so carefully kept and densely grown. I chose a magnificent view of the sombre old mansion, and sat down beside the carriage road under the hedge. I sketched leisurely for an hour, when a soft step near roused me, and I looked up, but saw no one; but a low sobbing on the other side of the hedge went to my heart.

I felt pained, but went on with my sketching, praying that an over-ruling goodness might bring peace to this sorrow. Soon a slow step approached down the gravel walk, and I knew that this was Nathan, and hoped that he might pass on the other side of the hedge, thinking that such a circumstance might possibly alleviate the grief that was



sobbing there. The next minute I wished he had not done so, as it placed me in the very delicate position of listening to a delicate colloquy, which was commenced by Nathan.

"Grace, Miss Clary, don't go—pray don't leave me—I must speak with you!" in a supplicating tone.

"No, Nathan, I must not! I promised my poor father that I would never see you again. Good-by. I shall always think of you just the same."

"Grace, my darling, you shall not go, unless you tell me that you never loved me; that you do not love me now; then I will go away from you, and never see you again."

"O, I do, I do, dear Nathan. I always shall love you; but my father never relents."

"O, bless you, my precious darling, my own Grace! I have waited ten years to hear you say these words, and now," his voice sunk to a low tone of invincible determination, "men or devils shall not take you from me!"

"No, no. I must go, indeed I must, Nathan."

The remonstrance was very feeble but earnest, and at last yielded, as all feminine hearts must, to a strong, ruling, deathless love, and I could only distinguish an occasional word of the caressing tones, now and then a word of decision or a passionate epithet of endearment from Nathan, so I went on with my sketching. Once I heard Nathan say:

"Is it right to let your father separate us, Grace? 'What God hath joined together—'"

"'Honor thy father and mother,'" said Grace.

"Obey your parents in the Lord, only in the Lord, dear Grace."

The warm sophistry of love prevailed over the cold logic of the willing maiden. A long silence was broken by the pleading voice of Grace.

"Now let me go, dear Nathan; he will miss me."

"Not till you promise me, dearest." The voice was very firm. "To-night, at ten, I will meet you here, behind the cedars."

"I fear it is not right—," she began.

"Not right to be happy all our life because your father had a groundless spite against mine? It is wrong to submit to such base tyranny."

"He is my father, Nathan."

"We are commanded to leave father and mother," he replied, solemnly. "Will you come to me, Grace?"

I did not hear the reply, but Nathan said:

"Come back, come back, Grace. Kiss me again, darling, and let me go down to the gate with you."

They went away together, and I went back to the inn to wait his return. I was prepared to see him come in half wild with delirious joy, and was vexed with surprise to see the old stony look on his face, cold and reticent.

I showed him my sketch, which he seemed to admire, and carelessly asked from what point I took it. I intimated a point farthest from the cedar hedge, and as he was no artist, he did not detect the prevarication.

He ordered supper and invited our host to take his tea with us, which he did, Mistress Richards presiding at the tea service. I was surprised to see him enter into familiar discourse with the beery old man, for it seemed that the scene of the past hour must raise him out of the petty things of this life into the glorious Eden of love's fancies, and I had made up my mind to spending a very quiet evening in his employ; but when he gradually led the thick-headed old man to speak of Deacon Clary and the white meeting-house, and its pastor, Mr. Rich, who lived over the hill by the churchyard, he said, and then drew him on to mention the political state of Glenburn and the town officers—Deacon Clary was first selectman, and his open enemy, John Hanson, was town clerk—I began to suspect there was a motive in the condescension of my friend.

He ordered his horse to be brought immediately, and quieted the landlord's astonishment by saying he was very fond of riding by moonlight. I was nursing my wrath at Nathan's unnecessary secrecy, and resolving to punish him in some way, when he changed the current of my thoughts by asking me to ride with him. Half an hour brought us to a plain large farmhouse, where a large urchin was doing the last duties in the barnyard, putting up the bars.

"Is Ma. Hanson at home?" Nathan inquired.

"He's a-bed, sir."

"Call him up—on important business—no delay."

The old man soon appeared, breathing hard and yawning, and invited us in. Nathan went in and left me to mind the horse, but soon returned with a paper which he was trying to read by moonlight. Climbing in, he muttered:

"It's all right; but the old noodle was fast asleep when he did it. Just as well, he will

not remember it." Then turning to me, and slapping me on the shoulder with a patronizing air, said, "Don't be frightened, Tom, if I tell you something wonderful. I am to be married to-night."

He waited to see my look of blank amazement; but I was just wicked enough to wish to tease him, and said:

"I thought so. That's the license."

"Confound you for a blockhead! I'm in earnest, and want you to be present at the ceremony."

"Yes, I know. Rich will marry you, services at half past ten, ceremony private, father opposed to the match, bride unwilling to disobey papa, lover urgent, overcomes her scruples, hastens their union, bridal party start from behind the cedar hedge."

Nathan grew white with consternation, and seized me fiercely by the collar, gasping out:

"Tom, you listened!"

"I really couldn't help it."

"O, you couldn't, could you?"

"Hush, Nathan! We have been good friends, and you will want my assistance to-night, and I am so glad for your happiness and here."

His head sank on his breast, and he seemed to regret his violence, and said:

"I was foolish, Tom. But one does not like to have others looking on at his first love scene."

"I didn't see you, Nate, the hedge was too thick."

He saw there was no help, so laughed with me. We drove up to the pastor's door, and found the good man seated on the threshold. Nathan beckoned him to the carriage, and told him plainly and earnestly his situation. He had been an old friend and schoolmate of Nathan's father, and spoke tenderly to his son, who convinced him that it was not only right, but a duty, that these two, loving each other so deathlessly, should be united, and the good man consented to be God's agent in joining the hands of those whose hearts had long been one.

I waited at the parsonage while Nathan went for his bride, and a few minutes past ten they arrived at the door, and he bore her in his arms into the house. She was half fainting with emotion, but a sweet, calm look of peace wreathed her pale, beautiful lips, and when we gathered round her, and called her by the dear, new name, she sank sobbing into her husband's arms. Nathan looked proud,

happy, and defiant, as if all the world might combine against them now, in vain.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A BRIGHT ENDING.

THE dismal thunder had been rumbling in the distance for an hour, when Nathan lifted his bride into the carriage again to carry her back to her father's house—his no longer—but she was unwilling to leave him without his blessing, so their union was to be kept secret till they could make an effort to reconcile the old man. When Nathan entered the inn alone, the heavy storm had just burst, and he was drenched with rain.

"She is safe!" he exclaimed, cheerfully. "The storm broke just as I came out of the garden, and the thunder prevented them from hearing the sound of the wheels. But she's mine, Tom, mine forever!"

The fearful fury of the storm made us both grave, for it seemed a dark omen for the bridal, and we listened silently, Nathan now and then muttering:

"Nope one can take her away."

Crash on crash! Peal on peal! The heavens seemed ablaze with the concurrent fires, and Nathan's face grew very pale. Towards morning the storm abated. I never knew such a furious tempest. At the earliest dawn we looked abroad. Many trees were cleft, and strewed over the ground, fences in ruin, and the old cathedral was thrown to the ground. God had guided the bolts of wrath. We both stood in solemn awe, gazing at the ruined pile, and thought how He had said of old, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Nathan went to the store again at ten, but the old man was not there; his clerk said he was ill, so he went boldly to the mansion. Grace met him alone in the hall, and he clasped her to his heart and said, "Dear wife," then went to a long conference with the father.

He told him all, and the old man shrieked with fury, and called down curses upon the head of his child and her husband. When this fury had exhausted itself, and he lay feeble and helpless on the sofa, Nathan talked to him long and kindly. He forgave them at last, when Nathan told him that this might still be his home, and the world might never know that he did not give up his business freely to his son-in-law.

So it was settled, and Nathan and I went

back to our counting-room; but he returned to Glenburn in a week, and was admitted as partner of the firm soon after; but he spent his time at Glenburn to look after their interests there.

Mrs. Morse is a very happy matron now, if one may judge by her happy, smiling eyes, and at my last visit to my friends, she proudly showed me a wee miniature of Nathan in a white long dress.

I fear she was hurt at my indifference; but I don't care for babies, and then I was looking at a beautiful landscape done in oil, by the artist, Tom Millions, who had studied in Italy. Over the marble mantel, hung a smaller picture of a little cottage, and the original was mine; Nathan had that morning placed the deeds in my possession, and I was coming to Glenburn to live, too. The suburbs of this charming village were fast assuming a civilized appearance under the humane management of the new master.

On a pleasant day a white-haired old man, bent with age and sorrow, may be seen, slowly pacing the garden walks of Glenburn Hall, and a small, womanly figure sometimes tenderly supports his steps.

One last duty remains to my patient reader, which, though it is very disagreeable to spoil the one little mystery of this simple tale, conscience yet demands of me. I was vexed myself when it was unravelled for me.

I had strayed down to the wharves and climbed on board the good ship *Excelsior*, just arrived, and was looking over the water, when the casual mention of the name of Deacon Clary drew my attention to a roguish young sailor, who began to tell a tale of the cathedral bell. It was he that had thrown this wild mystery over Glenburn, climbing into the belfry and escaping through the woods.

"I meant to ring the old bell every time we came into port; but thunder and lightning got the start of me, and sent the wicked old meetin'-ouse to—"

The secret is out; but I never told it before.

#### PARTING.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;  
We talked not of hopes that we both must resign;  
I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop starting  
Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine.  
Each felt that the past we could never recover,  
Each felt that the future no hope could restore;  
She shuddered at wringing the heart of her lover,  
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

CHARLES FINNO HOFFMAN.

#### MEXICAN FORTRESS FOR PETS.

I have alluded in one of my former letters, to a beautiful characteristic of the Mexican ladies, their love and culture of the gorgeous flowers of their sunny clime. It seems to me that they have almost an equal passion for rearing the many-voiced and bright-plumaged birds of their country. Above nearly every balcony may be seen three or four cages suspended, filled with merry songsters. One portion of most of the markets of the city is devoted to a sort of aviary, for the sale of birds. So, in many of the streets, the air is absolutely vocal with melody. I never shall forget my astonishment one morning, as I was out early, at seeing, directly in the street before me, what appeared at the moment to be nothing less than a small house made entirely of bird cages, each story filled with singing birds, except one, which was inhabited solely by an old rooster. The house was walking, though it was ten feet high, and half as wide and thick. How it was carried puzzled me not a little, for neither legs, arms nor head were visible. Upon reaching this aviary on two legs, I ascertained that it was borne by a small Indian girl, almost bent double under the weight. Soon several other walking houses followed, till the street was nearly full of them. These cage-carriers all took their way to the grand plaza, or the market near it, to dispose of their burdens. Immense numbers of these cages are manufactured in the suburbs, out of wicker or cane, and sometimes quite tastefully ornamented. I certainly have never visited any place where the females exhibited so much love for flowers and birds as in the city of Mexico. Parrots of every color and species are as much domesticated in this city as cats, and far more mischievous, withal. They will climb upon every tangible object in the room, or upon the outsidess of the houses. Some of them talk better Spanish than those around, who have, or ought to have, reflective faculties. But notwithstanding their gaudy plumage, their incessant chatter renders them perfect bores. Give me a good, faithful dog; even an amiable, well-allienced tom-cat, ay, or a kitten is bearable, but from a parrot, and a Mexican parrot to boot, good heaven deliver us!—*Travels in Mexico.*

The wicked and sensual part of the world are only concerned to find scope and room enough to wallow in; if they can but have it, whence they have it troubles not them; saying grace is no part of their meal.

**THE QUAKER AND THE THIEF.**

A Quaker of exemplary character was disturbed at night by footsteps around his dwelling; and he arose from his bed, and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which a man was busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork barrel from another within the cellar. The old man approached and the man outside fled. He stepped up to the window and received the pieces of pork from the thief within, who after a little while asked his supposed accomplice in a whisper, "shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes, take it all," and the thief industriously handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation when instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker. Both were astonished, for the thief proved to be a near neighbor of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He plead for mercy, begged the old man not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully never to steal again.

"If thou hadst asked me for meat," said the old man, "it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven."

The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart when the old man said, "take the pork, neighbor."

"No, no," said the thief, "I don't want the pork."

"Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal it. One half of the pork thou must take with thee."

The thief insisted he could never eat a morsel of it. The thought of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was inexorable, and furnishing the thief with a bag, had half of the pork put therein, and laying it on his back sent him home with it. He met his neighbor daily many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept a secret, and though in after time the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably the first, it was certainly the last attempt to steal.

Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for a petty theft, how different might have been the result. His family disgraced, their peace destroyed,

the man's character ruined, and his spirit broken. Revenge, and not penitence, would have swayed his heart, the scorn of the world would have darkened his future, and in all probability he would have entered upon a course of crime at which when the first offence was committed, his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the pork have gained? Absolutely nothing. Kindness was the best punishment, for it saved while it punished!

**ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.**

The Rev. Dr. Ely relates an interesting anecdote of Washington. It occurred during the general's visit of 1789, at West Springfield, Massachusetts. Washington was standing on the bank of the Connecticut, waiting for a ferry boat. Dr. Ely says:—"Whilst I was gazing upon him, one of the postillions drove up, and dismounting and uncovering his head, said, in the most deferential manner, and with an expression of injured dignity: 'Your excellency, as we were driving along, a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team, that we might pass by. He declined. I then told him that it was President Washington's chariot. He again refused, and said he would not stop, that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington had.' The simple reply of Washington to this was, 'And so he had.' The postillion, after a moment's look of wonder and astonishment of the condescension of the president of the United States, quietly put on his hat and again mounted his horse. I watched the cortege until it was out of sight; but my impression and memory of Washington are as vivid and distinct this moment as if I had seen the great man only yesterday."

**ARTEMUS WARD ON AUTUMN.**

It is now the sweet, sad season of the year, gentle Ortom. My little daughter is singing an entirely new song, called "Listen to the Mocking Bird." Guess you haint got it in New York yet. She's been singing it to me about all the time, day and night, for about four weeks. I think I'm going to like it. But I can't tell until it has becum somewhat familiar to me. Yes, this is Ortom! And is it not sad to think that the leaves, now so beautiful and green, will soon wither and fade? Is it not? I'll bet 'tis.

**WORTH.**

I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.—TENNYSON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MAY PARTY.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

It has come at length—the blithesome May,  
And now to the woodland let us stray;  
Over the hill and over the dell,  
On the grassy knoll where the violets dwell,  
We'll roam with gladsome feet to-day,  
To find the first sweet flowers of May.

'Tis joy to breathe the fragrant air,  
And pluck the perfumed flowers rare;  
We'll weave a wreath of the trailing vine,  
And fresh green leaves with its blossoms twine,  
And tying it fast with ribbons gay,  
We'll crown sweet Beacie our Queen of May.

There's a lofty rock with moss o'ergrown,  
And this we'll make a royal throne:  
A robe of white our queen shall wear,  
And a flowery sceptre her hand shall bear;  
And she shall commence her glorious reign,  
With maids of honor a goodly train.

O, such a courtly throng we'll be,  
For gallant knights shall bend the knee;  
And maidens fair to their sovereign bring  
The choicest gifts of the early spring.  
O, never to-day shall smile, I ween,  
On subjects loved, a fairer queen.

The sun is shining bright o'er all,  
Come every one from cottage and hall;  
No cloud of sorrow on our hearts' clear sky,  
With merry songs the hours shall fly.  
So let us now be up and away,  
For 'tis come once more, the joyous May.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY FIRST CASE.

A Leaf from the Diary of an American Lawyer.

BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.

"ARE you the new gentleman, sir?"

This was said by a pretty hazel-eyed little girl of twelve or thirteen years, looking timidly into my office door the day after I had taken possession of it, and was seated quite at my "ease in my inn," and wondering who would first employ me; for I had just been admitted to practice, and my new office smelt fresh with paint and lime, fresh as I was myself in my new profession.

"Sir, if you please, ma would like to make your shirts."

I looked into the soft, gentle face of the child with a stare of surprise. "Shirts," thought I to myself, "I should be very happy

to have any considerate person make me shirts; for I have but a pair in the world!"

The idea of employing a shirt-maker suggested to my mind for the moment, ideas of opulence, comfort and greatness, that were strangers heretofore to my ambition. I was a poor young man. I had kept school to educate myself, and I had but two shirts, a few law-books, and three dollars and thirty cents in money, when I tacked on my office door, three days previous to this visit of the little maid, a piece of tin on which a painter, promising to take his pay "in law," had inscribed in brass gilt which passed for gold, these words:

MONTAGUE FITZ SMITH.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

The idea therefore of having shirts made, or being supposed in a situation sufficiently distinguished in the world, to have shirts made, inspired me for the moment with lofty and ennobling ideas of the profession just entered upon by me.

"It is certainly a gentlemanly profession," I mused; while the little miss waited for my answer, twirling her calico apron strings; "those who follow it are evidently supposed by the community to wear shirts; and if they are supposed to wear them, they must have them. We lawyers are undoubtedly expected by the public to be a clean-shirted gentry. Certainly, my dear," said I abruptly, after having reached this genteel conclusion; "certainly, I must have shirts."

"Ma says she will make them very cheaply, and neat as can be, sir. She wanted me to come and ask you."

Here an idea struck me. Evidently this lady knows I have but two shirts; or she would not have sent me. Perhaps I ought to look upon it as anything but a compliment. How could she know my necessities in the linen way so soon after my arrival in the village?

My eyes now rested upon the face of the little girl, and I was struck with its quiet beauty. Her eyes were of the softest hazel, her brows delicately arched, her hair a rich brown, with a tinge of gold in the sunlight, and her lips were as purely red as coral. Her figure was slight and graceful, and her whole appearance was that of high birth. Her countenance was uncommonly spiritual and intelligent. I wondered that one so lovely should come on such an errand to me, until my eyes fell on her coarse garments, her torn

straw hat, and her small naked feet, the exquisite shape of which the dust of the way upon them could not conceal.

She awakened an interest in me at once as I gazed; and seeing her blush and drop her eyes, and try to hide her feet by stooping, a little, I felt that poverty which had reduced her to an errand girl, had not added to her its usual boldness. She was as modest as she was pretty.

"Does your ma make shirts for a livelihood?" I asked respectfully; for beauty always commands our homage. There is something regal in it even in rags, and we irresistibly recognize its claims to our respect. It is nonsense to say beauty is skin deep. It pervades the whole form where it is found. It is a harmonious and symmetrical blending of soul and body. It expresses itself in the tones of the voice, as well as in the rose on the cheek; in the glance of the eyes as well as in their color; in the step and air as well as in the shape of the limbs:

"Yes, sir. Ma heard a new gentleman had come to town, and sent me over to know if she could make your shirts and do your sewing for you."

"Where does your ma live?" I asked, feeling rather peculiar at the idea of being known as "the new gentleman," and not exactly making up my mind whether to like it or not.

"Over in that small house, sir," she answered, pointing to a humble white-washed dwelling peeping above a garden of rose-bushes and plum trees and lilacs, and situated at the foot of a green lane that led from the main street, nearly opposite my office. I had before noticed the secluded cottage half hid in roses, and could not help contrasting it with a large stone mansion with porticoes, wings, piazzas and a belvedere on the lofty roof, which crowned a commanding eminence half a mile beyond, and overlooking it and half the country. I had been imagining the comparative happiness to be found beneath the two roofs; for, supposing the humble one to be the abode of some poor person, I had been told that the other was the stately residence of a wealthy land proprietor and retired manager of a railroad company. His carriage and coachman in livery of blue and silver, had driven past my office twice, and I had seen the face of the proprietor through the plate glass, a full, fleshy visage, with a haughty, lowering brow, and an avaricious pursing up of the lips; a face that I took a dislike to at once.

"Is your ma a widow?" I asked, of the little maid.

"Yes, sir," she answered, with a shadow like a summer cloud passing across her brow.

"Are you the only child?"

"O, no, sir. I have a little brother who is lame, and stays all the time in the house and reads books, and my elder sister, Mary."

"How old is Mary?" I asked.

"Most eighteen, sir."

"Most eighteen," I repeated, at the mention of the bewitching number of feminine years. I felt awakened, immediately, a deeper interest in the widow. "The beauty of Mary, if it resembles her sister here," thought I, "must be surpassing all I have met with. I resolved on the spot I would have two cotton shirts made with linen bosoms, though it took every brown copper of my \$3 30. The idea of wearing a shirt that was made beneath the same roof with sweet seventeen, was enthusiastic. Perhaps," thought I, "the beautiful Mary may stitch the wristbands and collars with her own fair fingers."

"Yes, she may make me two," I answered, with desperate extravagance, considering the state of my finances, and that on Saturday night I should owe my suspicious and squint-eyed landlady for a week's board, at \$2 50 per week, washing included, I sleeping in my office by contract. "Yes, my pretty miss—what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say, sir; but it is Betty," she answered, looking at me with a smile, as if she was made perfectly happy to hear me say "yes."

"Tell your ma, Miss Betty, that I will have two shirts made."

"Thank you, sir." And she curtained gratefully.

"How much will it take?" I questioned; for I had never had a new garment of this description to my recollection. Till I was twenty-one (I was now four and twenty), I had my father's cast off shirts remodelled by my mother to suit my slenderer proportions, my father being a fleshy man; and while I was reading my profession I had the same; but they were desperately bad; and so torn and patched, that I was continually haunted (for I had pride) with the fear that I might some unlucky day fall down in a fit, or be drowned, or meet with some other untoward misfortune, whereby the poverty of my wardrobe would be exposed to the eyes of a coroner and his jury, and my memory and good name would be disgraced forever! This hor-

rible idea constantly haunted me. My gratitude therefore was very great, when the widow of one of my uncles sent me—how these widows guess at a man's destitution in this respect is a mystery to me—a pair of the dead man's, with a note, suggesting the idea of Elijah and his mantle, and hoping that I would emulate my uncle's virtues! (He was a grocer, and had the reputation of being addicted to short weights and measures.)

These two shirts were now my present stock in this way. They had one virtue—they were linen; and my father's had ever been cotton.

"How much cloth will it take?" I asked of the maiden.

"Cloth, sir?"

"I mean cotton. All goods are cloth to me," I answered.

"I do not know, sir. Ma can tell."

"Very good. I will call and see her after tea," I answered.

The pretty girl bowed, and went bounding off home as happy as a fawn, and as lightly and gracefully, to think she had succeeded in getting "the new gentleman" for a customer to her mother's toil.

After I had taken my supper at my boarding house, I prepared my toilet with unusual care; but as I had but the one suit of clothes I wore, I could not vary my usual appearance, save by more nicely arranging my hair, brushing my pants and shoes, and passing my kerchief round my hat till it shone like a varnished surface.

The evening was every way propitious. The air was soft and quiet; the sunset had left a mellow glow of mingled rose and orange in the sky; purple clouds hung above my head; the birds were singing their vesper hymns before reposing in their leafy coverts; the cows went slowly homeward with heavy milk-bags, each knowing her master's crib; youths and maidens walked together, enjoying the calm hour; in the doors sat the old citizen and his wife, he smoking his evening pipe, and she watching the passers-by; a bell was ringing from the Presbyterian church tower for a lecture; and the rattling stage was just entering the town and thundering towards the village post-office.

I had but one thought amid all this scene of a closing day in a country town; it was the idea of the beauty of the unknown Mary. I had already imagined how she looked, with the face of her sister Betty matured by thought and feeling.

As I was about turning down the lane that led to the abode of the widow, I confess I felt many misgivings as to the enormous outlay of funds I was about to be guilty of, merely to gratify a—a what? an idea of a romantic nature! "What if Miss Mary should be homely—plain as my landlady's daughter Cyrentha—my \$3 30 would be thrown away," I said to myself. Besides my landlady had thrown out an ominous hint at supper, that she had to pay her rent on Monday, and she hoped "gentlemen" would remember the "poor widow, for her landlord was a mighty hard man; and if she didn't pay down at the very minute, he'd 'strain'!"

These reflections caused me to stop full in the entrance of the lane; and I had half made up my mind to save my money for my landlady, and forego beauty and the two shirts, when the little maid Betty overtook me and spoke to me as frankly and prettily as if we were old friends.

"Good evening, sir. Are you going to our house now?"

How could I say no to those coral lips and upraised eyes, looking up in my face so innocently beautiful?

"Yes, I am going there," I responded, with desperate energy, but feeling that I was placing my landlady in imminent peril on the ensuing Monday, from that "hard man," her landlord.

Betty tripped by my side and said her mother was very happy to get the sewing, and would be glad to see me. Near the gate we both had to jump out of the way, to escape the wheels of a gay chariot, in which were riding two ladies, extravagantly dressed. They passed us in a cloud of dust, yet I could see that both were homely, and one of them much younger than the other.

"Who are those, Miss Betty?" I asked, as they rolled up the lane. "They nodded to me, I thought."

"They are Mrs. Colonel Compton and her daughter," she answered, in a tone that had the key of dislike.

I at once recognized the name as that of the rich proprietor of the stately mansion and twelve hundred acres of ground around it before alluded to.

Betty now opened the gate and led me to the door of the humble cottage. In the little entry sat a truly lady-like person in widow's weeds, but with an air sad and resigned, like one who had endured suffering. She was sewing by the remaining twilight, upon a



shirt bosom. Upon seeing me enter with Betty, and hearing Betty say naively, "This is the new gentleman, ma," she rose and bowed, and handed me a chair. A glance showed me that she was a lady. In her face I saw the matured but care lined beauty of Betty. The furniture was plain, but all was neat and tasteful, though everything betrayed genteel poverty. There were no carpets, no mahogany, no ornaments but of the simplest kind. Her own dress was half-mourning calico.

"I had the pleasure of a visit from your daughter to-day," I said, by way of opening the acquaintance, while I looked round for the elder sister in vain; "I should like to have a pair of shirts made, madam, if you will tell me how much cotton I shall send to you."

"Linen-ruffled bosoms, sir?" she asked, raising her pale face to mine, inquiringly.

"Plain, ma'am."

She then proceeded to inform me how much it would take, when I caught a glimpse of the elder sister or an angel I am sure; but as Betty did not say anything to me about angels being at her house, I made up my mind that it was the other sister. It was only a glimpse, and but of her side face as she passed a half open door. I did not longer listen to a word the widow said about yards and half-yards, gussets and gores. I was all attention for the re-appearance of the vision of beauty. I felt as if I should be willing to spend my whole fortune in having shirts made at this cottage, if I were as rich as Astor. I forgot my landlady and the "hard-headed and hard-hearted landlord," who was to strangle or poison her, or do some horrid and never-before-heard-of-thing, if she didn't pay her rent "at the very minute;" I—but suddenly the maiden came out into the little entry, and I felt like prostrating myself at her feet like an Oriental. Never was such beauty before seen in a white-washed cottage. Upon seeing me, she cast upon my person a rapid womanly glance, one of those femininely quick, examining, furtive, yet comprehensive glances the sex only can give, whereby you are weighed in the balance of their judgment, and estimated at your worth; one of these indescribable glances the fair girl gave me, and then with a sweet smile bowed, as her mother mentioned my name, "Mr. Fitz Smith."

She took her seat on a low cricket at her mother's knee, and said in a musical voice, but with an air as artless and natural as a young child's:

"Dear mother, let me complete this for you. It is getting too late for your eyes. I have done my own task."

"And she makes shirts too," I said to myself. "What pretty fingers to stitch shirts."

Without paying any more attention to me after the first graceful and modest bow, she went forward with the work she had taken from her mother, who now turned and asked me how long I had been in the village, and how I thought I should be pleased with it as a residence. I was charmed with her manners and conversation, which betrayed a finished education and a cultivated heart. The eldest daughter from time to time unobtrusively mingled in the conversation; and every word she spoke charmed me more and more with her.

It was nine o'clock before I rose to take my leave of this fascinating family, and I left my heart behind with the lovely Mary, with whom, as the evening advanced, I had some opportunity of speaking upon various subjects.

As I walked home I meditated upon the extraordinary fact that so refined a family, for which birth, fortune and education had evidently done so much, should be reduced to such indigence. But poor as they were, I felt that, were I prince of Ind, I could lay my crown at the gentle and beauteous Mary's feet. Such charms, free from all affectation, such sweetness and goodness combined with beauty, I had never beheld.

"I should like to know the history of this interesting family," I said, as I entered my solitary office and struck a light. "They have not always been in their present condition, I feel assured." I retired to bed and dreamed that I was in some way an invalid, and that my physician had prescribed a sweat by means of three dozen shirts, one to be put on over the other until perspiration reached the desired maximum. I thought I engaged the fair Mary to make them up, and when they came home they proved to be six and thirty wedding dresses made in the latest fashion. How I got out of the dilemma, I know not. When I awoke, the sun was shining in my face, and Mrs. Tumble's ragamuffin kitchen boy, Jeff, was knocking at my door, and screaming for the edification of all the hateful tribe of early risers.

"Mister Smith, Mrs. Tumble says breakfast is ready and over, and coffee's cold, and wants to know if you're coming."

In utter terror of Mrs. Tumble, I hurriedly

dressed and followed Jeff to the breakfast-table. Everybody had done. At the head sat Mrs. Tumble with her cap awry, and her red arms up to the elbows washing coffee cups. She looked at me inquisitively and indignantly. She evidently intended to lay down the law to her "new boarder." I took my seat after first bowing to her, a grace which she angrily acknowledged.

"You seem to have forgotten our breakfast hour," she said pettishly.

"The truth is, Mrs. Tumble, I overslept myself," I said, boldly telling her the truth. "I went last night to get some shirts made (this I spoke with something of an air of dignity), and staying rather late, did not get to bed so early as I ought to have done."

"Who makes your shirts, sir?" asked Mrs. Tumble, who was evidently mollified by my humility and respectful manner.

"Mrs. Gilmore."

"Well, you couldn't paternize anybody needs it more," answered Mrs. Tumble. "She is a right lady if she is poor now; and her da'aters are civil and pretty, and aint afraid to work if they have been raised gentle folks."

"Then they have been better off?" I asked, with interest.

"I thought everybody knew that, Mr. Smith."

"I am a stranger here, ma'am."

"True. Then I'll tell you 'bout 'em. You seen that big house on the hill they call the castle?"

"Yes. Where Colonel Compton lives."

"Jist that, sir. Well it would surprise you perhaps to know that the Widow Gilmore, who now gets her living by taking in sewing, once lived there, and as good as owned it."

"How has she lost it?" I asked, not a little surprised to hear this.

"Why her husband, Dr. Gilmore, built it, and owned it with all the land about it, more than a mile square, they say; for he was powerful rich; and used to be so good, and his lady too, to the poor. Well, the doctor died of a paralyx stroke ('will you take another cup of coffee, sir?' 'No, I thank you, ma'am. Go on with your story, if you please'), and after his death, Colonel Compton as now lives there and a lawyer named Barremore was his executors, to keep the property for the widder and the orphans. Well, sir, in a year or two they had to tell the poor widder lady that the debts of the doctor amounted to more than all his property, and

it would have all to be sold at auction. You may judge how unhappy the poor lady was with three children to support. The whole county felt for her, and specially the poor she had been so good to. So she left, with a little Colonel Compton generously gave her, I believe \$500, and moved to where she now lives. Colonel Compton bought the place for a small part of its value, and now lives there with his wife and da'ater in grand style, sir. I can remember when her mother kept a low tavern, and he was a stage-driver; but they've got rich and are up in the world; while poor Mrs. Gilmore, whose shoes they aint worthy to tie, gets her livin' by sewin'. But she tells me she contents herself with the reflection that the property was enough to pay her husband's debts, and keep his good name from suffering. Ah, sir, I am glad you have given her your sewing. Did you see her daughter Mary?"

"Ye—yes—I—believe I—that is to say I did," I answered, embarrassed to have her name spoken.

"Isn't she pretty, sir? She ought to be a belle and have hundreds to court her. There is Miss Compton without education, and a freckled face, and round shouldered as a elephant, has lots o' lovers. Ah, Mr. Smith, gold does wonders in this world."

"Yes, it does, Mrs. Tumble," I rejoined with emphasis.

I rose from the table thinking upon the narrative of Mrs. Gilmore's misfortunes. I walked to my office with the subject upon my thoughts. I could not get her or Mary from my mind the whole day. I purchased the cotton and linen, and with the bundle beneath my arm, I sought the cottage at twilight. To my delight, they welcomed me as if I had been long known to them. After tea, which I took with them, I alluded delicately to Mrs. Gilmore's former position, and deeply regretted the misfortunes she had met with. She sighed, but made no other reply, than "Afflictions are often sent for our good."

"Ma feels that she has been wronged, sir," said little Betty, "and that is the reason she hates the wicked colonel."

The warning, "Betty, Betty," did no good. The child had betrayed the truth that I had already began to suspect.

"Mr. Smith, Betty should not have said what she did. We do not suffer this subject to be spoken of now," said Mrs. Gilmore. "Hate Colonel Compton, I do not. But I cannot but feel that justice has not been done

me and mine. But it is past, sir. Let it be buried."

"Permit me to ask you one or two questions," I said. "Believe me, they are not dictated by mere curiosity. Were you aware that your husband was so largely indebted?"

"No, sir," she answered me with animation; "no sir. I was never more shocked in my life than when Colonel Compton and Mr. Barremore informed me, two years after his death, that the estate would have to be sold to pay a heavy debt, which they had discovered existed against the estate, for which he had made no provision."

"And you never before heard of such a debt?"

"No, sir. And he was in the habit of making me a confidant in all his affairs. Nay, sir, when he was dying, he called me to his side and said, 'Betty, I bless God I leave you with enough of this world's goods to place you above all fear of want. All is yours and my children's. I owe not a dollar in the world.' These being his last words, how could I but firmly deny the debt to exist?"

"And what did they say?"

"They produced papers and vouchers, and attempted to make me understand them; but they were too numerous and complex for me to comprehend. I felt that I could do nothing. I was in their power. I had confidence in Mr. Barremore that he would not suffer me to be wronged; for he had been Dr. Gilmore's lawyer. I yielded. The estate—all was put under the hammer. Colonel Compton presented me with five hundred dollars, which, with a little I had saved, enabled me to secure this house."

"Colonel Compton purchased the place?" I asked.

"Yes, and now lives there."

"How long ago was this purchase made?" I asked of Mrs. Gilmore.

"It is now seven years, sir."

"You say Mr. Barremore was a friend of Dr. Gilmore?"

"Yes, sir; that is, my husband long employed him in his profession."

"Had he full confidence in him?"

"Yes; or that is, I never heard him doubt but once whether he was perfectly trustworthy."

"He did doubt, then? How long before his death?"

"It was but a few days after he had made his will, and I remember he said he was going to inquire into something about Mr. Barre-

more he had heard or seen recently, and if true, he should appoint another executor." Here Mrs. Gilmore was called out by Betty.

I took out my pocket-book and made a minute of the fact she had just stated, as well as other things she had said. I was now beginning to feel confirmed in a suspicion that had crossed my mind when Mrs. Tumble was giving me the history of Mrs. Gilmore's reverses, that she had not been honestly dealt by, and was the victim of the dishonesty either of Colonel Compton or of the lawyer, or of both in conspiracy. Mrs. Tumble evidently had no suspicion but that it was all right, but unfortunate. I did not, therefore, communicate to her the impression her story had made upon my own mind. But as she told it, I felt assured that there was villany at the bottom. I had already seen Colonel Compton pass in his carriage, and his physiognomy struck me as unpleasant. "He is just the man to cheat a widow," I said to myself, "and by no means the man to present her with five hundred dollars, unless as a blind to avert suspicion from the rest of her property." The reader will perceive that the suspicions which rose in my mind at Mrs. Tumble's breakfast-table had everything to strengthen them from my present conversation with Mrs. Gilmore. Step by step I felt that I was reaching the truth; and I believed I should be able to prove that Mrs. Gilmore had been rather the victim of fraud than misfortune.

"Excuse me, sir," said the widow, returning to the room.

I will not detail here the subsequent conversation. Suffice it for me to say, that before I arose to leave the house, I was well convinced of the truth of my suspicions, and that the widow had long harbored them secretly in her own heart, but had feared to give them utterance, knowing no way to prove their accuracy, and without means to obtain redress.

The next day I went to the probate office and examined the will carefully. It was in every respect legally drawn up, and he unqualifiedly devised all his estate to his wife until the youngest daughter should be eighteen, or marry with her mother's consent. The estate was then to be equally divided, deducting her thirds, between the two daughters by the executors, who were each to retain ten per cent. on the whole property for their duties. I also consulted the tax collector's books, and saw that the property of which Dr. Gilmore died vested, was valued at one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, be-

sides eight thousand dollars loaned to Colonel Compton at legal interest. Here, then, all was comprehensible so far; the will was explicit, bequeathing *all* the property, and making no mention of any debts. Yet within two years after the death of the testator the whole estate was sold to discharge debts, and the widow and heirs ejected penniless from their opulent home, to toil with the needle for a bare subsistence. That there was villany at the bottom I was now as certain as that I had a head; and that head I was resolved to devote to the most searching investigation of the whole matter connected with the estate.

Having secured a copy of the will, and made a copy from the tax-book of the details of the property, I returned to my office and gave myself up to reflection upon the course I ought to take to arrive at the truth. So far all was pure suspicion, based, *perhaps*, only on sympathy for a widow, with an incipient love for the daughter, and an unconquerable dislike of the red, coarse face of Colonel Compton. But that there was more ground than this, I trust the candid reader will perceive. No lawyer could have heard Mrs. Tumble's relation without suspecting wrong. It is part of a lawyer's profession to be suspicious. He irresistibly accustoms himself to look on the worst side, to see further through a mill-stone than other men; he is looking for flaws in everything he hears, or reads, or that comes under his notice. The world is not exactly his "oyster," but his "case," and he looks at it with the keen eye of his profession. It was therefore very natural that I should see in the history of Mrs. Gilmore strong likelihood of wrong and injustice done to the party.

The more I reflected upon her case, the more confident I became in the truth of my own suspicions. Cautious and seemingly accidental inquiries I made about the character of Mr. Barremore, led me to arrive at the conclusion that he was capable of doing what I believed him guilty of. I begun, therefore, a close scrutiny with his history. I found out everything I could about him. I learned he had been poor and in debt, and had suddenly risen to affluence. It was said he had inherited from a deceased brother in Canada. I went to the tax-books, and found that the year he had got into property and purchased a fine house in town, was the very year Mrs. Gilmore was expelled from her own. I followed up closely, cautiously and secretly my investigations, just as if I had been actually

retained by Mrs. Gilmore in a suit against him. The result of my inquiries, and of an acquaintance I formed with him, was that I believed Mr. Barremore capable of betraying as many widows and orphans as might fall into his legal hands.

Colonel Compton's character was also subjected to the crucible of my suspicions; and I became satisfied that he would do anything to increase property, so that he could do it safely without being found out; for he was too respectable a man to have even the breath of slander touch his good name. Indeed he prided himself upon his benevolence, and often alluded in company, to the five hundred dollars he had bestowed upon Mrs. Gilmore—"Yes, gentlemen, yes, madam, when she had not a dollar left in the world. But I did it out of respect to the memory of her husband, who was my particular friend."

Learning that Colonel Compton gave dinner parties, and that he loved at these, when the wine warmed him, to boast of his character and his wealth, and of his red-headed daughter's prospects, I managed to get an introduction to him, and to get an invitation to dine. At the table, which was very sumptuous, and at which several of the neighboring gentlemen were guests, I praised his farm and the extent of the view from his portico, in order to draw him out. I hit upon the right chord.

"You like it, sir?" he said, in his coarse, bluff way, but bowing as if he tried to conceal his born vulgarity under the exterior polish which he had imitated from the real gentlemen whose society he frequented. "Yes, sir, it is a fine estate. Poor Gilmore!—if he had only been prudent. But reverses will happen, sir. Allow me another glass of wine with you, Mr. Fitz Smith."

"Dr. Gilmore sold you the place, I think, colonel," I remarked, as I touched the glass he vulgarly extended towards me across the table.

"No, not exactly—that is—he died confoundedly in debt, and I bid it in and paid the debts."

"You got it at a bargain, I presume?"

"Yes, pretty fair, pretty fair," he answered, filling his glass and pouring down the wine without reflection, as if he would choke down some ugly thought. My eyes were upon his face, and I read guilt in it plainly.

"To whom did Dr. Gilmore owe the debts, colonel?" I persevered, for I had come there with a purpose, and I meant to follow it up

unflinchingly, yet at the same time to prevent my motive from being suspected.

"To—to the great North Carolina Gold Mine company, sir," and down went another glass of Madeira. "Mr. Barremore can tell you better, sir. He had the business."

Here he glanced at the old lawyer, who was sitting before his wineglass, looking into it as if he was gazing for stars down in a well at noonday.

"Why, I supposed it was well known, sir, how Mr. Gilmore became involved," answered the lawyer, glancing at me with a look of dislike, as if he did not like the direction which I had given to the "table talk."

"I have been here but a few weeks," I answered, "and should like to know how so magnificent an estate as this should have been suffered to pass out of the hands of his widow and children."

"It is not an uncommon thing, young man," answered the lawyer, sneeringly. "If you have much practice in your life, you will find the cases familiar to you."

"Did Gilmore dabble in North Carolina gold mining stocks?" abruptly asked Major Browning, a hale, clever gentleman at the table. "I thought he was a more sensible man."

"Dabbled largely, sir. Had subscribed to stock, a hundred thousand dollars' worth," answered Mr. Barremore, "and not a dollar paid in. You know how everything failed and was ruined. The fact that he was involved came upon us after his death like a thunder-clap, and everything had to go to meet liabilities."

"Mr. Barremore did not save even his commissions," said Colonel Compton, eagerly.

"No, gentlemen, everything went. The widow was beggared."

"And I bought the property in, and gave the widow a cool five hundred out of charity, sir," added Colonel Compton.

"It is very singular," I remarked, "that Dr. Gilmore should have made the will he did."

"How make it? What way?" quickly demanded Barremore and Colonel Compton in one breath.

"I was looking over the record of wills a few days since, and Dr. Gilmore's will passing under my eye, I read it. He makes no mention of debts, but bequeaths all his property to his widow and children."

Here I saw Barremore bite his lip, and Colonel Compton's color rose higher than that which the wine gave him; while Mrs. Com-

ton, giving me a look of covert hostility and suspicion, rose and left the table with her daughter and the ladies, for the usual time for leaving the gentlemen to themselves had arrived. She had hardly got out of the room before a servant came in and spoke to Colonel Compton, who rose and went out after him.

"That was very odd, not to mention it in his will," remarked Major Browning. "I wouldn't have thought that of Gilmore; 'twas downright fraud to conceal such indebtedness."

"Perhaps, gentlemen," said Barremore, "he did not anticipate the failure of the company, but on the contrary, believed it would be a new source of opulence to his family."

"I am glad to hear you say so," answered the major. "What a pity for the poor widow."

"You and Colonel Compton were made executors of this will, I saw on the record," I remarked, looking at Mr. Barremore.

"You seem to be very much interested in Dr. Gilmore's will, young man," he answered.

"So much so, that I made a copy of it," I answered, quietly; "and if you have no objection, gentlemen, I will read it to you."

Without waiting for assent, I drew the document from my pocket and read it aloud. Colonel Compton returned while I was reading, and stood at his chair, first gazing upon me with amazement, and then uneasily glancing at Barremore, who seemed to sit upon thorns. There were nine gentlemen at the table, and they all bent forward and listened with the closest interest as I read. I had an object in this. I had made up my mind, if my suspicions should be strengthened by what I should discover at the dinner, I would formally institute a suit, in the name of Mrs. Gilmore and her children, for the recovery of the property. My present movements at the table, therefore, had in view a result at which I particularly aimed in reading the will, viz., to interest the gentlemen present, and prepare, through them, the public mind for what was to be brought before it. I wished to enlist their sympathies—to inoculate them with my own suspicions! When I had finished reading the will, I folded it up and said:

"Is it not very remarkable, gentlemen, that the late Dr. Gilmore, whom all men acknowledged to have been a man of unblemished integrity, who was the personal friend of several of you, whose good name you would hesitate to defend with warmth should you hear it assailed, should have left behind him such a barefaced falsehood, as this will certainly is, if he knew he had pecuniary liabilities hanging

over him equal to the value of his property?"

"Falsehood? That is strong language!" exclaimed Major Browning, almost fiercely at me, while a mixed murmur ran round the table.

"Yes, gentlemen, either this will is true, and Dr. Gilmore died worth every dollar named therein as bequeathed to his wife and children—and thus it should be and sacredly is—or the testator Dr. Gilmore has bequeathed a falsehood to his family, and shown himself an impostor. One or the other of these positions must be maintained!"

I spoke firmly and fearlessly. I rose from my chair in the animation and warmth of speaking, and looked steadily upon the guests. They looked at me—they heard me with amazement! Barremore turned deadly pale. Colonel Compton's glass, as he held it nervously to his lips, shook so that he spilled the wine upon his hand and upon the table-cloth.

"Sir, what do you mean—what do you mean to insinuate?" he asked, his voice trembling with fear and passion.

Every eye was fixed upon me. Barremore's I caught. He seemed to forget all around him, and to be penetrating my very soul. I felt that I had committed myself fully to my enterprise. I was resolute in my soul to pursue it to the issue, whatever it might be. I therefore answered slowly and distinctly, tapping the will with my forefinger at each word:

"What do I mean? I mean to assert that either Dr. Gilmore was a rogue ('stop, sir! stop, sir!' cried several of his friends), or that this will tells the truth! And gentlemen, if it tells the truth, this fair estate, these broad domains, this lordly mansion, ought to be, and of right are, the legal property of Mrs. Gilmore his widow and her orphan children. One or the other, I repeat, is true."

"Sir," cried Colonel Compton, "do you mean to insinuate that—that do you mean to insult me in my house, at my own table?"

"I insult no man, nor am I responsible for any inferences, sir. I have merely stated certain propositions. The character of Dr. Gilmore, as things remain, lays under a cloud. It should be removed. He should be acquitted of having devised what he knew he had no right to, and what belonged to the North Carolina mining company. I make no charges. I accuse no man! The vouchers proving the existence and the payment of these debts can be produced, if the debt existed, and I here ask that they be submitted to the inspection of the gentlemen present."

"The vouchers are in the hands of the widow," answered Barremore, in a savage voice.

"She has told me that you have never placed them in her possession. She has never seen them. The only proofs of the existence of the debts, if any there be, are in your hands. I here demand that they be produced for our satisfaction, and for the clearing up of the character of Dr. Gilmore."

The company gazed upon me with silent amazement. I saw that I had their feelings with me. Barremore's paleness and alarm was visible to them; while Compton's guilt seemed written on every lineament. Glass of wine after glass he poured down, as if to fortify his courage. I saw Mrs. Compton peeping through the hall door in evident agitation.

"Mr. Fitz Smith is right," said Major Browning. "Really, it is an unpleasant aspect this affair is assuming. It would have been better to have brought it up in another place."

"No time, major, so good as the present," I answered. "Colonel Compton and Mr. Barremore, you were the executors of Dr. Gilmore's will. I demand of you the proofs of the debt with which you have charged the estate!"

"They are at my office," answered Barremore, trying in vain to recover his self-possession. "I will go for them;" and he left the table and hastened from the room.

"Major Browning, will you oblige me by offering to accompany him?" I said, in an under tone. "I can prove those two men guilty. Go with him, and do not leave him till he places the papers in your hands."

"We will all go," said the rest of the party, who had overheard me. "Let us all go to his office."

Horses were at once ordered, and the whole party left the villa in company with Barremore, who looked, and doubtless felt, as if he was our prisoner; his face wore the pallor of death. As we approached the town, I saw that he could scarcely sit upon his horse; we were compelled to assist him from his saddle. His hand trembled so he could not unlock the door; the major did it for him. The whole party entered the office.

I suddenly caught Mr. Barremore's eye; it gleamed with a strange fire. He said, "Gentlemen, the papers are in my private room. I will bring them out." He entered an inner room; the next moment we heard the report of a pistol. Rushing in, we saw him lying bleeding upon the floor. He spoke but once:

"You are right—justice has at last overtaken me. There was no debt. The vouchers are forged! The whole scheme was a wicked compact to defraud the widow between him and me. May Heaven have mercy on my soul!"

A writ was instantly made out for the arrest of Colonel Compton. Four or five gentlemen accompanied the officer to his house. Ignorant of the death and confession of Barre-more, he denied all under great excitement, increased by what he had drank; he was taken to jail. A suit was formally instituted against him. The proofs of his conspiring to defraud by feigning a debt and of forgery, were conclusive. The jury pronounced their verdict of guilty without quitting their seats; he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. Mrs. Gilmore was legally invested with the estate, and I had the happiness of escorting her, in company with Major Browning and many others, followed by a long procession of rejoicing citizens, to her former home. I need not add that the following year, by the favor of the lovely Mary, I had the happiness of becoming her son-in-law!

Mrs. Compton is now a resident of the same cottage in which Mrs. Gilmore lived—a gift from her to the criminal's widow and daughter, who were known to be parties to the fraud upon Mrs. Gilmore. They take in sewing, but live chiefly upon the bounty of my benevolent mother-in-law. I have not failed to express my sense of what I owe to Mrs. Tumble for her account of the misfortune of the family of Dr. Gilmore, which led me to investigate further, by making her an annual present of a new damask-colored silk dress. I have also taken her out of the hands of the "hard-hearted landlord," by giving her, rent free for life, a large tenement of my own, much better suited to her purposes than the former.

#### GAMBLING.

Let every man avoid all sort of gambling as he would poison. A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss up for a half-penny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling; and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his work he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes a good use of his money, even if he should win.—*New York Enquirer.*

' She who can compose a cross baby is greater than she who composes books.

#### PERSPIRATION.

Checked perspiration is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease and death to multitudes every year. Heat is constantly generated within the human body by the chemical disorganization, the combustion of the food we eat. There are seven millions of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system, by what is called insensible perspiration, this internal heat, which, having answered its purpose, passes off like the jets of steam which are thrown from the escape pipes, in puffs, of any ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the waste matter of the system, to the extent of a pound or two, or more, every twenty-four hours. If, then, the pores of the skin are closed, if the multitude of valves which are placed over the whole surface of the human body are shut down, two things take place. First, the internal heat is prevented from passing off, it accumulates every moment, the person expresses himself as burning up, and then large draughts of water are swallowed to quench the internal fire, and this is *fever*. When the warm steam is constantly escaping from the body in health, it keeps the skin moist, and there is a soft, pleasant feeling and warmth about it; but when the pores are closed, the skin feels harsh, hot and dry.

#### JAPANESE AMUSEMENT.

Top-spinning in Japan is an accomplishment with professional jugglers. A recent writer says:—"One of the most delicate of the performances consisted in making a top spin on the left hand, run up round the edge of the robe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand, still spinning. Another, again, was to toss a spinning top into the air, and catch it on the hem of the sleeve without letting it fall. A third was to fling it high in the air and catch it on the bowl or the angle of a Japanese pipe, passing it behind the back, flinging it to the front, and then catch it again."

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer, to a female witness under examination. The lady replied: "Yes, sir-ee; and so are women, and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt." "Very well, I'll suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."



[ORIGINAL.]

I THINK OF THEE.

BY ERNEST LEWISTINE.

I think of thee at eventime,  
When all beside is still;  
And silvery-tinted moonbeams dance  
Upon the rippling rill.

When the twilight murmurings come  
Across the tranquil sea,  
They bear upon their unseen wings  
Soft whisperings of thee.

I hear thy voice—thy low, sad tone;  
Thy sweet young smile I see;  
My soul is filled with melody—  
With thoughts, sweet girl, for thee.

[ORIGINAL.]

SUSAN RAY'S LESSON.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"SELF-WILLED and ill-tempered! I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion of me, Mr. Arkright."

If anything could have made Susan Ray's pretty face positively ugly, it would have been the look and tone which accompanied these words. The small red lips had a most unbecoming pout, the deep violet eyes an angry and scornful flash, while the delicately pencilled brows were drawn so closely together, that their arches almost met. The individual addressed, to all appearance, took this outburst very coolly, though inwardly very much annoyed.

"You need feel under no particular obligations to me," he said, quietly, without raising his eyes from the book, whose leaves he was turning with no very definite idea of their meaning. "It is my candid opinion, I am very sorry to say."

"Indeed! Miss Agnes Ward is not ill-tempered in the least, I suppose?"

"Miss Agnes Ward is what you can be, when you choose—a very amiable young lady."

"Why don't you ask her to marry you? I should think you would, she is such a paragon of perfection!"

"Because I don't love her, and I do love somebody else."

"That somebody else ought to feel very much flattered. But if you mean me, let me tell you that the sooner you transfer your af-

fections to her, or some other lady, the better I shall be suited."

"You don't mean what you say, Susan."

"Yes I do mean what I say," replied the young lady, her cheeks growing very red. "And what is more, I am convinced we are not suited to each other, and that it is best that we part."

Mr. Arkright arose. He had turned slightly pale, and there was a grave look in his eyes, and a quiet expression of the lips, full of significance in one habitually so calm and self-controlled. He deliberately buttoned up his coat and drew on his gloves. Then taking his hat, he said:

"You will be sorry for what you have said, by-and-by," and left the house.

Frank Ray, Susan's brother, had been sitting upon the piazza, during this conversation, and the windows being open, had heard enough to understand its import, and if he had not, Mr. Arkright's grave, absent look, as he passed him, would have given him an inkling of the truth.

Entering the hall, he pushed open the door of the room where his sister was sitting, in an as thoroughly uncomfortable a state of mind as one could possibly conceive.

"You'll lose John, if you are not careful, Sue," he said, after looking at her a moment without speaking.

"I wish you wouldn't meddle with my affairs, Frank," retorted Susan, petulantly. "It would be no great loss, if I should."

"You wouldn't care, I suppose, if he should enlist, as Burt, Laura Dean's betrothed has?"

The memory of Laura's pale, sad face rose up before her, and she looked a little startled.

"Enlist? He has no thought of enlisting. All his brothers are in the army, and he wouldn't be likely to leave his mother all alone. Besides, the quota is made up."

"I know that, but now that they are on the point of starting, two or three of them would be glad to get a substitute. Wyllis Burt would, I know, for he told me so."

Frank turned carelessly away as he said this, but his words had aroused an unpleasant train of thought in Susan's mind, which she strove vainly to dispel.

"Nonsense!" she said to herself, "Frank is only trying to tease me. He knows better. I wish I hadn't said what I did, but John is so provoking. If he would only get angry like other people, and not sit there so cool and calm, and say such disagreeable things. I wish he wasn't so perfect himself, or didn't

expect me to be. One don't like to be always in the wrong."

The hearts of John and Susan were drawn together by a strong bond of mutual sympathy and affection, and they both possessed many excellent qualities, yet scarcely a week passed without some such scene as the above, though Susan had never allowed herself to speak such bitter words before, and never had John parted from her in such an ungracious manner.

Truth compels us to acknowledge that Susan was the one at fault. Together with a warm, loving heart, she had a quick, impulsive temper, which often betrayed her into language which she afterwards deeply regretted. The only daughter among a host of sons, an amount of petting was lavished upon her by both parents and brothers, that would have completely spoiled a less kind and ingenuous disposition, and possessing unusual personal beauty, when she reached the age of womanhood, she drew around her a circle of admirers, who would have fain persuaded her that her very faults were virtues.

Yet she showed her inherent good sense, by passing them all by for honest John Arkright, who, though he took her to his generous heart, as a most dear and precious gift, loving her as only such strong natures can love, not only saw that she had failings, but would have felt that he was false to the trust reposed in him, had he not done his best to make her conscious of them also.

Yet if Susan was most to blame, it is also true that John did not always make due allowance, either for her impulsive temperament, so different from his own, or her youth, for she was six years younger than himself. Neither were his admonitions always well-timed, and though kindly meant, they sounded harshly to the ears accustomed to the language of affectionate approval.

"He said I should be sorry, I wonder what he meant?" was Susan's inward inquiry, many times during the long afternoon, which seemed as though it never would end. At last, weary with combating the troubled, self-reproachful thoughts, that she could not altogether silence, she threw down her work, and sinking back upon the wide, easy lounge upon which she was sitting, fell asleep.

Her dreams took the coloring of her thoughts. She thought she was upon a vast, extended plain, red with blood, and covered with heaps of the slain. The fierce clash of arms and the shock of battle had given place

to the groans of the wounded and the dying. With trembling steps she moved here and there, seeking, yet dreading to find the form that had not been absent one moment from her thoughts during all these terrible hours of suspense. At last she found him, with stiffened limbs, pale lip and ashy cheek, his blue, sightless eyes turned up to the murky heavens.

"The forehead of her upright one, and just,  
Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust."

The sharp cry of agony with which she threw herself upon the dead body of her lover, aroused her. She raised up her head, and looked bewildered upon the familiar objects around her.

"Thank God, it was only a dream," she said, with a long sigh of relief.

She went out upon the piazza to get rid of the heaviness and lassitude that oppressed her. The sun was down, but the clouds upon the western horizon were tinged with crimson and gold. John had promised to walk out with her in the cool of the evening. Had he forgotten it? Or was he still angry with her?

As these questions passed through her mind, she heard the outside gate open, and turned her eyes eagerly toward the path that led to it. But it was only her little brother Arthur. He came running up the walk, nearly breathless with haste and excitement.

"O, Susan," he exclaimed, as soon as he observed her, "the seventh regiment is going to start in the morning, and the Ashland band will be here, and the firemen are coming out! And only think! Wyllis Burt isn't going, after all. John Arkright has taken his place, and—"

But Susan was gone. With a face from which every vestige of color had fled, she reached her own room. So he was going, she said to herself, and she was the cause of it. If he had decided that it was his duty to go, it would not have seemed half so terrible.

She thought of the strength and nobility of his nature, the tenderness of his heart. Never had he seemed so dear to her. Never had she realized how much, or in how many ways she should miss him. She recalled her dream, and felt that it was a prophecy, that she had seen him upon the field of battle, as he would lay ere long.

"And he was going without bidding her good-by. She could not have it so. She must see him!"

As she said this, she arose, and tying on her hat, and covering her light muslin dress with

a large dark mantle, stole out of the house. She passed rapidly along the nearly deserted streets, until she came to the pleasant little cottage where John lived with his widowed mother. She had never been inside of it, but had often looked at it admiringly, as it stood embowered in fruit and shade trees, rose-bushes and clustering vines, and never before without thinking that sometime it was to be her home as well as his.

She mounted the steps, and rang the bell. Mrs. Arkright came to the door. Susan almost dreaded to look into her face, feeling that she might justly reproach her with being the cause of the loss she was about to sustain, the support and companionship of her only child. But to her relief her countenance wore the same kind and placid look that was its prevailing expression, though she seemed somewhat surprised at her unexpected appearance.

"Is John in?" inquired Susan, falteringly.

"Yes. He complained of a headache, and has been at home nearly all the afternoon. Come into the parlor, and I'll speak to him."

Susan rose to her feet as she heard the sound of that step along the hall, and a moment later, the door opened and John entered. The cold, stern look faded from lip and brow as he looked upon her pale, agitated countenance.

"What has happened, Susan?" he inquired, in a tone of concern.

"O, John!" exclaimed Susan, "as though you did not know, and that it was the worst thing that could happen! Not that I mean to reproach you, for I know it is all my fault!"

Here poor Susan burst into tears. John made no reply, but gently drew her down to a seat beside him on the sofa, evidently waiting for her to explain. Susan misinterpreted this silence, for her cheeks flushed painfully.

"It may seem unmaidenly in me to come here unasked," she continued, raising her head from his shoulder; "but I felt as if I could not let you go away without telling you how sorry, how very sorry I am for what I said to you this morning. That wherever you go you will take my heart with you. That if you are killed, I shall not care to live!"

Here her head again dropped upon his shoulder. The expression upon John's countenance as he looked upon the weeping girl, was singularly conflicting; the eyes had a world of love and sympathy in them, while a half pleased, half regretful smile lingered around the mouth.

"So you really love me a little?" he said, making a vain effort to lift her forehead from his shoulder, so he could look into her eyes.

"I love you very much, John. I never knew how much until now," she replied, still keeping her face hid from him.

"And you don't want me to propose to Miss Ward?"

"O, John, please don't allude to those foolish words," said Susan, in such a tone of distress, that John was instantly sobered.

"Well, I won't, again," he said, in a very different tone. "But, Susan, when and how did you hear that I was going away?"

Susan told him.

"And did it never occur to you that I have a cousin with that name?"

Susan started, her eyes flashing with surprise and joy.

"Is it your cousin who is going?" she exclaimed.

"It isn't I," said John, smiling.

"O, John, I am so glad. It seems as if I was never half so happy before!"

"I, too, am very happy, Susan. Shall I tell you why this mistake has made me happy?" said John, looking down earnestly into the eyes that were lifted to his.

Susan guessed something of his meaning, for the lashes, still wet with tears, drooped, until they rested upon the flushed cheeks.

"It is because I was beginning to doubt, not my love for you, but yours for me. Because I was beginning to distrust my ability to make you as happy as I should wish my wife to be. Do you understand why, Susan?"

"I understand, John. And I will try never to give you reason to entertain any such fears again."

John kissed the sweet lips that spoke these gentle words.

"Dear Susan," he said, "you have such a kind, loving heart, and such an earnest desire to do right, that I am sure you will succeed; and as for me, I feel that I never fully understood you until now, and will, God helping me, be more patient with you than I have been." And they both kept their word.

Dear reader, a word in your ear. All lovers' quarrels do not terminate so happy. If you have won the love of a true and faithful heart, try it not too far. As the constant dropping of water will wear the hardest stone, so will frequent altercations, though followed by reconciliation, weaken the strongest affection, often planting in its stead indifference, if not positive aversion.

**SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.**

I left my love in England,  
 In poverty and pain;  
 The tears hung heavy in my eyes,  
 But hers came down like rain.  
 I gave her half of all I had,  
 Repressed the rising sigh;  
 For thinking of the days to come,  
 I kept my courage high.  
 "Farewell!" I said, "if seasons pass,  
 And sunshine follows rain,  
 And morning dawns on darkest night,  
 You'll see me back again."

I left my love in England,  
 And sailed the stormy sea,  
 To earn my bread by daily toil,  
 An honest man and free.  
 I wrought and strove from morn till night,  
 And saved my little store;  
 And every summer gave me wealth,  
 And made the little more.  
 At length I bought the field I ploughed,  
 The sunshine followed rain;  
 The morning dawned on heavy night,  
 And I went back again.

I sought my love in England,  
 And brought her o'er the sea;  
 A happy man, a happy wife,  
 To bless my home and me.  
 My farm is large, my wants are small,  
 I bid my cares depart,  
 And sit beneath my own oak tree,  
 With proud, yet grateful heart.  
 The children, smiling round the board,  
 Ne'er ask for bread in vain:  
 'Tis balmy morning after night—  
 'Tis sunshine after rain!

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[ORIGINAL.]

**JANIE'S LAST PAYMENT.**

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 BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.
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"WHAT are we going to do, Janie?"

Janie Hurst put back the child's brown curls, and kissed her broad white forehead.

"Sister'll take care of little No-no," she said, soothingly.

She did not see how she could do it, God knows; but she was strong in will and young—only eighteen years old. Those eighteen years had been full of health and comfort, and youth's hope. It seemed like a dream—her past life—when she found herself parentless and poor, with little Nell to take care of. Her parents had died within a week of each other; her father by a railroad accident, her

mother from the effects of grief. Creditors claimed the old house and its familiar furniture. Janie and Nell were thrust out into the world.

Janie had just ten dollars and her wardrobe. She went to a boarding-house in Boston. There, alone in their room, the sisters clung to each other—Nell looking up into Janie's brown eyes, Janie slowly smoothing back the child's curls, and gazing absently through the window into the busy street.

How was she to take care of herself and little "No-no," as her father had called the youngest? What work could she do? She had never worked at all, only to help her mother about the house sometimes. She could sew, but sewing for a living is sure starvation. She might teach school, but she had no influence to get her a school. She did not understand music or any trade; what could poor Janie do?

It was a rainy fall day. The rain dripped upon the great murky city, and splashed against the windows of Janie's room. It was almost twilight. She sat down in a great rocking-chair, and took Nell in her arms.

Whatever happened, the child must be shielded and protected. Nell must be fed, well-clothed, and sent to school. The blight of poverty and care must not fall upon her young life. Janie would stand between her and all sorrow. The girl's face had matured rapidly in a week, she felt so grave and responsible.

After supper she put Nell to bed, and sat down by the window, folding her arms on the sill, and looking down into the street. The sleek carriage horses trotted by, the job teams rattled over the pavements, the omnibuses rolled along with their own peculiar clatter. On the sidewalks, in the light from the shop windows, the pedestrians hurried swiftly by, jostling each other, turning off here and there. So many people, and not a friend for Janie among them all!

Her head ached, racking her brain for a clue to some kind of labor. To-morrow work must be found, for she had only money enough to pay a fortnight's board, and she must be earning some, or she and Nell would starve. Her thoughts took up every kind of labor she had ever heard of women doing. Suddenly type setting flashed on her mind; she could do that! She went to bed with a gleam of hope in her heart, sobbed through her prayer, as she thought of her mother, and at last fell asleep.

She dressed Nell, and took her to school the next morning; then she went down town to find the printing-offices. It astonished her to find how often she could be disappointed. It seemed as if all the publishers of Boston were in league against her. She began to feel shadowy and lost in the down town rush, and as if there was no place for her in the wide world; it was all taken up by others. But necessity is the strongest thing in life; she persevered because she could not stop.

She went into the B— office at last. With a kind of dreary hopelessness, anticipating disappointment, she asked for the editor, and was shown his sanctum. It was a large room; there were some gentlemen gathered in one corner, and none of them noticed her. She sat down wearily on a sofa near the door.

She had begun her task of finding work with a tremulous dread, but the morning's experience had steeled her into a kind of numb immobility. It even deadened her anxiety. She waited with a kind of stolid patience for the editor to discover himself. His name, she believed, was Savage.

The room was carpeted and handsomely furnished. Suddenly she saw what the gentlemen were attracted by. It was a painting set upon a table, facing the light—one of Gifford's splendid landscapes. She heard one of the gentlemen speak of it as his. She looked at him with a kind of sorrowful envy. He might have owned millions of dollars in real estate, and she would not have envied him; but to possess such an affluence of beauty as that frame of gilt enclosed, entitled her to jealousy. He was a small, dark, young, but not youthful-looking, man; erect, slight, full of nervous vigor.

"What will you take for it, Caverly?" asked one of the gentlemen of him.

"Not five thousand dollars!" he replied, quickly. "I believe Gifford has dissolved his soul into that sky, and will never paint another such picture. See the flush in the whole air! Look at those sweet sunset clouds over the mountain!"

"Pshaw! I've a Hubbard that is quite as handsome."

"Ah! Well, keep your picture, and I'll keep mine."

The two gentlemen came forward as they talked. One of them was a pompous-looking man; he spied Janie, and came towards her.

"Did you wish to see me?" he asked.

"I would like to see Mr. Savage."

"That is my name."

Janie explained her business, all the time watching the gentleman titled Caverly as he gave a negro boy directions about wrapping and carrying the picture to his house up town.

"You've never set type, Miss—?"

"Hurst. No, sir, I never have. I wish to learn."

"Well, my foreman will take you as an apprentice; but you will earn nothing for the first month."

"Nothing?"

"Not a cent; you must give a month to learn."

"I must earn something," said Janie. "I must earn my board."

"Do you write a good hand?"

"I believe so."

"One of my mailing clerks is sick. I will pay you something to assist the other at wrapping and superscribing the paper until he recovers—three dollars a week."

The offer was accepted; Janie went to work. It was all new, and strange, and hard. She had never known such strict application and excessive weariness before. But she persevered; her month's apprenticeship passed, still the sick clerk was not well, and so she was able to earn six dollars a week, for she set type with quite unusual rapidity for a beginner.

One evening she sat in her room, and thought that if she could buy furniture, and furnish lodging-rooms for herself, it would be a great deal better. It would not cost her so much to live, after the furniture was paid for, and then the place would seem more like a home for her and little "No-no."

She had just five dollars. With an enterprise developed by circumstances, she entered a furnishing warehouse the next day, and asked for the proprietor. A gentleman walking rapidly through the store was called.

"Mr. Caverly, this young lady wishes to see you," said the clerk.

The gentleman stopped. Janie recognized him as the owner of the splendid landscape painting by Gifford. He did not remember her, and was evidently in a hurry; he bowed, questioning her with his black eyes. She hesitated.

"I want some furniture," she said; "enough to furnish a room. I want to pay for it in installments. Do you ever do so?"

Mr. Caverly did not look at all pleased.

"Sometimes," he replied, "but I do not like to. It's a very troublesome way of doing business. If the payments are not made

promptly, it makes it very disagreeable for both parties."

"I will pay promptly," said Janie, rather faintly, for she was afraid she might not be able to.

"How much furniture do you want?"

"About twenty dollars' worth."

"And you will pay down—"

"Five dollars."

"A very small payment."

Janie's heart was sinking rapidly.

"It is the best I can do now," she said.

"In how many payments will you close the account?"

"I cannot do it in less than three more."

"Your name?"

"Janie Hurst."

"Business?"

"I am a compositor."

He nodded, turned on his heel, and walked rapidly to the rear of the store, requesting Janie to follow him.

"What articles do you want?" said he.

She selected a second-hand sofa-bedstead at six dollars, a cylinder stove at a dollar and a half, a small table, chairs, mattress and bedding, a few dishes, and a pair of window curtains. The whole amount came to just twenty dollars, as she had calculated.

When the selection was completed, Mr. Caverly led the way to his office adjoining the salesroom. He gave her a receipt for five dollars, directed her to sign a paper entitling him to a bill of sale of the furniture, if the payments were not made in order as specified, which she did. Then he asked where the furniture was to be sent. Janie replied that she would let him know in the morning, and departed, feeling a heavier responsibility than ever before resting on her shoulders.

She was fortunate enough to find a pleasant room, with a large, light closet, at the rate of a dollar a week, during the forenoon. In the afternoon she went to the office, and worked as swiftly as possible.

That evening she took Nell on her lap, and told her that they were going to have a little home of their own. They could be quiet and happy all alone. No-no could have baked apples every night at supper, and she, Janie, had bought her a mug with "Nell" painted on the outside. No-no's mistrust of Janie's anxiety was not proof against her seven years and prospect of baked apples, and she was as glad and happy as her sister could have wished to see her.

The furniture was ordered to be sent to

Janie's room, and arrived the next afternoon. She and Nell went there that night. The rest of the house was empty, to be occupied by a tenant the next day. Nell jumped about the empty room, calling to hear the echo, but Janie went busily to work. She washed the painted floor, put up the curtains, and arranged the furniture; the room looked very neat when all was done. One or two small pictures, which had been her mother's, were hung on the walls. The table was covered with her books, the fire glowed brightly, and Nell looked so happy in possession of her painted mug, that Janie's tired heart warmed. The sofa-bedstead was very comfortable; both slept soundly that night.

Through the succeeding weeks Janie worked with a feverish anxiety; every nerve was strained to earn a requisite amount weekly. Practice at her work increased her wages, but when she came to earn seven dollars a week, inclusive of the weekly pay for her assistance at mailing, the absent clerk returned, and she had then only her four dollars for type-setting. It took three dollars a week for her expenses at the most rigid rates of living, so when the third fortnight came around she had only two dollars for Mr. Caverly.

Her second payment had been made promptly. Mr. Caverly had smiled a little when she entered, handed her the receipt, and she had gone away with a light heart. But the third payment was due, and she lacked three dollars; she was terrified. The amount was very little in itself, but, under the circumstances, it was a great deal to her. Apart from her two dollars, poor Janie was like the man who declared that if steamboats were selling at a cent apiece, he couldn't buy a gangway plank. At last she remembered that the foreman of the office had been kind to her, and she ventured to ask a loan of him. It was kindly granted.

Inexpressibly relieved, she went to Mr. Caverly's store that evening; he was not in—was at his house, the clerk said. It was the evening of the day on which the money became due. Janie had been requested to come to the office early the next morning for the purpose of correcting a proof. She would have no opportunity to see Mr. Caverly again until the next evening. She did not believe it would answer if she delayed another day; so she asked for Mr. Caverly's address, and it was given her.

She walked fast up town, for Nell would be



waiting for her supper. The house was on Shawmut Avenue; she found it one of a handsome block, a silver plate marked "Caverly" on the door. The negro lad she had once seen in Mr. Savage's office opened the door. She asked for Mr. Caverly, and was shown into the warm, luxurious parlors; the rooms were unoccupied. She had time to mark the Hiltten carpets, the rosewood and velvet furniture, and the rich bastecks and ottomans, before Mr. Caverly appeared. Exquisite paintings by old masters and young artists were upon the walls, among them the magnificent landscape by Gifford. She could not help contrasting the luxurious apartments with her own little room which she worked so hard to support. It seemed cruel to her for so rich a man as Caverly to take from her the money which she rose up and offered him as he entered. He bowed as he received it.

"I am sorry you were troubled to come to the house," he said, courteously.

"The money is due to-day, and you were not at the store," said Janie.

He merely bowed again; he did not say kindly, as Janie thought he would do, for courtesy's sake, that the payment would have sufficed if made the following day. He just wrote a receipt, and handed it to her. Then he followed her to the door, and bowed her out.

Janie, in the street, hurrying home to Nell, came to the conclusion that Mr. Caverly might be a man of thorough breeding and fine artistic tastes, but he lacked humanity—was proud and selfish. Having said this over to herself, her lips pressed hard together, and with a sore pain in her heart, she went home as fast as possible, cooked fritters for Nell's supper, told her a story, made her a riddle, and sung her to sleep. The next payment she looked forward to blankly; she did not see how it was ever to be made.

A week later, Nell awoke one morning with heavy eyes and crimson cheeks. Her breath came short; she cried with the pain of her head. In dismay, Janie called a physician; he pronounced Nell sick with scarlet fever. Janie's alarm battled down her despair. What would she do, if little No-no died? For four days she was racked with anxiety; then the crisis came, turned favorably, and Nell began to recover. But Janie could not go to work for a long time hence, she knew, when her fortnight had expired, and she was not only penniless, but in debt, and her last payment due.

Her difficulties overcame her at last; she cried bitterly, the next day, when the time for the payment was passed, and it was not made. The bill of sale Mr. Caverly held entitled him to reclaim the goods; she believed he was hard and practical, and strictly business-like enough to do it. She had no hope from the expectation of a reprieve; she did not even intend to ask one.

As she sat by the window, holding Nell in her lap, she saw Mr. Caverly suddenly coming towards the house. He was on the opposite side of the street; he crossed, seized two horses by the bridles, and made a passage for himself between them, as they stood at the curbstone; then he sprang up the steps, and she heard the door-bell ring. She was heart-sick as he entered the room.

"Good morning, Miss Hurst!" he said. "I called concerning the payment due yesterday."

"I cannot pay it," Janie said, quietly. She could not look at him, but bent over Nell.

"Have you nothing for me?"

"Nothing."

There was a moment's silence. Then Mr. Caverly walked across the room to Janie's side.

"You have yourself," he said. "Your gentle heart, your brave spirit, your truth, your purity, your sweet face. Do you call these nothing?"

Janie looked up at him, her brown eyes wide open with astonishment. He put out his hand.

"Give me what you have. My name, and the devotion of my life, I will give you in return. Do you understand me, Janie?"

Janie gazed a moment into the dark face, transfigured by tenderness.

"You love me?" she murmured, confusedly.

"I do. What shall your last payment be, Janie?"

"Myself," she answered, putting her hands in his.

Philip Caverly was perfectly satisfied with it. He ought to have been, for Janie Hurst proved the richest blessing of his life.

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A man should live in or near a large town, because, let his own genius be what it may, it will repel quite as much of agreeable and valuable talent as it draws, and, in a city, the total attraction of all the citizens is sure to conquer, first or last, every repulsion, and drag the most improbable hermit within its walls some day in his year.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MISTAKEN MISSION.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"I HAVE but one pang in dying."

These words came from lips already as white as the sea-foam, and the voice that spoke them was a woman's. Beside her lay the "one pang," in the shape of a little rosy girl, who bore some resemblance to the pale mother, but who was the picture of health itself. It was a lovely child, of perhaps two or three years at most, and promised even at that early age, to possess the fatal charm of beauty. Her mother's voice, feeble as it was, awoke her, and she stretched out the little fat, dimpled hands towards her. The dying woman tried to gather her child to her bosom, but the effort was too mighty for her feeble strength.

Her movement aroused the sleeping nurse in the armchair by the fire, and she came forward with a half-fretful exclamation at having her nap disturbed. It was three, in the morning, as she ascertained by the little French toy of a clock over the mantel-piece. She smoothed the quilt, gave her patient an opiate, saw the little child's eyelids droop into a sweet slumber, and throwing herself upon a couch within reach of the lady's arm, she sank into a deep sleep, from which she did not awaken until the broad sun was streaming into the room. She sprung upon her elbow to look at her charge. Little Alice slept the sleep of fresh young life. The mother's was deeper—more profound.

"Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,  
Never, bowed down with earthly grief, again  
To hide the head."

She had gone home—sweet, beautiful Alice Bland! She had left the fair, laughing earth, before her child could know her loss, or mourn for her even with a child's quickly dried tear; left her babe a pensioner upon the crumbs of love which the world might throw out to her. The child had a father; but he had left his home—deserted the pale woman who had knelt to him but the day before to entreat him to be good to his child. Alas! she shrunk from leaving her in such hands!

Few men had enjoyed so many advantages of talent, wealth and position as Lewis Bland. Born a genius, he had wasted his young days in determining what profession he should pursue, when, just as he attained his twenty-second

year, his uncle died and left him a fortune. A few years had dissipated it in a measure; but it was again renewed by his marriage with the heiress of Colonel Kenneth, whose large possessions had attracted a multitude of gold-hunting suitors to his daughter's feet.

She turned away from all. Her restraints, though made with the gentleness which had always characterized her, were firm and decided; and no lover, however deeply attached to herself or her gold, ever committed the folly of risking a second repulse from the sweet but spirited Alice Kenneth.

There was one among the young men of Londonville, who had never thus spoken. As the defeated suitors, one by one fell away, mortified and disheartened, he was almost tempted to risk adding himself to the number; but he could not gather courage to bear a refusal, and loved on silently.

During a brief absence from home, Andrew Murray heard of Alice Kenneth's sudden marriage with young Bland. It came like a thunder stroke upon him, for, down deep in his heart, almost unknown to himself, there lingered a hope that one day, when he had achieved something worthy of her love, she might be induced to think of him—but now!

"What can be the reason of Andrew Murray's new fancy for a sailor's life?" asked a young lady of her father at an assembly.

A slight nod toward the figure of the bride, as she stood opposite them in the door, told the tale intelligibly enough to the questioner. Alice Bland heard it and crimsoned to the temples as she saw the mute answer. She had suspected Murray's love, but she was fascinated by Lewis Bland, inferior as he was to her. Some said that it was his beauty (he was far too handsome for a man) had witched the heart out of the heiress. Whatever it was, they were married, and Andrew Murray was on his way to India.

If Alice had been caught by outward attractions, it was a short-lived fancy, for Lewis Bland's beauty was soon obscured in her eyes by his bad temper. Violence, abuse, by both tongue and hand, were the portion of the delicate girl, and ere she had dared to disclose her sufferings to her father, he died.

What to her was the large fortune, which by this sad event became hers? Lewis squandered all that he could by any possibility lay hold on; and after quarrelling with and shooting his best friend, he deserted his wife, carrying with him all her available property. In the midst of all this, little Alice Bland was

born—her infant face watered by an inauspicious shower of tears before a day's life had been accorded to her. And in a few days the little creature was an orphan indeed.

Had it not been for one true friend, the heiress of Colonel Kenneth would have been tended and buried only by hireling hands.

Octavia Austin, a lady past middle age, who had been the governess of Alice, and who had never lost sight of her charge, and who now mourned less her death than her marriage to Lewis Bland, arrived a few hours after she died. To her the bewildered servants gladly gave up all responsibility, and under her direction the funeral was conducted.

Miss Austin had no hesitation in installing herself in the house as mistress, even before she knew that Alice had written a letter to be given her, in the event of not surviving her confinement, asking her to do so.

No solitary nursery at the top or the back of the house, received the little girl's cradle. It was placed in a quiet room beside the parlor, where, when awake, the baby was regularly brought. Here, amidst all kindness and gentle rule, she remained, growing up buoyant and happy, as if no cloud had marred the sky of her infant being.

Miss Austin was what is called an old maid; but not the less had she the tact and ability to rear her young charge. Never crowding her with knowledge unsuited to her tender years, she sought, first of all, to make a "healthy animal" of her, before she made a parade of her mental strength. People say in derision "old maid's children are finely governed." The event proved an unexpected fact. Miss Austin's child was far more perfectly governed than most children, even of sensible married women. She was wise, judicious and far-seeing; never sacrificing an ultimate good for a present seeming advantage. She abhorred precocious sentiment and precocious knowledge, and would as soon have fed Alice with mince pie and plum pudding, as she would have encouraged any expression of feeling unsuited to her tender years.

News came that Lewis Bland was dead, and the good governess was human enough to rejoice that now she was sole parent to little Alice. The child herself was mainly like her mother, good and gentle, but with a spice of Lewis Bland in her that sometimes made it difficult to rule her rightly. It was worth while to manage such a spirit—mind, I said *manage*, not *tame*, and Miss Austin possessed the ability, combined with the true love which,


like music, is powerful to subdue even the savage.

Enough of the scattered remnants of the fortune left by Colonel Kenneth remained, to maintain his grand-daughter handsomely. Miss Austin, too, was perfectly independent—the result of many years' teaching.

Years passed—Alice Bland was no longer a child. And now came the inevitable episode which comes to every girl. "Another love story?" you will say. Well, why not? Every day the world might count its thousands, perhaps its millions, as it counts its births and deaths, of these episodes, these love passages. They are ever new, ever recurring, yet old as the everlasting hills, or at least but a week younger than they, for they originated with the first man and the first woman. And ever since, the sweet delicious dream has been going on, sometimes growing into a life long beauty, but sometimes, alas! dashed with a bitterness that turns the whole world into gall.

And so, like all the daughters of men, Alice Bland was in love. No one wondered at her choice, for John Carroll was one of whom any woman might be proud. He was handsome, intelligent, amiable, and loved Alice with true affection. He had a weakness, as all have, but as yet it was hidden from her sight. It is fortunate when wives can always remain blind. There was no one to consult. Miss Austin advised a delay until further acquaintance, but as there was no real impediment, they waived her objection, and declared that they could not know more of each other's characters if they waited for years. And Miss Austin acquiesced, feeling that there was a reasonable chance that they might be right; except that, in her inmost heart, there was the shadow of a fear that Alice was too changeable in her feelings to promise an uninterrupted life of sunshine, such as the good spinster believed that married life ought to be.

Before they had been wedded a year, Alice discovered a flaw in her statue of perfection. John Carroll lacked manliness. He had not that strength of mind that could rule her in her quick angry moods. She would have liked to acknowledge him as her master. He yielded as a slave, and her disappointment increased at last, to positive disgust.

The birth of her little Edward reconciled them awhile. He was the father of her boy, and she shuddered to think that she might at last hate him. And yet John Carroll had all the qualities which she had bargained for. 

her blind admiration of his beauty, she had forgotten that his strength of mind might not equal it; and her overwrought sentiment soon demanded that he should feel precisely on every point as she did. This was impossible. Each beheld the world in a different light from the other. In proportion as the enthusiasm of Alice increased, that of John seemed dull and cold. All the love that ever one mortal bore another was lavished by him, but she turned from the sacrifice because she did not deem the high priest's garments were of the strongest texture, pure and white though they were. Every day men and women draw apart from their duty and from their love, for just such miserable distinctions as these.

Miss Austin, though far from being a meddler, told Alice when she was to blame, but in vain. Flying from her own thoughts, Alice renewed an old love of music that had been all at once laid aside when her fancy for John Carroll commenced. She became acquainted with musical people, experienced the fascination of their company, and took part in private concerts. All this was a sore trial to John. He thought woman was never so beautiful, so worthy of a holy love, as when she made the centre of the home circle. Alice, watching her baby's slumbers, seemed far more angelic than when standing beside the huge-bearded tenor who crooped his long neck over her in a way that fairly maddened John; but he was powerless to keep her away.

Four—five—six years! Edward is a large boy, the idol of his father. The musical world had spoiled Alice Carroll for a wife and mother. Her whole soul was borne up in the triumphs which her really fine talents were gaining for her. John's remonstrance only confirmed her in her course. Miss Austin seconded them in vain.

"And what do you propose to do?" asked her faithful friend, who saw with anguish, the hopes which she had formed of her pupil give way.

"I shall sing in public, maintain myself, and become independent of one so thoroughly incapable of understanding me as John is."

Miss Austin sent forth a deep cry at the thought.

"A public singer! You? Alice Bland?"

"Why not? It is respectable, surely."

"So it may be for some—but not for you. And your boy, Alice, can you leave him?"

"Ah, if he were a girl, I could have him with me; but he needs a father; only that even John is not able to manage him."

"Alice, you talk as if you were going to separate from John."

"And so I am. John will not hear of my singing in public, so I have no alternative."

And she repeated this to her husband, who, with all the eloquence of which he was capable, besought her to stay, and give up her mad project. John neglected his affairs and stayed moodily at home, while Alice went every night of the engagement of a new opera troupe, to which she was escorted by a musical friend, of whose character her husband was doubtful. She said that was all prejudice.

A few weeks later, and Alice announced her intention of going to New York to join a band of singers who had assigned her a conspicuous place. John felt that the last tie was broken. It was on the third day from her departure, that he received a letter, bidding him farewell. Such incompatibility of temper and sentiment could produce nothing, she wrote, but misery. She bequeathed Edward to his care and Miss Austin's. She had no hatred towards him, but, as an indifference that nothing could rouse into a livelier feeling.

It is little use trying to describe John Carroll's state of mind. It was even above imagination. Unable to bear his loneliness, he wished to go away, and yielding to his impulse, he started upon a long journey, taking his child with him; while Miss Austin, determined not to lose sight of Alice, went to New York.

Short indeed was the triumph of the mistaken woman. A violent cold, that destroyed her voice, blighted her prospects of wealth and fame. While her husband and child were travelling, she was confined to her room, unable to speak save in a whisper, and with eyes that the mingled effects of the cold and tears had faded and dimmed. Thus Miss Austin found her—deserted by her friends, whom she could not minister to their advantage, and suffering from shame and remorse.

The patient governess took her home—not to the one they had occupied—but to a little neat cottage by the seaside. Here she passed three years in perfect solitude, save for one companion. Sickness had proved a kind friend to Alice. It showed her her own faults and her husband's goodness in a new light, and it taught her that if we expect perfection, we must be perfect ourselves. Not in the days of her childhood, was she so gentle and patient as now.

Many are the mysterious letters which Miss Austin receives and sends away. If Alice

had but common curiosity, it would arouse it; but she has no heart for anything. Her self-respect is gone, and what remains, when that has fled?

But cheer up, sad heart! Over the blue waves comes one who can forgive thee all, whose great love can overlook the wrongs he has endured. A kind, patient friend has told him of thy repentance, and John Carroff has a stronger, nobler heart than poor, mistaken Alice had given him credit for. Thy own follies have proved thy severest discipline. One hour more and that discipline will have been merged into the noblest, truest forgiveness that ever woke gratitude in a woman's heart.

#### ENGLISH GHOSTS.

The *Laancet* states that there has lately been exhibited in London an admirable illustration of what science can do when it condescends to take the field against imposture. It forms the subject of a lecture at the Polytechnic Institution, in the course of which is displayed a most ingenious contrivance wherewith any amount of very highly-finished ghosts can be produced to order. Thus Mr. Pepper, the lecturer, raises by the aid of a strong light, a mirror, a few lenses, and some smoke. Even an audience such as in *Æsop's* time preferred the imitation of a pig to the genuine squeak of a pinched porker, could not refuse the merit of superior ghost-making to the scientific device at the Polytechnic, which will do more to upset the lingering faith in the foolish and wicked superstitions about ghosts than a considerable amount of reasoning or argument.

#### CHILDREN.

It is said that man would be little better than a savage but for woman. With equal truth we may assert, both men and women would be hard and selfish beings but for children. These call out, and refine, and soften the best feelings of the parental heart. Their little needs are so many, and their simple innocence so affecting, and their very caprices so winning, that love and attention flow out of them almost instinctively. That must be a hardened nature which can be unmoved by the soft touch, and playful childishness, and hundred little pranks of a baby.—*Saturday Press*.

Never put it in any one's head to do you a mischief, by acquainting him that it is in his power.

#### A PARTY OF SLAVES.

Just before reaching the boats we came upon a large party of female slaves on their way down to Cairo, where, in the lottery of the slave market, they were to pass to new masters. They were penned like sheep in a range of little huts, formed by hanging matting round a clump of palm trees, which spread their grateful shade above. It was most amusing as we drew near, to see the rush they made to gain cover, and how they ducked their heads under the matting to avoid being seen, though curiosity, the weak point of their sex, brought up again many a bright pair of eyes to look at us as we passed. They were nearly all young girls, varying in age from twelve to sixteen, and a merrier set could not be met with. The woods rang with their pleasant laughter, and one might have thought—what perhaps was not very far from the truth—that in place of now entering the house of bondage, they had left it behind in their own country. Their masters, from all we could learn, are uniformly kind to them, and whenever we encountered a party, we found that the girls were much attached to the head of the caravan. The bevy we now saw were from Abyssinia—whence, indeed, most of the female slaves of Egypt are drawn—and was destined, as the Abyssinian girls usually are, for the Turkish harems, or as wives of shopkeepers and affluent Arabs. Their color was a glossy black; they were exceedingly well made, and had bright, cheerful faces, lit up by sparkling black eyes.—*Travels in the East*.

HOW RACES DIE OUT.—The method in which lower races fuse into or escape from the higher is a mystery in its causes, but well understood in its result. The lower race loses its productiveness, and some dozens of extinct tribes, like the extinct genera of animals, attest this. The Red Indians of America, the native race of Peru and the aborigines of Australia are living examples of this rule. In fourteen years, a living traveller says, the aboriginal inhabitants of Tasmania, although numbering upwards of a thousand, did not give birth to more than fourteen children. We may rest assured that at this rate any class of beings will soon exhaust itself.

#### WOMAN.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;  
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;  
'Tis modesty that makes them seem divine.

SHAKESPEARE.

[ORIGINAL.]

## SWIMMING.

BY CARRIE CALDERWOOD.

Higher minds seek for progression,  
 Lowlier ones but for possession;  
 These to have, and these to be;  
 While some boast their pedigree;  
 Thus it is the wide world through,  
 Some to have, and some to do.

Surely no man notes events  
 With a cool indifference;  
 There are some who strive to hide  
 All emotion 'neath their pride;  
 But the smallest drop of rain  
 Falls at no man's feet in vain.

So I thought, as by the way,  
 On a dreary autumn day,  
 Once a child, with raiment tattered,  
 Whose bright locks the wild winds scattered  
 I heard cry, "Look, look and see!  
 All this mud belongs to me."

Many feel, but few confess,  
 How a trivial thing may bless;  
 Some who've long been seeking joy,  
 At length, like the ragged boy,  
 Ope their hearts and let content  
 Enter with the next event.

It is well if but a trifle  
 Pleases; yet not well to stifle  
 Yearnings for the good supernatural—  
 Cravings born in the eternal.  
 Mind, that ne'er can find its rest  
 Till it is supremely blest.

[ORIGINAL.]

## CONFIDENCES.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

It is such a relief to speak one's mind! I'm very sure that I should have been extinguished years ago—angrily laid to rest under a green hillock with a pallid marble to enshrine my name, such as I saw last night in the village churchyard and which gave me the heart-ache—if it had not been for the habit I have of telling my troubles. There may be some perplexity in the choice of a confidant. One's husband will do at a pinch, or if one isn't married a sister or intimate friend, better still a mother. I have always thought, however, that one should have half a dozen confidants, more or less, for reasons that I shall presently

show you are wise ones. You know capacities differ. Your husband, for example, cannot be expected to understand your annoyance because Mrs. Ayres patronizes you at the sewing-circle, and ignores you at Esquire Dillon's dinner-party, and how can your dear unmarried friend appreciate your grief when the joint comes from the oven half done, or the cake has a heavy line at the bottom? Above all how absurd you would look telling Araminta a few of the charming things said to you at the dance. Ten to one she would think you a silly little peacock, and turn green with jealousy, when the truth would be, that your heart was just overrunning with a girl's innocent gratification at finding yourself somebody in the great world.

So you perceive it will not do to give too many confidences to one person, and in default of the half dozen friends of as many different capacities, there is nothing more suitable than a sheet of pure, white paper. With your sheet before you there is no hindrance to a full outpouring of whatever lies most heavily upon your mind. You get no uncomprehending starts as you relate your troubles, no absurd advice from somebody's standpoint, as unsuited to you as another person's glove or bonnet would be, no affected condolences, no contemptuous pity, no self-satisfied intimations that it's "all your own fault." You write and write till you fill page after page, and you have wearied nobody but yourself—unless you publish what you have written.

So ever since I became Mrs. Doctor Willard I have kept a journal, and it is, I assure you, a real pleasure to look over the manuscript and see what was happening this day five years ago, no matter if it be no more important occurrence than the cutting of the baby's first tooth, or the scorching of my husband's coat as he stood too near the office stove.

In looking over my little book the other day, it seemed to me that the story of my life wouldn't be quite uninteresting. You know moralists say that the history of any life is worth knowing if truly told, and I am sure I can tell the truth at any rate.

And first and foremost let me make the confession that in the early years of my married life I came near ruining my husband. A terrible thing for a loving little wife to do, wasn't it? But I did it out of the innocence of my heart, and not by any foolish expenditure of money or reputation.

When we returned from our trip to the White Mountains, the carriage set us down at

the door of a pleasant house in the village of N——. It was a pretty pastoral place, with its rows of trees each side the way, its Mount Prospect with a fine view over the country, its ponds lying away in the valleys, its common and its streets of neat houses and blooming gardens.

Our house was old and picturesque, but still convenient and tasteful, just my ideal of what a house should be. I detest the huge, square boxes, and their strong contrasts of green and white, with just so many rooms this side of the door and just so many the other. Our house, on the contrary had cosy little rooms where you would never have expected to find them, and darling niches, looking as if a foreshadowing of my piano and whatnot and great arm-chair had haunted the builders' brain when they were arranged. It was painted a soft brown, which harmonised admirably with the foliage of the grand old elms that swept the roof. There was a portico in front shaded by masses of trumpet honeysuckle intertwined with wild clematis and woodbine. A neat, grassy walk ran down to the gate, and each side of this were beds new gay with London pride and sweet-williams and petunias. As for the rest of the garden, it was a jingle of morning glories, nasturtions and roses.

You may imagine what a delight it was to furnish and adorn this little nest, and for a week or two Edgar and I were very busy about it. Not that he was with me all the time. Some tiresome person was sure to be taken ill just when I wanted him most, and then perhaps I would not see him again till midnight.

By-and-by I had everything arranged, and the calls began to come. As the claims of his profession occupied the most of the doctor's time, I was usually obliged to entertain the visitors alone. They were very different people from any I had ever before seen, and, young and city-bred as I was, I was often perfectly at a loss what to do with them. Among the earliest came Mrs. Parsons, the minister's wife. She seated herself stiffly in my easiest chair, and coolly took a survey of the appointments of my room, ending the proceeding by a careful scrutiny of myself. I confess to a little embarrassment.

"Are you a member of the church?" she inquired, abruptly, after I had exhausted every topic I could think of in trying to find one to her taste.

I awkwardly owned that I was not. She looked at me severely.

"Neither is your husband, I believe?"

Poor Edgar! I tried to soften her judgment by some little statements which I thought might mitigate the offence, but she looked inextinguishable.

"Our late, lamented Doctor Galen," she remarked, solemnly, "was an efficient member of the church, and so also was his wife. I was in the habit of looking to Mrs. Galen for assistance in my arduous duties, and never in vain. Mrs. Galen was above the vanities of this world. She was zealous of good works, and careless of her own personal adornment."

My pretty blue muslin fluttered as if it was ashamed of itself, and its owner stammered out that "no doubt Mrs. Galen was a very good woman."

I re-acted the scene that evening for Edgar's benefit, and while he laughed till the tears came, he yet said gravely, "You must not offend Mrs. Parsons, Fanny. They're always ill, and have already sent for me once or twice."

That evening Edgar had promised to help me tie up the honeysuckle, which in the freedom of its summer growth had fallen into a state of uncivilized entanglement. We were busily engaged about this when we heard the front gate click, and directly a boy rushed in, and exclaimed, breathlessly:

"O, doctor, will you come over to 'Squire Jones's just as quick as you can? He's fell down stairs and most killed himself," and having delivered his message the youthful mercury was off in a twinkling.

"O, dear me! Strange people can't have more discretion," I said, playfully. "Any other time would have done just as well for falling down stairs."

Edgar laughed and went away, saying:

"If anybody calls say I'm gone to 'Squire Jones's."

I gave up the honeysuckle after a few ineffectual attempts to reach the tallest sprays, and went in. I was trying to keep up my practice as well as I could, and so I sat down to the piano and began playing over some old airs. Two hours passed in this way when my music was interrupted by a violent ring at the door bell. I opened the door and confronted a plebeian looking man, who asked if the doctor was in.

"No, he has gone out."

"Know where he's gone?"

Dear me! was it possible I had forgotten?

"It was some common name," I said, hesitating.



"Was it Perkins, or Carlin, or Mosely?"

"No, none of those."

"Blake, Hatch, Mosely?" continued my questioner.

I shook my head. "It was some one who has fallen down stairs."

"O, most likely it's old Tubbs, then. He's ailers fallin' some'er," and the man went off.

I was so sorry for my forgetfulness, that I could have cried, and so glad on the other hand that my blessed husband was a good-tempered man and wouldn't think of scolding, that I didn't feel a bit like it.

Edgar did not come home until morning. He looked tired and I didn't leave him with questions till he had eaten his breakfast; then with many rueful apologies I confessed my forgetfulness the evening before.

"Never mind. They probably sent for Doctor Dorem, but I dare say it is no great loss. Squire Jones, on the contrary, is a valuable patient."

"Is he badly hurt? How did he happen to fall?"

"Got drunk—broken arm—dislocated limb—bruises—rather a serious case," said my husband, between his bits of bread and butter. "Quite a windfall," he added, presently.

"You barbarous man!" Edgar laughed. "I suppose if I were to fall out of the second story window you would consider it a godsend, if I were not your wife. What heartless pagans doctors are!"

"Don't be too bad, pet. Of course I'm sorry for the man, but then I appreciate my own good fortune."

After breakfast Edgar went out to go his rounds, and I employed myself about my usual morning work. About an hour before dinner I was interrupted by a call from Miss Quizzum, a very agreeable lady, and one who seemed to have a great deal of leisure on her hands. To tell the truth I was a little afraid of Miss Quizzum.

"I have been so vexed on your account this morning, Mrs. Willard," she began. "I talked myself hoarse defending you."

"Why, what have I done?" I asked, wondering.

"Nothing at all, I presume, but there is a ridiculous story afloat that one of those Ruggleses was here for the doctor, and you were playing on the piano, and couldn't remember where he had gone. I was so angry—it was so unlikely that you should be so neglectful of the doctor's interests, and just married, too—and as for the piano, I'm sure you've a right

to play if you choose, providing you don't neglect anything else for it. I defended you with all my power, I assure you, Mrs. Willard."

"Thank you, Miss Quizzum. What you heard was quite true, however. I did forget that my husband had gone to Squire Jones's."

"Indeed! well, that was a pity, and Ruggles went right off and got Doctor Dorem. He said if a doctor didn't know better than to marry a woman that spent her time playing on the piano, and letting their husband's business go to ruin, they must bear the consequences. Spiteful old thing! And Squire Jones—poor man! Was he much hurt?"

"He broke his arm."

"Indeed!"

"And dislocated his ankle."

"How you talk!"

"And was somewhat bruised."

"Do tell! poor man, I'm afraid he will never get over it. How came he to fall? was he—" I glanced at Miss Quizzum. She nodded. "I thought so. I told mother—says I, 'mother, you may depend upon it Squire Jones was drunk.' Was he very drunk?"

"The doctor didn't give me any particulars," I replied.

"Well, I hope it will be a lesson to him," said Miss Quizzum, as she rose to go, after another half hour spent in the endeavor to elicit material for gossip.

It set in raining that day, and the afternoon was cold and gloomy. It was August now, and the cooler days of this month have in them a touch of autumn. One puts away light garments and brings out warmer ones, thinking that the summer is past.

In the evening we had a bright fire in the parlor, and experienced the first impression of what our winter fireside would be. Only here we realize fully the meaning of the word home. The genial warmth, the cosy angle, the drawn curtains, the ruddy light, the singing urn are the elements that make up household comfort. In the summer we are more romantic, life has more gipsy freedom, our thoughts are diffused rather than concentrated, as they become when snows block up the highways and the four walls of our dwelling shut us in.

So as I poured the tea for my husband we talked of the happy winter evenings, and agreed in thinking that after all nothing was so pleasant as each other's society.

Then the doctor told me what he had done that day, how Fanner Andrews was getting over his rheumatism, and Dolly Allen well-re-

covering from her fever, and how Father's wife would give all the powder to her sick child at once, on the principle that if one was good, half a dozen were better.

The hours slipped away till suddenly Edgar exclaimed, "I declare, Fanny, it's nine o'clock. I meant to run into Squire Jones's again for a moment, but you've bewitched me to-night, just as you used to in the old times." Just now the door bell rang, loud and long, the wire shivering along its whole length. "What is up now, I wonder?" said the doctor, not quite pleased at the prospect of going out again.

"I'll go to the door, Edgar." I went, and met an Irish servant girl.

"If ye please, ma'am, ye'll give this to the docthor," and drawing a large red arm from beneath her shawl, she thrust a note into my hand and turning away clattered down the walk.

"What is it?" I said, wondering. It was addressed to Doctor Willard.

"Open it," said my husband.

I did so, and he looked over my shoulder as I read the following:

"DOCTOR WILLARD—sir, you are hereby notified that you need not call any more at Squire Joneses. He has sent for Doctor Dozem. I don't want any doctor that slanders his patience. JOHN JONES JR., Esq."

Edgar and I looked at each other in great amazement. "What in the name of all that's wonderful does the man mean?" said Edgar, at last. "That slanders his patients! Why, I haven't mentioned his name except to tell some one how he is." I was silent. A little light was creeping upon me, presently it grew clearer, but I dared not trust myself to speak.

"I slander my patients. Some shameless gossip has lost me the best patient I had," said my husband, indignantly.

"O, Edgar, I'm afraid I'm to blame for it all," I burst forth.

"You, Fanny?" My husband would have been more than mortal if he hadn't looked a shade sterner than usual, as he waited to hear my explanation. This was the added feather that broke me down. I sobbed pitifully, and, of course, the doctor was ready at once to forgive any and everything.

"Miss Quizsum was in here this morning, and she asked for Squire Jones, and I believe I admitted that you said he was drunk when he fell down stairs," I said, brokenly.

"Confound Miss Quizsum! But don't cry,

Fanny—don't make yourself miserable. Perhaps the 'quire will get over it."

"I hope he won't get over this fall," I said, wretchedly, my tears stopping as my anger rose. Edgar took up the note.

"Isn't this a precious document? Stand on his patience! By Japhet, Faa, I don't know as I am sorry you did it. We'll make our fortune out of this."

"And there was that man last night—what was his name—something like a carpet, wasn't it—yes, Ruggles. I shall ruin you, Edgar," I said, mournfully.

"Never mind the Joneses and the Ruggleses, Fanny. If this place won't do, another will. The world is all before us where to choose."

"Only yesterday Mrs. Parsons was congratulating me that you were gaining upon Doctor Dozem."

"So I am, and so I shall be in spite of this. But what a nuisance gossip is."

"Malicious gossip!"

"Yes, and thoughtless gossip, though I'm inclined to think this belongs to the malicious class."

In process of time Squire Jones got well under Doctor Dozem's treatment, and though he left off speaking to my husband, and his wife and daughters cut my acquaintances when I met them by accident, there were no more open indications of hostility. I tried to be more circumspect, and succeeded in keeping Miss Quizsum aloof, but little things were constantly made a pretence of for a quarrel, and our household and its doings were the subjects of constant annoying criticism. By-and-by matters came to a crisis, through an occurrence which amused us much at the time.

One still, summer evening, just about twilight, a large travelling carriage, partially closed, yet not so as to conceal the fact that there were ladies within, drove through the village. It stopped at the hotel, and a servant who sat with the driver alighted and inquired the way to Doctor Willard's. The direction was given, and the carriage drove on. These facts came out as the interest in the affair grew.

It was almost dark when the carriage stopped at our own door. Edgar answered the ring, and in reply to something said by the man who rung, I heard him exclaim in a tone of surprise, "Mrs. Stanley! I will go out to her!" Looking from the window, I saw him go to the carriage and shake hands with a lady within; then, after a few minutes' con-

versation, he handed the lady out, and the servant, reaching into the vehicle, drew forth some bulky, indefinable, dark object, and holding it very carefully, followed my husband and the lady to the house. The whole party went into the doctor's office. Presently Edgar came to the parlor door and said:

"Fanny, this lady is Mrs. Stanley, an old friend of mine. I have something to do for her. Do not let us be disturbed."

He went back again, and a low, long conversation occurred. The servant who had accompanied them had meantime returned to the carriage and stood chatting with the driver. Presently I saw Miss Quizzum tripping up the walk to the door. I met her and asked her to the back parlor.

"O, no, pray let us sit down here—I am so fatigued," she replied, dropping down into one of the entry chairs.

Just then a low moan came from the office.

"Dear me! what's the matter?" exclaimed Miss Quizzum, starting.

"Some patient of the doctor's," I said, indifferently, "How is your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you. Having a tooth pulled?"

"I don't know."

"Somebody who came in that carriage?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know who it is?" demanded Miss Quizzum, her keen black eyes fixed upon me as if they would extort the secret.

"My husband said it was a friend of his."

"An old friend? a lady—and pretty. I saw her when she stopped at the hotel," said Miss Quizzum, maliciously.

Now we heard the doctor's voice. "It is all over," he said. Presently there was a passionate sobbing. Miss Quizzum forgetting me, listened intently. By-and-by the sobbing was restrained. Then my husband said gently, "What shall be done with the body?"

I rose trembling all over. "Miss Quizzum, excuse me, but if you will not come into the parlor, I must dispense with the pleasure of your society. I cannot allow you to stay here ferreting out my husband's professional secrets."

"Secrets! pretty secrets, too, I should think. I've heard enough," said Miss Quizzum, rising excitedly. "Before I'd have people coming and dying in my house, and not knowing how they're to be buried! Good-night, Mrs. Willard, I wonder how your nerves can stand such things."

Miss Quizzum started off at a rapid pace,

but though I watched a long time; I did not see her appear from behind the strip of hedge which bordered a part of the garden. At the close of fifteen minutes the doctor came to the door, beckoned to the servant, and presently the three came out, the servant carrying, as before, that mysterious bundle.

"I shall be back in half an hour, Fanny," and he stepped into the carriage. He came back in that time, and I met him at the door. "What's the matter, Fanny?" he asked, smiling at my wondering face.

"What is all this about?" I said. He laughed.

"Fairly puzzled, aren't you? Come in, and you shall know all about it." I went into the back parlor, and after fifteen minutes' talk I was laughing heartily.

"How comical—how absurd!"

"Absurd enough!"

"And where did you make the grave?"

"Down, under the old pollard willow, just where the path crosses the brook."

"People will be sure to see it there. O, Edgar, let's keep the whole thing a secret. The people will be so delightfully mystified."

The doctor shook his head. "Better tell it at once. They would be angry when they found out."

"O, never mind that. It will be so comical to see Miss Quizzum's curiosity, and to hear Mrs. Parsons's speculations. Do keep it a secret. 'Twill be as good as a play."

The doctor yielded, and having once done so entered into the sport with as much gusto as myself. The next day I walked down to the pollard willow, and there, under its shade, was a little grave carefully marked. I saw Miss Quizzum looking at me through the openings in the fence—the garden of the Quizzums adjoined our own—and presently she came to me. I was still standing meditating under the pollard willow.

"What is that? A grave?" she exclaimed, in undisguised astonishment.

"I am not at liberty to reveal anything," I said, solemnly; "but you can see for yourself," and I began to walk toward the house.

"But, Mrs. Willard, what a strange idea, to bury anybody so soon!"

"It seems to have been necessary in this case. Went you come in, Miss Quizzum?"

She refused, and as I persisted in walking away, she had no alternative but to leave also. I saw her go down town half an hour afterwards, and had no doubt she put a great number of marvellous stories in circulation.

For the next fortnight the town rang with

it. Mrs. Parsons said that for her part she did not doubt but it was some atheist's child, whose parents would not allow it to be buried in a consecrated churchyard, and intimated that she had always suspected Doctor Willard of having infidel tendencies. She had seen the Investigator in his office and had noticed that he never went to church Sabbath afternoons. As for his constant attendance in the morning, wasn't it clear that he went for the purpose of deceiving the pious portion of the village?

Doctor Doorn was of the opinion that Doctor Willard had been engaged in body-stealing. Probably there was nothing in the grave, and no doubt the lady was a man in disguise. He had heard of such things when he was in the medical college. Once a party of students, etc.

'Squire Jones contemptuously sniffed at these hypotheses, and presumed that the doctor had been smuggling wines and liquors (we were near the Canada line). People who were so fond of calling other people drunk, were not above drinking themselves.

Miss Quizzum and her clique had a separate theory, and suggested that if that lady's history were known, she would prove to be no better than she should be. The excitement waxed high. There was talk of disinterment and inquest, and Edgar concluded it was best to reveal the truth. So one evening at a sewing-circle when the ladies beset him with questions, he appeared willing to gratify them.

"Now do tell us all about it, doctor," said Seraphina Jenkins, turning her head one side and shaking her curls.

"Your curiosity is insatiable. What do you want to know?"

"Only just tell us who the lady was?" said Miss Quizzum.

"The lady was Mrs. Stanley, whose acquaintance I found when I attended the lectures in Boston."

"Is she rich?"

"Where was she going?"

"What made her go in a carriage?" The doctor laughed, and took up the questions *seriatim*.

"She is very wealthy, and has her caprices as other ladies do, and being wealthy can gratify them. So as she was about to make a journey from Boston to Montreal, she fancied going in her own carriage."

"O!" from a chorus of voices, accompanied by a sigh of relief.

"And your patient—?"

"My patient was taken ill on the way," gravely replied the doctor.

"And died suddenly in your office?" demanded the ladies.

"Not suddenly—no, I should not say suddenly, since it was in a dying state when brought to me."

"How heartless!"

"Why didn't she stop before?"

"What can be expected of fashionable ladies?" said Miss Quizzum, cynically.

"Did she show any emotion at its death?" asked Mrs. Parsons.

"Yes, she cried a good deal—more, I think, than the occasion demanded."

"O, you unfeeling man!" exclaimed all the young mothers.

"When you have children of your own, Doctor Willard, you will know what the love of offspring is," said Mrs. Parsons, severely.

"Was it a boy, doctor?" said a lady who held a warty three-year-old specimen of Young America upon her knee.

"No."

"O, it was a girl?"

"No, madam."

"What do you mean, Doctor Willard? What for goodness' sake was it?" cried Miss Quizzum.

"It was a French poodle dog," said the doctor, gravely.

There was the blank silence of astonishment for a moment and then Mrs. Parsons said:

"I must say, Doctor Willard, that I should not have expected you to trifle with people's feeling in this way."

"My dear Mrs. Parsons, it was only a little joke, and after all what have I done? These are the facts of the case. Mrs. Stanley is foolishly fond of pets, and took this poodle in her carriage. It grew sick on the way, and just before they reached N—, bit her finger slightly. She grew alarmed, feared hydrophobia, and having had the dog secured as well as practicable, came to me to see if the creature was really mad, and to have precautionary measures taken in her own case. It was not hydrophobia, and the poor little animal died in my office. I cauterized Mrs. Stanley's wound, however, and then as she had a fondness for the deceased Fido, I permitted her coachman to bury him on my premises."

This wasn't half horrible enough to please the ladies who had expected a tale of wickedness and romance. They never forgave the doctor for their disappointment.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

BY W. D. HALFMANN.

O, hear you that music, so mournful and low,  
As it walks on the banks of the Shenandoah—  
And see you that sorrowful funeral train  
Round the grave of the warrior who in battle was slain?

They dug him a grave, full deep and full wide,  
In a flowery dell by the Shenandoah side;  
With the flag of his country wrapped round his  
cold form,  
He sleeps undisturbed by the battle's loud storm.

He has fought his last battle—O, disturb not his  
rest!  
Of freedom's proud sons, he was bravest and best;  
A nation shall weep for the loss of her brave  
Defender, who feared not her foes or the grave.

His mother, or sister, or wife, will not know  
Where the dear one lies sleeping by the death-Shenandoah;

No mother, or sister, or wife, will e'er weep  
O'er the grave where the loved one so calmly doth  
sleep.

But there is a world where war cannot come,  
To disturb us with sounds of the bugle or drum;  
But there is all joy and happiness given,  
I need not say where—you know it is heaven.

[ORIGINAL.]

## KATE MEREDITH.

BY MRS. S. E. DAWES.

"O, COUSIN KATE, papa has decided where we are to go for the summer. A friend of his has told him of a quiet little hotel, called the Glen House, away up in a romantic village among the Green Mountains. He spoke in such glowing terms of the place that papa was delighted, and he has persuaded about half a dozen families of our most intimate friends to go with us. We shall all be acquainted, and can dress just as we please, and go where we like, without all the fuss and fashion of Saratoga or Nahant. Won't it be splendid?"

"I should think it would, Myra, from your description of the place, and I have no doubt you will all enjoy yourselves finely there. When are you to go?"

"Next week. So, Miss Kate, just pack your trunks, and make your arrangements to go, for you are to be numbered with our par-

ty. To stay lived up in the city another summer, and work all the while for the soldiers, as you did last summer, is not to be thought of for a moment. And the last winter you had so many people that you assumed the care of, and so many sewing circles to attend, that you have quite worn yourself out."

"Not quite so 'bad as that, Myra. But I will own to a little fatigue, and have been thinking, the past week, that a little country air would be very beneficial. I had almost decided to spend the summer at Oakdale with Aunt Lyman."

"That would be a delightful summer retreat, I admit; but you can go just as well in the fall, when it will be too cool to stay on the mountains, and be there when all the delicious fruit is ripe, for which Oakdale is so famous. But through the rest of the summer months you must be a guest at the Glen House with us. Come, Kate, you will gratify our wishes this time, won't you?"

"I must confess I am not proof against all this pleading. So I will relieve your anxiety at once, and assure you I will be ready to go any day that your father may decide upon for the journey."

"Bravo, Kate!" shouted Myra, at the same time seizing hold of her companion, and dancing her about the room like a feather. Then with a merry laugh she flew to the library to announce her victory to her papa, leaving Cousin Kate to arrange her ruffled collar, and to smooth her disordered tresses at her leisure.

A magnificent specimen of womanhood was Kate Meredith, with her brilliant brunette complexion, and dark, lustrous eyes, in whose unfathomable depths could be read the story of a heart sorrow such as few women have experienced. But she had borne the trial unscathed, and in her matured character embodied all that was true and noble in woman. When she became an orphan, her Uncle Graves pressed her to become an inmate of his princely home, and, although possessed of ample means to have provided herself a home wherever she pleased, she gratefully accepted her uncle's offer, and became almost the idol of himself and family.

The travellers arrived weary and dusty at the Glen House at the close of a bright day in June, and all were enraptured with its beautiful situation. There were daily arrivals of their city acquaintances, and Myra's blue eyes danced merrily, and her cheek glowed with

pleasure as Herman Lawton alighted one night from the stage-coach.

A few evenings after the guests held a social re-union in the parlors of the Glen House, and, as usual, Myra Graves was the life of the ~~evening~~ ~~company~~. ~~Cousin Kate~~ ~~was~~ ~~also~~ ~~there~~; but the glances of admiration that followed her wherever she went, seemed to be entirely unheeded by her, and she appeared absorbed in watching the movements of her pet Myra.

She left the parlors somewhat earlier than the rest, and seating herself at the open window of her room, gazed thoughtfully out upon the moonlight scene before her. She was joined not long after by Myra, who was not long in discovering that her favorite had left the room.

"Why, Cousin Kate," she exclaimed, "how sad you are looking! Pray what is the matter?"

"I am feeling very sad, Myra, and you may be surprised when I tell you that you are the cause of that sadness."

"Me! Why, Kate, what have I done?"

"Myra, darling, are you not the affianced bride of Herman Lawton? Did you not tell me that it was all settled between you some time ago?"

"Yes, Kate. Our engagement has already been made public. But why do you ask?"

"Because, Myra, I noticed with sorrow this evening that you seemed to prefer other society to his. I saw, too, the look of deep pain that passed over his face when you were leaning almost fondly on the arm of Ernest Leighton, and chatting so gaily to that gentleman."

"O, fie, Kate, is that all? Why I began to be terribly alarmed, you looked so solemn. I was only flirting a little with Ernest. I am sure Herman mustn't expect me to shun all gentleman society now that I have promised to become his. I assure you, Kate, I have only been doing a little harmless flirting."

"Not so harmless as you imagine, Myra. You are treading upon dangerous ground; let me warn you in season."

"Why, what has come over you, Kate? I assure you that Herman and I parted good friends enough to-night. Why this unusual anxiety?"

"Because I love you, Myra, and cannot see you entering upon a path beset only with thorns, without striving at least to rescue you. I see you look incredulous; and to convince you, although it makes my heart grieve with pain to recall it, I will unfold you a chapter of

my life-history. A little harmless flirting, as you term it, would have made my whole life a blank, had I not found, through the fiery trial which I brought upon myself, that peace which the world giveth not.

"When I was about your age, Myra, I first became acquainted with Gordon Ashley. I was visiting a schoolmate, and he was there a guest also, of my friend's brother. For three weeks we were thrown constantly into each other's society, and I learned to love him with a passion that amounted almost to idolatry. But I was very proud and high-spirited, and did not wish him to think that I could be easily won, and so ever studied to conceal my feelings. When we parted I asked him to visit me at my father's house, with an air that implied that I was bestowing rather than asking a favor. He was just the opposite of all this, and his eloquent face always mirrored the feelings of his heart. And, O, Myra, his eyes beamed upon me sometimes with such tenderness that I came near betraying my deep love for him.

"These things went for a number of months, until one evening, emboldened by my unusual kindness of manner towards him, he poured into my ear the tale of his love with such eloquence that I could not deceive him longer, and, throwing off the mask I had assumed, I told him all my heart. My parents sanctioned our betrothal, and a future of happiness seemed opening before us.

"I was an only child, as you know, and my parents injudiciously gratified me in my every whim and caprice, and I became at length imperious in my demands upon Gordon. Sometimes I would insist upon his taking me to some place of amusement when the weather was entirely unsuitable; and when he gently and firmly denied my request, saying 'he loved me too well to risk my health in this way,' I would often give him an angry retort. I was passionately fond of admiration, and so I resolved to revenge myself upon Gordon, for what I thought his petty-tyranny, by seeking it hereafter in company. And so from that time I commenced a deliberate course of flirting, and especially with one for whom I knew he had no respect, and whom I loathed in my heart myself. Gordon often remonstrated with me for such conduct, but I haughtily turned a deaf ear to him, although I felt some misgivings as seeing his cheeks grow pale, and his depression increasing daily.

"One evening he attended me to a brilliant party; but no sooner had we arrived than I

left his side on some slight pretence, and avoided him for the rest of the evening. I appeared the gayest of the gay, and started with all, but more especially with Mr. Lacy, for I knew that every smile I bestowed upon him sent a dagger to the heart of Gordon. What infatuation seized upon me I know not; but as I look back upon it now, it seems as if I must have been led on by an evil spirit who was seeking my ruin.

"When the hour for our departure came, Gordon accompanied me, but said nothing as we rode home. I threw off my wrappers, and we both sat down before the fire, and I could see that he was deadly pale.

"*'Kate,'* said he, at length, with forced calmness, *'how could you neglect me so entirely this evening, and bestow all your attention upon others, if you still love me?'*

"*'O, easy enough,'* I replied. *'I wish to show you that Kate Meredith never has been tyrannized over, and never will.'*

"*'I do not wish to exercise any tyranny over you,'* he replied, *'but I cannot bear to see you conduct yourself so as to compromise your honor as well as my own. I will not answer for the consequences of another such wretched evening.'*

"*'So you threaten me, sir,'* said I. *'I will forget all you, and inform you, sir, that from this hour you are free. Our engagement being broken, my future conduct can have nothing to do with you, and your honor, as far as I am concerned will be perfectly safe.'*

"He started up, and looking full in my face, said, hoarsely:

"*'Kate, are you in earnest?'*

"*'Of course I am,'* said I. *'Go,'* at the same time pointing to the door.

"*'I obey you,'* he replied, with dignity, *'and may you never be called to drink of the bitter cup that I am now draining to the very dregs.'*

"One last look and he was gone. Scarcely had the street door shut, when, like a bolt from heaven, there rushed upon my mind the consciousness of what I had done.

"*'Gordon, come back to me!'* I almost screamed; but I heard only the mocking echo of my own voice.

"All that night I walked to and fro in my chamber, in an agony of remorse and sorrow. At length, entirely exhausted, towards morning I fell into a troubled sleep, from which I awoke to a scene of utter wretchedness. I kept my room, on the plea of a severe headache, until after dinner, and then dressing my-

self with care, I descended to the parlor with the vain hope that perhaps after all Gordon would call. Instead of that came a note from Mr. Lacy, calling me his dear Kate, and offering me his hand and fortune, saying that the unmistakable tokens of affection I had shown him the evening previous, had determined him to make an immediate proposal. At first I was terribly indignant, but soon was forced to acknowledge to myself that what he said about the tokens of affection I had shown him was only too true. O, how I loathed myself, as I stood there with the proof of my folly in my hand. I could not bear it in my sight, and passionately flung it in the fire.

"Just then the evening paper came, and scarcely had I cast my eye upon the page, when I read the name of Gordon Ashley among the list of passengers who had sailed in the steamer to California. With one wild shriek I fainted, and when I awoke to consciousness, found myself in my chamber, with the family physician in attendance, and my parents weeping around me. I begged all but the latter to leave me, and, amid tears and sobs, I told them the dreadful truth. A brain fever ensued, and for weeks I hovered between life and death. But it pleased God to raise me to health again, and I came forth from my sick chamber another being; for not only was my bodily health restored, but I felt that the great Physician of the soul had said to me in his own sweet voice, *'Thy sins be forgiven thee.'*

"I have never seen or heard of Gordon Ashley since, and very likely I never may; but it is the one wish of my heart to see him once more before I die, just long enough to ask his forgiveness.

"Now, Myra, that you have heard my sad story, what do you think of flirting? Can you ever say again that it is harmless? O, I trust not; and be warned in season to avoid the rock on which my earthly hopes were wrecked."

"O, Kate, you have saved me perhaps from a similar fate, and I marvel not that you were looking sad when I found you, for I have been wilfully flirting this evening, although I knew I was punishing Herman by so doing. But I never can do it again; and, Kate, you shall see my future conduct atone for the folly of this evening."

"I believe you, Myra, for the earnest look in those blue eyes gives me the assurance that this is no idle promise. I have caused an old wound to bleed afresh to-night, but it matters



not if it has saved you, dear Myra, from future unhappiness."

The next morning Kate and Myra sauntered forth for a walk, and the latter meeting Herman, Kate pleaded fatigue, and returned to her room. Seating herself at the window, which opened upon a balcony, she heard two gentlemen step out upon it and commence a conversation.

"I declare, Jenkins, this is a glorious place, isn't it? It makes a man feel ten years younger to breathe this pure mountain air. I really believe it would cure that poor Gordon Ashley, a next-door neighbor of mine, and fellow victim of that detestable landlady, Mrs. Wilkins, at 28 C—— street."

"Ah, who is this Ashley? I have heard you speak of him several times."

"He is a right noble fellow, but seems to have met with a deal of hard luck. I heard some years ago that he held a lucrative clerkship in one of our largest business houses, with the prospect of being admitted a partner; but that he was jilted by the lady to whom he was engaged, and banished himself to California. He made a handsome fortune there by mining, but lost it by robbery; and three months ago he landed in New York, and became a boarder at Mrs. Wilkins. He has been seeking employment ever since, but without success, and I fancy his funds are low by the war looks that Mrs. Wilkins darts at him sometimes from her gray eyes. And now he seems to be really sick, and looks so pale and thin that I think he won't have to battle with poverty much longer."

"Why, do you think he's in a consumption?"

"Well, if he isn't, I think he soon will be. I was sorry to leave him behind me in that hot, noisy street, and have scarcely had him out of my mind a moment since."

Kate waited to hear no more, but with pale face went directly to her uncle's room, where she briefly told him what she had learned, and expressed her determination to return to New York that afternoon.

"Hain't you better wait till morning, my dear?" said Mr. Graves; "you are pale and excited now, and a night's rest will prepare you for the journey."

"O, no, uncle, I am not fatigued; and, knowing what I do, I shall not rest if I remained here longer. I must go to him, and God grant it may not be too late."

"My noble Kate, I will not detain you; and please hand Gordon this, and tell him it is the amount due him from our house when he left

us. It will be amply sufficient to relieve him from any pecuniary embarrassment which he may be suffering."

"O, thank you, uncle, how considerate you are."

Gordon Ashley was sitting, the day following, in the close, ill-furnished room, which was now his only home, musing sadly upon his future prospects.

"Poverty, and now sickness," he murmured, "is my lot; but it will soon be over. 'Tis a bitter cup, my Father, but I drink it at thy bidding. Thou hast chastened me sorely here, but hast given me a blessed hope beyond."

Here his voice was rudely broken by the loud knock and simultaneous entrance of Mrs. Wilkins, the landlady, whose cold gray eyes scanned his pale face with a severe look.

"Mr. Ashley," she began, "you are aware, sir, that you owe me four weeks board next Saturday night, and if the money is not forthcoming then, you will have to take your traps and go somewhere else."

"I assure you, Mrs. Wilkins—"

"There, you needn't give me any of your answers; what I want is my money, and remember, sir, I have given you fair warning."

Having spoken in a harsh, grating voice, these hard-hearted words, Mrs. Wilkins left the room without entirely closing the door. With a groan of anguish Gordon buried his face in his hands, and bowed his head upon the table before him. He did not hear a murmur of voices in the hall, nor a light step that approached the door. Another moment, and a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"Gordon!"

"Kate Meredith!" he exclaimed, starting wildly up, "do you come here to mock at my wretchedness?"

"No, Gordon, not to mock you. God forbid that I, who have so wronged you, should add anything more to the sum of my guilt. I come to ask your forgiveness for those cruel words I spoke to you so many years ago. They were said in anger, and were repented of, O how bitterly! as soon as they were spoken. Can you, in view of all the bitter past, forgive me this great wrong?"

With one wild cry of joy Gordon clasped her in his arms, and tears, not of sorrow, bathed their faces; then, as if a sudden thought came to cloud the bliss of that moment, he said, hoarsely:

"Kate, you were forgiven long ago; and, now that I have seen you once more, the path

down to the grave will be more easy to my weary feet."

"O, Gordon, don't talk of the grave. A little mild sunning and country air will restore your health."

"Ah, Kate, I have no one to nurse me, and I have lost all that could procure me the services of one. I am not the Gordon Ashley of other days."

"But you will be soon, for I am going to nurse you if you will give me the right, and I feel that health and a long life are in store for you. O, Gordon, will you forget the past, and give me the old place in your heart?"

"Kate, do you mean that with all my poverty and sickness, that you will become my wife?"

"I do. And as to poverty, I have enough wealth for us both, so think no more of that. Your sickness will yield, I hope, to careful treatment. O, Gordon, we have both suffered by my guilty folly; but if a whole life of devotion can atone for it, that life shall be at your service."

"Kate, my beloved, you have saved me. An hour ago a cloud, heavy and dark, hung its sable folds over me, and the valley and the shadow of death seemed just beyond; but I have emerged into the sunlight. I feel a new life within me. Yes, Kate, I shall live, and the darkness of the past shall make the future tenfold brighter."

A few days after, in a sweet cottage not far from the Glen House, a simple bridal ceremony was performed, which united two hearts, so long separated, never more to part again on earth.

#### DEATH OF A CHILD.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown, and we have thought, not so should we accompany those a little way who go in the morning. We half wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently on their laps—the sleeper there lulled to rest without a bosom or cradle. We have wondered what use there was for tears in such a going in the early morning from home to home, like fair white doves with downy wings emerging from nether night, and fluttering for entrance at the windows of heaven. Never has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon these little faces it never seemed to us that death should place his great seal. There is no thought of the charnel house in those young listeners to the invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs, and not sighs, fresh flowers, and not badges of mourning; no tears nor clouds, but bright faces and bright dawnsings together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the white raiment, of the harp of gold, and of the fair brow with its diadem of light; smile as you think that no years can make that memory old. An eternal, guileless child, waiting about the threshold of paradise for the coming friend from home. Here the glad lips might quiver with anguish, the bright curls grow grizzled and gray, the young heart weary and old; but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning. How many of these little ones there must be in heaven—gathered up from all climes, even from heathen shores—who have died so young as to retain no memory of earth, and to whom the world of glory seems as their native land.

#### CIRCASSIAN SLAVES.

Although the slave trade has been nominally abolished in Turkey, and the public mart formally closed to this traffic, yet the practice of buying and selling has not been, nor will it ever be altogether abandoned, because the slave constitutes an essential element in the composition of their domestic institutions. There are two kinds of servitude in every house; one, the ordinary labor of domestic service; the other that of personal attendance; neither of which the free Mussulman women are willing to perform, because they will thereby be more or less brought in contact with men, which is proscribed by the Koran. The slave service, therefore, becomes necessarily indispensable with the Mussulmans, whose houses have hitherto been supplied with Circassian and Nubian slaves, the former being a species of ladies in waiting, and the latter performing the menial services of the household. The average price of the slave is, according to the tariff at the custom-house, \$500 for the white, and \$200 for the black. They bring these prices when they arrive fresh from their native lands. Those of the Circassian who are, however, brought in to the country in childhood, and carefully educated, attain a rare style of delicate beauty.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRUE LEAVEN.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

O traveller, in life's toilsome way,  
Beneath its fervid sun;  
Though struggling bravely to its close,  
Think not thy task is done,  
Unless thou pausest now and then,  
To help and cheer thy fellow-men.

O Christian, with thy earnest hope,  
Thy faith, thy rest, thy zeal,  
Know that its measure is, how far  
It works for others' weal;  
That so far is it born of heaven,  
As it the common lump shall leaven.

And genius, thou, whose thought can chain  
The lightning at its will,  
Before whose lip of eloquence  
The world sits dumb and still:  
Thy genius shall avail thee naught,  
Save as it lifts the common thought.

O poet, with thy second sight;  
O sage, with wisdom versed;  
O priest, beside thy altar fire,  
Be this thy striving first:  
To lead by blossom, cross and star,  
The lowly following after.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AUNT NANCY'S CARPET-BAG.

BY N. P. DARLING.

You, my dear reader, cannot imagine, nor can I describe, the sensation that was caused in Huddledon by the arrival of Mr. Felix Artistico. Before he had been in Mr. Keats's hotel five minutes, everybody in town had learned that he was an artist by profession, who had come out into the country to rusticate for a few months; and everybody had seen him, and everybody said he was a "love of a fellow;" and all the young ladies were dying of love, and all the young gentlemen were dying of envy.

In fact, nothing had ever occurred in Huddledon before that had caused such a hubbub. But Mr. Artistico, as he sat in the front chamber of the Eagle Hotel, was perfectly unconscious of the impression that he had made upon the people.

But the people—the young ladies in particular—would not allow him to remain long in-sensible of the effect his appearance had made.

Being a lion, of course he must be lionized; and before the end of the first week he had been shown off to great advantage in the first class of Huddledon society. Strangers did not come to the village very often, but when they did, especially if they were as agreeable as Mr. Artistico, of course they must not be neglected.

There were parties and excursions almost every day and evening after his arrival, and Mr. Artistico, of course, was the centre of attraction. But Mr. Artistico could not bestow his affections upon but one of the many beautiful young ladies of Huddledon, and the gossips said that the one was Miss Huldah Blossom; that he loved her, and had told her so under the elms beyond the schoolhouse one night in the moonlight.

"But, speaking with due precision,  
The gossips' tattle was out of joint;  
For the lady's 'blunt' was the only point  
That dazzled the lover's vision!"

For Mr. Blossom was the most wealthy farmer in all that region round about; and as Huldah was an only child, Mr. Artistico reasoned that, when Mr. Blossom bade this world adieu, his property would fall to his daughter, and he, if he could become her husband, would enjoy the benefit of it.

Now Mr. Artistico was not the man to allow such a splendid chance to slip through his fingers, and so, before he returned to his home, he had made an offer of his heart, which had been accepted; and as Mr. Blossom had been talked completely out of his wits by the fluent tongue of Mr. Artistico, his consent was easily obtained, and the lovers were to be married in the ensuing autumn. But Mr. Artistico returned to his home in New York, leaving Huldah to enjoy a good cry every night at just nine o'clock for the temporary loss of her lover.

But preparations were to be made for the wedding, and of course Aunt Nancy must be sent for, as nothing was ever done of any importance in the Blossom family without the superintendence of that antique maiden lady. So Huldah sat down and wrote a long letter to Aunt Nancy, expatiating in glowing terms upon Mr. Artistico, who Huldah thought was by far the most charming and wonderful man that had ever existed.

Aunt Nancy, who had for some time been thinking of paying her sister a visit, upon the receipt of Huldah's letter immediately began to pack her trunk and carpet-bag, and early

the next morning was on her way to Hubble-don by rail, with the carpet-bag upon the seat beside her. At a way-station a gentleman entered the car in which Aunt Nancy was seated, and upon seeing her, rushed forward, and extending his hand, he exclaimed:

"Why, how d'ye do?" and then gave Aunt Nancy such a shake of the hand as almost to put her collar bone out of joint.

"Why, really," cried she, in great perplexity, "your face seems familiar to me, but I don't seem to remember your name."

"Don't remember my name? Have you forgotten John Scroggins, that kept school in your town a few winters ago? Why, I knew you as soon as I entered the car."

"Scroggins, Scroggins," mused Aunt Nancy. "Why, yes, I think I do remember something about you. Let me see—you came from Dunbar?"

"Yes, father lives there now."

"Well, do sit down." And the old lady made room for him on the seat beside her by removing the carpet-bag. "I'm a little bit careful of that carpet-bag, Mr. Scroggins, for you see I've got all my money in that packed at the bottom, except what I want to use on the way. It's rather dangerous having much money about you, unless you take good care of it."

"Yes, you might lose it."

"And there's pickpockets, I suppose," and Aunt Nancy cast her eyes around among the passengers, to assure herself that there was none nigh.

"Yes, but they would never think of looking in your carpet-bag for your money."

"But I don't mean to let them have a chance to look into it," she replied, grasping it firmly.

"I see you have travelled," he answered, smiling.

"Yes, some. But, Mr. Scroggins, didn't you have a sister? I think I remember seeing her."

"O, yes—Mary. She was talking about the last time I was at home; she thought some of paying you a visit soon."

"Well, I'd be glad to see her; but I hope she won't come till I get back from this journey."

"I'll write to her, and tell her that you are away."

"Well, do, for it would be such a pity if I shouldn't be there when she came. I shall get back some time next month. Perhaps you'll come up with her? I'd like to have you."

"I should be pleased to, but don't think can, on account of my business."

"Then you are not teaching now?"

"No, I left that some time ago. I am head clerk in the office of Grim & Co., importers."

"What, do you import wines?" And Aunt Nancy raised her eyebrows, being a strong temperance woman.

"Yes," replied Mr. Scroggins.

"Well, it's a bad business, but I suppose you have a great salary."

"Two thousand a year."

"Two thousand dollars! Lordy me! Well, I don't know but I should be tempted to import almost any sort of liquor for that."

"I presume it would be a strong temptation. But you haven't told me anything about the people up your way."

"Why, no. I suppose you remember Deacon Green?"

"Certainly, very well."

"Well, his daughter Sarah—I believe she used to go to your school—is married to Josh Billings."

"What! Sarah Green? I remember her well; she was one of the wildest girls in my school."

"Why, I don't know, I never thought she was; but she was young then. Then there was Bill Cartwright—I believe he went to your school?"

"Yes, I remember him."

"He went off to California and got rich; and now he's got back home, and is going to build him a splendid house just beyond where Tom Day used to live."

"But here we are at the junction. Do you change cars here?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I must bid you good-by, as I shall go no further to-night. Shall I take your carpet-bag?"

"I'd be obliged to you, if you would, for it is about all I can carry." And Mr. Scroggins took her carpet-bag and his own, and led the way out of the car.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Scroggins. Come up and see me when Mary does, if you can," said Aunt Nancy, as the train moved off.

"He's quite a gentleman," mused she, "but I don't seem to remember when he taught our school. Scroggins, Scroggins—well, there if he wasn't such a nice young man, I should think he had been playing some trick on me. And there's his sister Mary—there was a school-teacher there that had a sister, but her name was Ann, I think. Well, I never did

see, I believe my memory isn't so good as it used to be."

But the train soon arrived at Hubbledon, where Aunt Nancy found Mr. Blossom waiting to carry her home. The carpet-bag and trunk were safely deposited in the carriage, and a short ride brought them and their owner to the old red farmhouse of the Blossoms, where Huldah stood at the gate waiting to meet her aunt.

"Well, I'm here at last," said Aunt Nancy, as she saw the carpet-bag brought into the hall, and seated herself, while Huldah took off her things and put on her snowy muslin cap, "and I suppose I'd ought to thank that gentleman who came part way with me, for he helped me; and his conversation made the journey seem less tedious."

"What! did you have a travelling companion?" asked Huldah.

"Why, yes, I found an old friend on the road, or rather he found me, and we had quite a social chat about old times as we came along."

"I expect him to-morrow," said Huldah.

"Him!—who? O, that man you are going to marry. Yes, and that makes me think. I've got a present for you, Huldah, in my carpet-bag. Wont you get it?"

The carpet-bag was brought, and Aunt Nancy began fumbling with the key, trying to unlock it.

"Why, this is strange! This key don't fit!" and Aunt Nancy held up the bag before her eyes. "And this isn't my carpet-bag!" she exclaimed. "O dear, that young man must have changed them by mistake."

"Perhaps it was not a mistake. Hadn't you better open the bag?" suggested Mr. Blossom, who had come into the room.

Aunt Nancy sat back in her chair perfectly overcome; but when the bag was opened and found to contain only a few pair of old worn-out boots, then her wrath arose.

"O, the peaky villain! I might have known that I'd never seen him before," and she wrung her hands. "What a fool I was to tell him that my money was in there. I'll never trust any one again."

Nothing could be said to soothe her, and Aunt Nancy's first night in Hubbledon was passed in misery. However, as Mr. Blossom promised to make up her loss, the next morning she grew more resigned, and was soon busy in making preparations for the wedding.

The happy day came slowly, Huldah thought; but the last week had arrived, and

now Mr. Artistico was expected on every train. One night Mr. Blossom had gone down to the depot, and Huldah stood looking out of the parlor window, expecting every moment to see him return, bringing with him the object of her affections.

"I suppose you can hardly wait, you are so impatient," said Aunt Nancy, coming into the room; "but I suppose you will want no lookers-on at the meeting, and so I will go out into the garden. I want to see him myself, but it is only curiosity that prompts me." And the old lady walked out into the garden, and went strolling round among the flowers, thinking perhaps of the days when she was young, and of the "might have been" that had gone and past.

Mr. Blossom did bring the long hoped-for one back with him, and the meeting between him and Huldah, as Aunt Nancy had supposed, was rapturous in the extreme.

He was talking with Mr. Blossom half an hour afterwards when Aunt Nancy came in. At sight of Mr. Artistico, she gave one wild scream and sprang toward him. But that gentleman had caught sight of her at the same moment, and without stopping to bid his loved one adieu, he sprang through the opposite door, and made off in such a hurry, that one could scarce see his retreating form for the dust.

"O, you villain, bring back my carpet-bag!" shouted Aunt Nancy as she started in pursuit.

Huldah gave one shriek, and then fainted in her father's arms; her dream of love was over. Aunt Nancy soon returned breathless, but without Mr. Artistico, or the carpet-bag.

It was a long time before Huldah recovered. But time cures all sorrows, even for the loss of a husband; and when Aunt Nancy returned home, Huldah had quite ceased to mourn.

Mr. Artistico is at present leading a very retired life in a stone mansion at the expense of the State.

#### STARS.

'Tis midnight; on the mountain's brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply down  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright.  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining?  
Ner wished for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray?—BYRON.

## THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

The funeral services were ended, and as the voice of prayer escaped, tears were hastily wiped off from the wet cheeks, and long-drawn sighs relieved suppressed and choking sobs, as the mourners prepared to take leave of the corpse. It was an old man that lay there, robed for the grave. More than threescore years had whitened those locks and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and all the more willing to lie down and rest where weariness is no more suffered, and infirmities no longer a burden. The aged have but few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss, have gone to their grave before them; harps that would have sighed sad harmonies are shattered and gone; and the few that remain are looking cradleward rather than graveward—to life's closing goal; are bound to and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing. Youth and beauty have many admirers while living, have many mourners when dying. Many tearful ones bend over their coffined clay, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train. But age has few admirers, few mourners. This was an old man, and a circle of mourners. Two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for, and be cared for by them. Besides these, and a few friends who had seen and visited him while sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear except his wife. And of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart-mourner. It is respectful for friends to be sad for a few moments, till the service is performed and the hearse is out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children, who have outgrown the fervency and affections of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says farewell, and lies down to quiet slumbers. Some regrets, some recollections of the past, some transitory grief, and the pangs are over. Not always so. But ten, how little true, genuine heart sorrow there is!

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to take her last look—to take her last farewell. Through the fast falling tears she gazed long and fondly down into that pale, unconscious face. Whom did she see there? Others saw nothing but her rigid features of the dead; she saw more. In every wrinkle of that brow she read the history of years. From youth to manhood;

from manhood to old age; in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health—it was all there: when those children, who had outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying on her bosom, and those dull, mute monitors were unintelligible; to her they were the alphabet of the heart, familiar as household words! And then the future! "What will become of me? What shall I do now?" She did not say so—she did not say anything—but she felt it. The prospect of the old wife is clouded. The home circle is broken, never to be reunited. The visions of the hearthstone are scattered forever. Up to that hour there was a home, to which the heart always turned with fondness. But that magic is sundered; the keystone of that sacred arch has fallen, and now home is nowhere this side of heaven! What shall the old wife do now? Go and live with her children? be a pensioner upon their kindness, where she may be more a burden than a blessing? so, at least, she thinks. Or shall she gather up the scattered fragments of that broken arch; make them her temple and her shrine; sit down in her chill solitude beside its expiring fires and die? What shall she do now? They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward with the coffin in hand. It is all right and proper—of course it must be done; but to the heart mourner it brings a kind of shudder—a thrill of agony, as when the headsman comes forward with the axe! The undertaker stood for a moment, decent propriety, not wishing to manifest rude haste, but evidently desirous of being as expeditious as possible. Just as he was about to close the coffin, the old wife turned back, and stooping down, imprinted one long, last kiss upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin hid him from her sight forever. That kiss! Fond token of affection, and of sorrow, and memory, and farewell! I have seen many kiss their dead—many such seals upon clay-cold lips—but never did I see one so purely sad, so simply heart-touching and hopeless as that! Or if it had hope, it looked to the joys of the home above.—*Pictures of Life.*

A certain preacher at Appleton, Wis., in a sermon, made the following comparison in dissecting the miser: "The soul of a miser is so shrivelled that it would have more room to play in a grain of mustard seed than a bull-frog would in Lake Michigan."

## The Florist.

O, were I spiritual as the wafting wind  
That breathes its sighing music through the woods,  
Sports with the dancing hours, and crises the flood,  
Then would I glide away from cares which blind  
Me down to haunts that taint the healthful mind;  
And I would sport with many a bloom and bud,  
Happiest the farthest from the neighborhood,  
And from the crimes and miseries of mankind!  
Then would I waft me to the cowslip's bell,  
And to the wild rose should my voyage be;  
Unto the lily, vernal of the dell,  
Or daisy, the pet child of poetry,  
Or he beside some mossy forest-well  
Companion to the wood anemone.—*Howitt.*

### Campanula, or Bell-Flower.

This is a large family of plants, mostly handsome, hardy, perennial; some of them very beautiful, and about all suitable for ornamenting the borders. We have one indigenous species, which is very pretty, and worthy a place in the border; found abundantly on the banks of Merrimack River, at and above Lowell.

Canterbury Bells.—This species, with its varieties, may be considered one of our oldest ornamental plants. The varieties are rose, blue and white, double and single. The double varieties, however, are much inferior to the single ones, and will be cultivated only for their singularity. Being biennials, it will be necessary to sow the seeds every year. The young plants must be transplanted to the place in which they are to flower, in August or September, for if deferred until spring the bloom will be greatly weakened; the same holds good with all biennials, and most seedling perennials.

### Work for the Month.

Now begin to propagate some double-flowered and approved fibrous-rooted plants the end of the month, if they have done flowering—such, for instance, as the double rose campion, catchfly, double scarlet lychnis, double rocket, double ragged robin, bachelor's buttons, gentianella, polyantheses, auriculas, etc. Sow auricula and polyanthus seed on a warm, dry day; and remove carnation layers to some place where they may remain till October to gain strength. Sow seeds of bulbs. Sow anemone and ranunculus seed. Remove all bulbs which have done flowering. Cut and trim edgings of box. Clip holly, yew and privet hedges. Gather flower seeds. Plant autumnal bulbs, if any are still above ground, such as colchicums, autumnal narcissus, amaryllis, and autumn crocus. Trim the flower plants; mow the lawn and grass walks, and keep every department in neat order.

### Hollyhocks.

The seed should be sown in June or July. The plants should be pricked out in groups where they are to stand in August. They will require but little protection. As the flower-stems begin to advance, they should be well staked. As soon as the flowers begin to expand, all inferior sorts should

be pulled up. From good seed many fine double varieties may be expected in one-hundred plants. When a good variety has been obtained, it may be perpetuated by dividing the root every year, or by cuttings of the young shoots. The hollyhock flowers the second and third years after sowing, and then dies, unless its roots have been divided. There is no flower which makes a greater show, when planted in masses, than the different varieties in all their various colors, tints and shades. It is in flower most of the months of July and August.

### Renovating Flower-Beds.

If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top spit, and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland mixture, well chopped up with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf-mould—say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of each of the three ingredients. If you can get the beds empty in the winter, the best way will be to take off the top spit and fork over the subsoil, so as to let the frost and snow penetrate it; then get a good supply of burned clay and hotbed dung, and chop them down together in a ridge, and let them be well frozen, and fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings off hedges, refuse wood, straw, etc., built up over a hole, and packed round with cakes of old turf, and then burned, make a capital dressing to dig into the old soil, if you cannot well get new material to replace the worn-out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one-fifth of the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture. Bedding plants do not require a rich soil as much as a *new* soil.

### Hint to Lovers of Flowers.

A most beautiful and easily attained shew of evergreens may, says a writer in a weekly contemporary, be had by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If *geranium* branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor for weeks. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.

### Thrift.

This genus contains a number of ornamental plants, generally well adapted for rock-work. *Armeria vulgaris* is the common Thrift of the garden, and, next to box, desirable for edgings. It is rapidly multiplied by divisions of the root. Its pink flowers are produced in June or July, on stems six inches high, in little heads or clusters.



## The Housewife.

### Breakfast or Tea Cakes hot.

Put about six handfuls of flour in a basin, about half a pint of new milk, a small piece of butter; warm the milk, and mind, hotter in winter than in summer; mix in a cup two ounces of German yeast with a little cold water, mix the yeast with the milk and butter, make a hole in the flour, pour the mixed milk and yeast into it, stirring it round till it is a thick batter; beat up one egg and mix into it; cover it over and keep it warm in your screen; when it has risen a little mix it into a dough, knead it well, put it again in the screen, and when it has risen a good deal, take and form your rolls. They will take nearly half an hour, or according to the size you make the cakes; rub them over while hot with your paste brush, dipped in milk.

### Rhubarb Tart.

Take some stalks of a good size, remove the thin skin, and cut them in pieces four or five inches long; place them in a dish, and pour over a thin syrup of sugar and water; cover with another dish, and simmer slowly for an hour upon a hot hearth, or do them in a block tin saucepan. Allow it to cool, and then make it into a tart; when tender, the baking the crust will be sufficient. A tart may be made by cutting the stalks into pieces the size of gooseberries, and making it the same way as gooseberry tart.

### Sago Pudding.

Take half a pound of sago; wash it in several waters (warm), then boil it with a pint of milk and a little cinnamon, stirring it often till it becomes thick; pour it into a pan, and beat it up with a half pound of fresh butter; add the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of four, beaten separately, a little flour, half a glass of white wine, and sugar to liking; mix all well and boil it. Serve with sweet sauce.

### Bride Cake.

One pound and a half of fine sugar, three pounds and a half of currants, one pound of butter, two pounds of flour, half a pound of peels, half a pound of cut almonds, three ounces of spices, the grating of three lemons, eighteen eggs, two gills of brandy; paper your hoop, which for this mixture you will require to be large; bake in a moderate oven—it will take some hours; when cold, ice it with sugar.

### Ground Rice Pudding.

In a pint of new milk boil two dessertspoonsful of ground rice, adding a small piece of lemon peel and a little cinnamon. Keep it stirring while boiling, and let it boil ten minutes; then let it cool; when cold, add sugar to taste, a couple of well beaten eggs, and some nutmeg. Line your dish with a puff paste; pour in your rice, and bake a light brown.

### Economical Wheat Bread.

Take two quarts of small potatoes, wash thoroughly, boil soft, and mash. Then pour five pints of warm water on the potatoes; stir them up, and strain through a colander; this will separate the potato from the skin. Add flour until it becomes very stiff; stir in one pint of yeast and one tablespoonful of salt. Let it rise until light, or three or four hours, then add flour, and knead well. Set it to rise again; when light, knead in loaves, and when sufficiently light, place in the oven and bake one hour. This will make three good-sized loaves.

### Cookies.

Take half a pound of sugar, one-fourth of a pound of butter; stir them well together; dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in three-fourths of a teacup of sweet milk; add half a nutmeg, grated, and flour sufficient to roll them out easily. Bake in a moderately heated oven.

### Strawberry Tart.

Put into a basin two quarts of the best scarlet strawberries; add half a pint of cold clarified sugar, the same quantity of Madeira, with the juice of two lemons; mix all well without breaking the strawberries, and put them into a puff paste previously baked; keep them very cool.

### Curd Cakes.

Mix eight eggs (leaving out four whites) with a quart of curds; add sugar sufficient to sweeten, grated nutmeg, and a tablespoonful of flour; mix well together; heat in a frying-pan some butter, and drop in the curd, frying like fritters.

### Railroad Cake.

Mix one cup of white sugar, one of sifted flour, three beaten eggs, two tablespoonsful of milk, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, and half a teaspoonful of extract of lemon.

### To boil Eggs.

The best way to boil eggs is to place them in cold water, and set them over the fire. In this manner the centre of the egg will cook as soon as the outer part. If they are preferred soft, the water should not come to a boiling point.

### Tapioca Pudding.

Soak four tablespoonsful of tapioca in a quart of milk all night; then add a spoonful of brandy, some lemon peel, and a little spice; boil them gently; add four eggs, the whites well beaten, and a quarter of a pound of sugar; bake it.

### Cream Cookies.

One teacup of sour cream, two cups of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, flour to roll out, nutmeg or seed.

### Thin Pound Cake.

Three cups of sugar, four eggs, one cup of butter and flour enough to roll thin. Bake on tin sheets

## Curious Matters.

### The animated Stalk.

This very remarkable animal was found by Mr. Ives at Cuddalore, and he mentions several kinds of it, some appearing like dry straws tied together, others like grass. Some have bodies much larger than others, with the addition of two scaly, imperfect wings; their neck is no bigger than a pin, and twice as long as their body; their heads are like those of a hare, and their eyes vertical and very brisk. They live upon flies, and catch these insects very dexterously with their two forefeet, which they keep doubled up in three parts close to their head, and dart out very quick on the approach of their prey; and when they have caught it, they eat it very voraciously, holding it in the same manner as a squirrel does its food. On the outer joints of the forefeet are several very sharp hooks, for the easier catching and holding of their prey, while with the other feet, which are four in number, they take hold of trees, or any other thing, the better to surprise whatever they lie in wait for. They drink like a horse, putting their mouths in the water.

### Gambling for a Wife.

We find the following curious statement in Mrs. Atkinson's "Recollections of Tartar Steppes":—"At Irkoutsk, a strange case, in connection with the prevalent passion for gambling, came under my notice. In one of the magazines of the bazaar, a lady was observed, whose history might be briefly summarised in the statement that she was lost and won at cards. Her husband had been a wealthy Siberian, but like many of his countrymen, he was an inveterate gambler. In one night he lost every kopeck he possessed—land, house and furniture followed—and last of all, he staked his young and beautiful wife. She was also 'lost,' and the victor entered calmly into possession of his winnings. It is not a little curious to hear that the pair thus strangely mated had lived together twenty years, and 'led a most happy and exemplary life.'"

### A weighty Family.

At the foot of Turkey Hill, on the border of woods, in Ipswich, Mass., resides a family, the head of whom is a noble farmer of the old school, who has lived an outdoor life of temperance, frugality and industry. His age is 67, and his weight 258 pounds; his wife is 54 years, weight 200 pounds; first child, 40 years, 170; second child, 36 years, 210; third child, 34 years, 174; fourth child, 28 years, 165; fifth child, 25 years, 204; sixth child, 23 years, 162; seventh child, 21 years, 202; eighth child, 18 years, 165; ninth child, 15 years, 104; total, parents and nine children, 365 years; weight, 2014 pounds. The height of the patriarch and his seven sons is forty-eight feet eight inches. We believe this cannot be equalled in Essex or any other county in New England. The venerable couple

referred to above have had born to them fourteen children. They are yet in good health, surrounded by children and grandchildren, and enjoying the comforts of life, the esteem of the neighborhood, and a competency.

### A belligerent Robin.

Some years ago at Merville (county Antrim), a robin kept possession of the greenhouse, and killed every intruder of its own species, amounting to about two dozen, that entered the house. This had been so frequently done, that our informant became curious to know the means resorted to for the purpose; and on examination of two or three of the victims, he found a deep wound in the neck of each, evidently made by the bill of the slayer. The lady of the house, hearing of the bird's cruelty, had the sharp point of its beak cut off, and no more of its brethren were afterwards slaughtered; but it did not itself long survive this slight mutilation.

### Curious Custom in Birmah.

On the 12th of April, the last day of the Birman year, there is a sport universally practised throughout the Birman dominions on the concluding day of their annual cycle, to wash away the impurities of the past, and commence the new year free from stain. Women on this day are accustomed to throw water on every man they meet, which the men have the privilege of retorting. This license gives rise to much merriment, particularly amongst the young women, who are armed with syringes and flagons, endeavoring to wet every man that goes along the street, receiving a wetting themselves with good humor.

### A singular Attachment.

A Springfield gentleman states that he recently purchased a Berkshire pig about six weeks old, and put it into a pen, from which it escaped and nestled in the straw of the cow stable. In a few days it was noticed that the usual quantity of milk given by the cow was decreasing; the pig, however, grew finely, and the two animals lived in peace. Happening to enter the stable one evening, the gentleman found the pig quietly nursing. On separating them, it was found that their mutual attachment was quite strong—the cow for many days mourned as for the loss of a calf.

### A Wife obtained by an Advertisement.

The Providence Press says:—"Advertising for a wife is not altogether so Quixotic a scheme for effecting an advantageous matrimonial settlement as many people may imagine. A very worthy gentleman of Bristol, through the instrumentality of an advertisement inserted in these columns some two months since, formed the acquaintance of a not less estimable young lady of East Greenwich, with whom he was united in marriage but a short time since. The lady possessed a fortune of \$20,000."

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### THE BEAUTY OF THE GRASS.

It seems as if nothing could be said under this head, because, in truth, there is so much to say. To get a good idea of the beauty of the grass, endeavor, in imagination, to form a picture of the world without it. It is precisely to the scenery of nature what the Bible is to literature. Do you remember that idea of Froude's, that if the Bible had been obliterated, every other book had thereat lost its value, and literature was at an end? Take away this green ground color on which Dame Nature works her embroidery patterns, and where would be the picturesque scarlet poppies, or white daisies, or the gray of the chalk cliffs; or the golden bloom of a wilderness of buttercups? Its chief service of beauty is a garment of the earth. It watches night and day at all seasons of the year, "in all places where the eye of heaven visits," for spots on which to pitch new tents, to make the desert less hideous, to fill up the groundwork of the grandest pictures and give the promise of plenty on the flowery meadows where it lifts its silvery and purple panicles breast high, and mocks the sea in its rolling waves of sparkling greenness. It is beautiful when it mixes with lupine and turritis on the ruined bastion or the gray garden wall; beautiful when it sparkles the brown thatch with tufts that find sufficient nourishment where green mosses have been before; beautiful when it clothes the harsh upland, and gives nourishment to a thousand snow-white fleeces; still more beautiful when it makes a little islet in a bright mountain lake, "a fortunate purple isle," with its ruddy spikes of short-lived flowers; precious as well as beautiful when it comes close beside us, in company with the sparrow and the robin, as a threshold visitant, to soften the footfall of care, and give a daily welcome to the world of greenness.

"If a friend my grass-grown threshold find,  
O, how my lonely cot resounds with glee!"

Is it only for its velvet softness, and the round pillowy knolls it leaves up in the vista of the greenwood, that the weary and the

dreamer find it so sweet a place of rest? or is it because the wild bees flit around its silvery panicles, and blows his bugle as he goes with a bounding heart to gather sweets; that the hare and the rabbit burrow beneath its smooth sward; that the dear lark cowers amid its sprays, and cherishes the children of his bosom under its brown matted roots, that the daisy, the cowslip, the daffodil, the orchis—the fairies of the flower-world—the bird's foot trefoll, the golden-fingered beauty of the meadows, the little yellow and the large strawberry trefoll, are sheltered and cherished by it; and that one of its simple children, the *Anthoxanthum odoratum*, or sweet-scented vernal grass, scents the air for miles with the sweetest perfume ever breathed by man?

**HOUSES IN CHINA.**—In China, a man is not allowed to build a house above his legitimate rank in society. He may acquire a fortune by his own exertions, but, unless he holds some office, or is born to some rank, he has no liberty of architecture. Every matter relating to building is the subject of regulation by the police. The laws of the empire detail and enforce, with the greatest precision, the mode of constructing a residence for a prince of the first, second, or third rank, of a grandee, or of a mandarin. According to the ancient law, the number and height of the apartments, the length and height of a building, are all regulated with precision, from the plain citizen to the mandarin, and from the mandarin up to the emperor himself.

**PERSONAL.**—A western editor having published a long leader on "Hogs," a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for intruding his family matters upon the public.

**CHANCE FOR SPECULATION.**—An amateur naturalist offers a reward to the man who will furnish him a live specimen of the "brick bat."

The sense of hearing is said to be the last which leaves the body.

**PETER THE GREAT, OF RUSSIA.**

Peter the Great, the eccentric Emperor of Russia, is a historical personage, and it is always interesting to read of his sayings and doings, brutal though they were and disgraceful to the country over which he ruled with an iron hand, until a violent death closed his career of usefulness and barbarity, for that he was useful to the Russians no one will deny; but at the same time we must admit that his cruelty was terrible, that his fits of passion were something frightful to behold, and while he labored under them he killed and abused friend and foe. And yet, with all these bad traits of character, there is something romantic associated with the name of Peter the Great. Who has not read of his untiring industry in the shipyards of Europe? his determination that Russia should possess power on the ocean as well as the land? his shyness when introduced to his equals in rank? and his bluntness when words were forced from him by circumstances? These things have tended to redeem his name, and caused some of his faults to be overlooked by the general reader; but the student has always classed Peter as a brute, or at the worst a maniac with a sharp sword in his hand, furious for blood.

A work, written many years since, and published in a secret manner, has just come to light, and reveals the character of Peter in all of its terrible brutality. The book was written by an Austrian secretary of legation, who visited Moscow in 1699, and remained there for some years. In this work we have such glimpses of Peter's daily life as must have proved far from agreeable to his family, or those gentlemen who attended his court. The scenes described in this volume are horrible and extravagant, yet the book carries with it internal evidence of the substantial truth of its ghastly revelations, which are recorded, with little comment by the author, in the form of a diary, with certain special addenda.

After Peter was recalled from his travels by the sudden revolt of the party who had favored his sister Sophia's claim to the throne in 1682, he commenced murdering the insurgents, despatching some with his own hand, and appeared to like the butchery; and after he had decapitated half a dozen he would dine at the house of some favorite, and get crazy drunk before the party broke up, and while under the influence of liquor he insulted foreign ambassadors and all who ventured to oppose his mad schemes.

At one of these dinners he accused one of

his generals of having made some military appointments corruptly. He even drew his sword on the accused in the presence of all the guests, and when some of them attempted to deprecate his wrath he laid about him right and left. One had to complain of a cut finger, another of a slight wound in the head, another of a hurt in the hand. At last General Lefort, the only man who dared interpose, caught the madman in his arms, and, though he got a hard blow himself for his interference, he so mitigated the czar's ire that, threatening only, he abstained from murder. Then, with a face full of smiles, he took to dancing, and ordered two young ladies who were departing by stealth (for there were ladies present) to be brought back by soldiers. Twenty-five great guns saluted the toasts, and the hilarity of the *fete* was protracted till half-past five in the morning.

And yet Peter had a species of grim humor, for it seems that he was in the habit of parading the streets on Christmas eve, in masquerade attire, with some 200 followers, and singing carols at the houses of the rich merchants, and receiving presents, nor was the czar himself indifferent to the amount. One merchant, a very wealthy man, presented only 12 roubles, and the czar sent 100 of the populace to the house of that merchant with a mandate to pay forthwith to every one of them a rouble each.

On one occasion, perceiving some of his military officers hankering after new fashions, wearing very loose coats, he cut off the cuffs that hung down too low, and thus addressed them, "See, these things are in your way; at one moment you upset a glass; then you forgetfully dip them in the sauce; get gaiters made of them."

Yet with all the man's faults the Austrian seems to have had some affection for Peter, but that was because Peter protected the Germans and all foreigners who entered his country, much against the will of the Russians, who detested foreigners.

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**SELFISHNESS.**—He who always receives and never gives, acquires, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel, and think, and care only for himself.

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**DISAGREEMENT.**—Three things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, or two lovers against one maiden.

## CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

## A BIT OF ROMANCE.

We are acquainted with a gentleman, who, at one time, possessed an independent fortune. He owned a country seat, a modern-built house in the city, had a wife and daughter, and was as happy as falls to the lot of most mortals. There was no reasonable wish that he could not enjoy, for he always had a balance to his credit at his bankers, was not extravagant, and his wife and child confined themselves to purchasing what they really needed, and no more, a rare quality in a woman, and one we should like to see imitated during this cruel war.

Well, our friend paid his debts as fast as he contracted them, lived in the fear of God, acted honestly by all men, and thought that he should die surrounded by all the comforts of life. He envied no man, but many men envied him, for to be rich is to be envied; and thus life passed on, pleasant and agreeable, for there were many friends around him. They partook of his hospitality, praised his benevolence, made love to his daughter, and humored the whims of his wife. But one day our friend awoke and found that he was a ruined man—that his wealth had disappeared, that his property was under an attachment of the law, and that he no longer had a house that he could call his own, or a thousand dollars that he could apply to his immediate necessities. The cause of this sudden change was on account of his having written his name on the back of several slips of paper, or in other words he had endorsed for a friend, and that friend had lost thousands of dollars through gold speculations. He was ruined, unable to meet his notes, and the creditors had turned their attention to the endorser, and he, poor man, had to smart for the imprudence of another.

Our friend was honest, and suffered from the effects of it. He sighed at his losses, moved from his convenient houses, gave up his furniture, all excepting that which his wife claimed, hired a dwelling house just large enough to accommodate his family, and then cast his eyes around the world to see what he could do to support them. Many years had elapsed since he was engaged in trade, and he had no capital to commence with, and build up a new business. He applied to his friends for advice—to those men who had spread their legs under his mahogany, and eaten so many dinners, and while they were ready to give him counsel, they were not ready to as-

slat him in any other manner. One recommended farming, another thought that a sutler's position in the army might be a good thing, while a third concluded that the old gentleman might still answer for a second book-keeper, in some establishment where rapidity was not required.

Our friend sighed at the advice, but could not take it, and while still deliberating on fortune's changes, he was accosted one day by a young man, a merchant, who was reported as doing a large business for the government.

"I want a partner," the good-looking young fellow said, "and you are just the man for me."

"I have no capital," replied our friend.

"And I need none. The fact of it is, I want two things, a steady partner like you, and an amiable girl, like your daughter, for a wife."

Our friend looked at the merchant in astonishment.

"As far as the daughter is concerned," replied our friend, "you must get her consent. As far as I am concerned, I am ready to take advantage of your offer."

"All right," replied the confident young fellow. "She will consent in due time, or I am much mistaken. I've met her on several occasions, and I know that I'm not hateful to her."

This singular partnership commenced and prospered. The young merchant laid siege to the daughter, won her, is to marry her; and now comes the most strange part of this eventful life change, and if we were writing a romance we should not expect our readers to believe it, for it is wonderful. Six months after our friend lost his property it was restored to him, the same house, and nearly the same furniture, for the man for whom he endorsed, by several lucky, reckless speculations in gold, in New York, won back that which he had lost, and much more, and for the honor of humanity, restored to our friend that which the law had taken.

This is one of fortune's changes, and a singular one it is, but it is true; and when our friend relates it, he adds, "I'll never again endorse a note for a friend."

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CONSCIENCE.—The guilty man is doomed to carry and lodge his fiercest accuser in his own bosom.

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JUST SO.—If a man does anything remarkable once, it excites notice; if he repeats it, we grow indifferent.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The heir apparent to the Russian throne has been travelling in search of a wife, and report states that he has found a princess who comes up to his idea of perfection. It is quite a romance in real life. It appears that the princess had been very much kept in the background by the grand duke, her father, who entertained no view of so splendid an alliance for her. The hereditary Grand Duke of Russia returning, like the heirs apparent in the old eastern tales, from a tour from court to court, to select a wife from the numerous princesses who were on the list, and like them, wearied with his tour, and disappointed in his expectations, was delighted to arrive at Darmstadt, where, as there was no princess to marry, he might be allowed to repose after the tedious ceremonies of courts, in which the marriageable daughters had been brought forward in the hope of captivating his heart. At the first court party, however, his imperial highness remarked in the corner of the room a beautiful young girl of fifteen, dressed in plain white, and who was sitting unnoticed in the brilliant throng. The illustrious tourist inquired of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt who this young lady, who had not been presented to him, was; and, with some embarrassment on the part of the father, he was told that it was his daughter. The simple and interesting appearance of the princess produced an immediate effect upon the prince, who, after an hour's conversation with her, in which he found that the beauties of her mind equalled those of her person, sent a courier to the emperor to request his consent to their union, which was not refused. This little piece of reality will perhaps be a convincing proof to those who have wavered in believing in the possibility of "love at first sight." There is no accounting for the freaks of Cupid, and no security in fancying oneself beyond the reach of his subtle arrow. Those who deride his power, are often the first to fall victims beneath his dart.

**AVARICE.**—The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

**AN ORDER.**—A gentleman in Boston received an order from Vermont, for two fresh psalmon, and he sent him two weighing an "old hundred."

FREAKS OF WEALTH.

Men have ever been proverbially fond of crying against woman's folly and extravagance, but we have discovered one or two instances that have still more deeply convinced us of their own falling in this respect. There is no accounting for their whims and eccentricities, as may be seen from the following: "The wealth which now exists in Amsterdam falls much short to what it was previous to the French revolution, or during the period of Dutch commercial pre-eminence. It is not long since strangers, in visiting Amsterdam, were shown the spacious house of a merchant, who, after having lavished much on furniture and paintings, actually caused the floor of one of his apartments to be laid with Spanish dollars, set on edge. Another gentleman in Holland determined to make a pavement before his residence of large massive plates of silver, and to surround it with an ornamental chain of the same costly material. Before carrying his plan into effect, it behoved him to obtain the sanction of the authorities. These worthies, however, void of sympathy, set their face against a proposition which might have compelled them to increase the strength of the town guard. Enraged at their non-compliance, Moses determined to punish them. He ordered his dwelling, situated in the principal street, immediately to be pulled down, and on its site erected the one now standing. It is literally covered with diabolical figures, amounting, it is said, to three hundred and fifty."

**INFANTRY AND CAVALRY ON A MARCH.**—A column of infantry will generally pass over about five miles in two hours, halts included. A column of cavalry at a walk and trot alternately makes about six miles per hour.

**SERIOUS CONSIDERATION.**—An unmarried lady, on the wintry side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a young lady, her friend, observed, with a deep and sentimental sigh, "Well, I s'pose it's what we must all come to!"

**QUICK RETURNS AND SMALL PROFITS.**—A financially embarrassed gentleman of our acquaintance calls a bill of exchange a *boom-crang*, because, send it out in what direction you will, it is certain to come back to you.

**LUCID.**—A western editor, in speaking of a man who was bitten by a mad dog, says: "He was attacked by a quadruped while laboring under cerebral excitement."

## Facts and Fancies.

### ALABAMA MANNERS.

In 1844, Henry Clay, whose name is still revered at the North, was a member of the Whig Convention held in Baltimore. Of course all the delegates paid their respects to Mr. Clay, and one evening, while the great statesman was receiving company, the door opened, and a fine six-foot man entered unannounced. The stranger was fashionably, but somewhat astonishingly dressed in a green sporting coat, with buttons somewhat smaller than the rim of our hat—a bright scarlet plaid vest, divided into a square of eight by ten, with buff corduroy continuations. This astonishing "effigy" was "hung in chains" of every style, and wore at his fob a pendant seal, about the size of a steelyard poise. On his head was a four foot "Panama," and from an outlandish pocket modestly protruded a package, bearing the magic word "Highlander," balanced upon the other side by a pistol from the armory of Colt.

This surprising person, after reaching the centre of the room, paused and took a leisurely survey of those present, and singling out Mr. Clay (who could mistake him?) walked up to him and pronounced the single word:

"Clay?"

"Yes," was the reply of the statesman.

"H. Clay?"

"The same, sir."

"I came from Alabama on purpose to see you, but don't put yourself out on my account. You are a great man, sir, and when I am at home I am some; in fact, I often tell our boys that Clay and I are *bound to shine*, or else what do we live for? Your line and mine are a little different, but we are both pretty near the head. In fact, Hank, what's the use of being a fellow, unless he can be a *buster*? Henry, good evening," and the Alabama man took his departure, leaving Mr. Clay overpowered with astonishment at the man's impudence.

### THE ROAD TO HARRISBURG.

A Yankee pedler, who was travelling through Pennsylvania, selling notions, one day stopped at the house of a Dutchman, and inquired of a man, who sat on the doorstep, his name.

"Vy, my name ish Haunce Hollenbeffenheffen-graensteinberger."

"By Cape Cod, if that isn't as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I haint got no time to lose—I'm on speculation. Tell me the way to Harrisburg."

"To Harrisburg? Vell, you see dat roat pon de hill?" pointing in the direction.

"O, yes, I see it."

"Vel, den, you must not take dat roat. You see dat road by de coal bank?"

"Yes."

"Vell, dat ish not de road, too; put you muht

go right py te barn dere, and ven you see von roat crooka just so (bending his elbow and describing it at the same time), and ven you hit dere keep along till you gets furdur. Vell, den, you vill turn de potato patch round te bridge over te river up stream and te hill up, and directly you see mine prodder Fitz's parn, shingled mit straw, dat's te house vare mine prodder lives. He'll dell you so much better as I can. And you go a little bit furdur, you see two roats—you must not take both of 'em."

The Yankee drove on as fast as possible.

### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

A certain lady had been much annoyed by the ringing of her door-bell by the mischievous boys in the vicinity, and determined to be no more made a fool of by going to the door. In the course of the forenoon, her minister called to see her, dressed in his sprucest manner; he ascended the steps and gently drew the bell-handle, when the lady shouted from the entry:

"I see you, boy; if I catch you, I'll wring your neck!"

The frightened gentleman immediately rushed down the steps, through a small crowd of young scamps, and has not called at that house since.

### MAMMOTH SPIDERS.

Our friend, Charley Watson, had a few years since a female ancestor on the maternal side, who, although residing in the vicinity of Boston for a lifetime, had never yet been here. After repeated solicitations, however, she was induced to pay the family a visit. Her grandson, young Watson, then a boy of fifteen, but who already exhibited that peculiar faculty for perpetrating "practical jokes" which characterizes him yet, persuaded the cook to place a large dish of boiled crabs before the old lady, well knowing that she had never before set her eyes on one. Upon seating herself at the table, the usual dish attracted her attention. Carefully drawing her spectacles from their case, she adjusted them on her nose, and took a long stare at the singular-looking edibles; at last, seizing a fork, she made a desperate thrust at one of them, exclaiming, with a long breath:

"Heavens and yearth! who ever seen sich spiders before?"

### FALLING FROM GRACE.

Zedekiah Broadhead was a man somewhat less of stature than Goliath of Gath, though possessing perhaps as much physical strength. So the village wrestlers thought, when, out of sport, he took up a whole handful of them and dashed them on the ground. During a religious revival, Zedekiah was converted and joined the Methodist church. One evening, while on his way from class-meeting, he was assailed by half a dozen of his former companions, shouting:



"Now Zed has become a Christian and cannot fight, let's give him a thrashing."

"Hold a moment," interposed Zed, putting forth an arm as long as a rail. "I know a Christian cannot fight. I belong to a denomination which believes in falling from grace; and," continued the new convert, planting his foot more firmly on the earth, and towering up like a giant in the moonlight, his arm falling back to an angle of forty-five degrees, "if I should fall from grace," here he lowered his voice to a tone of ominous solemnity, and advancing three paces towards his retreating assailants, "if I should fall from grace, woe be to you!"

The scamps, overawed by a doubt of the saint's perseverance, decamped with precaution, leaving Zed as Apollyon left Christian, to go on his way rejoicing.

#### "TAKE MIKE FIRST."

An Irish woman, living in the vicinity of Boston, owned a husband who was so sick that he was not expected to recover; and while he was in this state, she declared she would rather die than lose "darlin' Mike." A set of graceless scamps determined to try her conjugal affection. Having seized a large turkey, they stripped him entirely of his feathers, and one night, when Biddy was alone groaning and calling on Death to come and take her, and not Mike, the shanty door opened, and the hideous turkey entered and stalked towards her.

"O, och hone!" yelled the woman. "Howly Mary, defend us! Take Mike first, that's a good creetur. Howly Mary, how can I die before my time? Take Mike first!"

Perhaps she did not rave when she discovered the trick. But the best of the joke was, Biddy confiscated the turkey and ate it, and her husband helped her, and perhaps through its means Mike recovered.

#### A FRIEND'S RETORT.

The Widow R., who is still a coquette in her quite advanced maturity, went recently to a private evening party after seven o'clock.

"How late you are, my charmer," said the mistress of the house to her, reprovingly.

"I am quite ashamed," answered the widow. "But my maid is so very slow; she takes more than a hour and a half to do my hair."

"Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home whilst she is doing it."

#### AN EPITAPH.

The following epitaph may be found upon a tombstone down East:

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,  
Lies Mary 'Liza Young;  
Who, on the 14th day of May,  
Began to hold her tongue.

#### VARIOUS METHODS.

Speaking of tooth-pulling, we are reminded of a dentist who had more wit than skill. He always compared his method of treatment with his competitors in the same business, and when a patient was placed in the chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar from the unpleasantly surprised sufferer, the dentist would cry, "Stop, compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinge as a specimen to show you Cartright's method of operating." Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. "Now, don't be impatient, that is Dummerge's way; be seated and calm, you will now be satisfied of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now, pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode; and you don't like it, and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread, and whipping it out, the operator exultingly exclaimed, "This is my method of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartright, Dummerge and Parkinson," and patients would go home groaning and wondering at the man's skill and impudence.

#### ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.

Everybody has heard of the railway down in Georgia, where the conductor was so accommodating that, when a lady passenger asked for some water, he got off the train, blocked the wheels of the car, and went to a spring a quarter of a mile away to fetch the desired beverage. We have now a case to match that, and something ahead. On the Peoria, Oquawka and Burlington Railway they run a combined "express and stock train," on which they carry hogs and humanity, paying quite as much attention to the former as to the latter. One day, lately, a porcine quadruped escaped from the cars at Gatesburg, when about midway between Elk City and Elmwood, and forthwith the "express and stock train" was brought to a dead halt, for the purpose of capturing his swineship. An exciting chase of half an hour followed, in which the passengers were called out to join, and porky was run down, returned to his fellows, and the "express and stock train" proceeded on its way.

#### A YOUNG COQUETTE.

A correspondent tells the following good anecdote:—"The other evening, as I was sauntering slowly down the main street in our village, I drew near one of our groceries, and perceived a dirty-faced boy and girl about nine years of age standing by the store window. Just as I was passing, the boy broke out with:

"'Mag, do you love Sam Galey better nor me?"

"When out came the young lady's reply:

"'Sam Galey to blazes! I don't like you nor Sam Galey.'"

## MR. JONES MAKES A MISTAKE.

Mr. Jones recently took a trip to New Orleans, and while in that city called on his friend Smith. But Jones may tell his own story;

I was introduced to his wife, a fine fat woman, looking as though she lived on laffin', her face was so full of fun. After awhile, after we'd talked about my girl, about the weather, in come three or four children, laffin' and skippin' as merry as crickets. There was no candle lit, but I could see they were fine-looking fellows.

"Come here," said I, "you little rogue; come here and tell me what your name is."

The oldest comes to me and says:

"My name is Peter Smith."

"And what's your name, sir?"

"Bob Smith."

The next said his name was Bill Smith; and the fourth said his name was Tommy Smith. I gave 'em sugar candy and Mrs. Smith was so tickled that she laughed all the time. Mr. Smith looked on, but didn't say much.

"Why," says I, "Mrs. Smith, I would not take a good deal for them four boys, if I had 'em—they are so beautiful and sprightly."

"No," said she, laughing, "I set a good deal on 'em; but we spoil 'em too much."

"No," says I, "they're well behaved children; and, by gracious!" says I, pretending to be startled by a striking resemblance between the boys and the father, and I looked at Mr. Smith, "I never did see anything equal it," says I, "your own eyes, mouth, forehead, and a perfect picture, sir," tapping the oldest on the pate. I thought Mrs. Smith would have died laffin' at that.

"Do you think so, Jones?" said she, looking towards Mr. Smith; and I thought she'd go off in a fit.

"Yes," says I, "I do really."

"Haw, haw, haw," says Mr. Smith, kind o' half laffin', "you are too hard on me now, with your jokes."

"I aint jokin' at all," says I; "they are handsome children, and do look wonderfully like you."

Just then a gal brought a light in, and I'll be darned if the little brats didn't turn out to be niggers, every one on 'em! Mr. and Mrs. Smith never had any children, and they sort o' petted them niggers as playthings. I never felt so streaked as I did when I found out how things stood. If I hadn't kissed the nasty things, I could have got over it; but kissing 'em showed I was in earnest. But I left New Orleans the next day, and I aint seen Smith since.

## A WAGER.

Dr. Jameson is one of the most able, talented and eccentric surgeons of the present century. His practice embraces a large circuit, and his fame extends to every part of Massachusetts. The doctor was one morning sitting in his office poring over

some medical work, when a loud rap at the door aroused him. "Come in," said the doctor, and an old lady hobbled into the apartment, who seemed the very embodiment of dirt and negligence.

"Doctor, I've got a dreadful sore foot—can you help it?" said she.

"I will try—let me see it."

The old crone proceeded to divest her under-*standing* of the apology for a shoe with which it was covered, and displayed to the honest doctor a foot—and such a foot!

"La, doctor, ye needs't be in such wonderment about it. There's dirtier feet than that in the world, I'll warrant—ay, and dirtier feet than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies, your daughters, are, for all that;" and the old hag cackled forth her pleasure at the doctor's surprise.

"Woman, if you can find a dirtier foot than that in my house, I will give you five dollars, and cure your foot for nothing!"

"Pon honor?" cried the beldame.

"Pon honor," said the doctor.

The woman stripped off the other stocking, and displayed a foot that beggared all description, grinning in the face of the astonished doctor, as she exclaimed:

"Gie me the money! I knowed it—I would t'other 'fore I came here."

## A PUZZLED JUSTICE.

A man named Josh was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined swore they saw him steal it. A wag having volunteered as counsel for Josh, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:—"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it." The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said, "If there be twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three who did, I discharge the prisoner."

## "BOOK LARNIN'."

While in New York, writes a correspondent, I overheard a 'buse-man enlightening a comrade on the merits of a professor of the New York University, who, in his hearing, had made use of the classic expression, "as black as Erebus."

"This 'ere book larnin'," said the 'buse-man, "is all a humbug! That 'ere professor, as he calls himself, that was riding into my 'buss the other day, talked about a nigger that was as black as 'arr 'bus.' Now, there aint nary 'buses in New York what's painted black; and for him to talk in that 'ere style, showed his ignorance and greenness in the most disgustin' light."

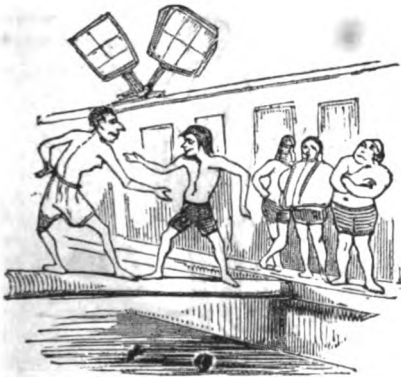
# SCENES IN A BATH-HOUSE.



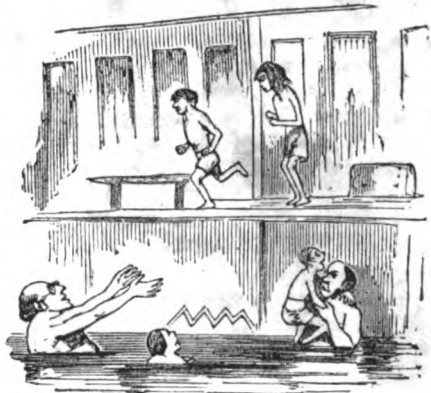
"The water looks c-o-l-d."



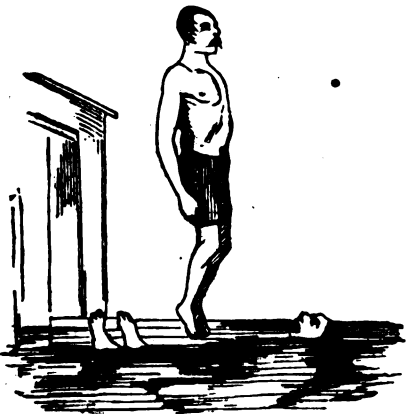
"Is it very deep?"



"You jump, and I'll jump."



"It's so warm."



"Let's see if you can support me."



"Stand from under!"

**THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



"Do make haste."



"Now see me swim."



"I've swallowed some."



"I've had enough for one day."



"You knew I couldn't swim."



"O, for something warm!"

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 3.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1863.

WHOLE No. 105.

## FRENCH SCENES.

WE once more present to the readers of *THE DOLLAR MONTHLY* a series of interesting French views, drawn by eminent artists, and engraved in a careful manner by our engravers. These scenes are on the new line of railroad from Paris to Soissons, a popular route during the summer months, when the heated, thirsty, perspiring Parisians are anxious to leave the city for a time, and seek relief from cares and dissipation amid rural scenes. It is only during a few of the hottest days of summer that the bourgeoisie of Paris will admit that the city is uncomfortable. At other times they repudiate the charge, and declare that Paris is the most delightful city, for a residence, that the world ever saw. There is much truth in the remark that when Paris is hot, boiling and simmering under a summer sun, then Paris is uncomfortable, for the ladies look faded and limp, the men sleepy, and the children cross. Then railroad companies advertise excursions at cheap rates,

and the bourgeoisie, comprehending the condition of their wives and children, thrust their hands into their pockets, and start for the country. Let us imagine, fair reader, that we are about to take an excursion train. It starts with its human freight at 6 A. M., and it will not answer for us to be a moment late, as French trains are punctual. We rise at 5 o'clock, drink a cup of good coffee, eat a white, light roll, such as only French bakers can produce, and then, carpet-bag in hand, run down stairs, are received by the porter with a smile and a bow, and he wishes us a pleasant journey as we enter the carriage, and hopes that we will soon return; the hotel will be so lonesome without our presence! Delicious bit of flattery! We feel it so sensitively, that we toss the man a franc or two, and drive to the station.

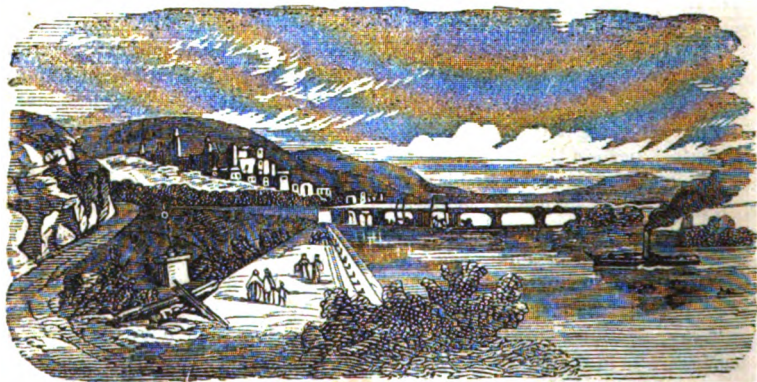
We are in season. We enter a neat car and off we go, enjoying the scenes through which we pass. Your neighbors chat with



LA VALLEE AT PRIVAS.

you, they tell you of the towns through which you journey, and hand you bottles of wine, with which you can quench your thirst. The first place at which we stop is at the end of the bridge of the Valle de Privas. The town of Privas is the capital of the department of Ardeche. It is twenty-six miles southwest of Valence, and has a population of four thousand souls. It is noted for its manufactures of blankets and other woolen goods. We remain all night at Privas, and are treated with much consideration at the hotel where we stop. The next morning we are off, for our ticket is good for all stops, and when the cars halt at the "Viaduct La Voulte," a noble specimen of masonry, we leave the train and commence eating grapes, which are very fine at this place. Voulte is only ten miles from Privas. It is on the right bank of the Rhone,

morning. It is only ten miles from Soissons, the end of our journey, and is in the department of Aisne. The ruins of the chateau are worthy of a visit, for here a gallant line of noblemen lived for many years, and the name of Coucy is often met with in French history. The knights of that name were valiant, but wars and internal dissensions ruined the family, and now the castle is falling to pieces. We spend several hours here, and then continue our journey; and after a week's absence, we return to Paris, and find that our trip has cost us just thirty dollars—cheap enough, when we consider how much pleasure we have enjoyed. But travelling in the interior of France is cheap. And the pleasures of sight-seeing are amply met among the varieties of scenery which a journey through France presents everywhere to the eye.



THE VIADUCT DE LA VOULTE.

in the department of Ardeche, and contains a population of nearly four thousand.

In the afternoon, after having eaten enough grapes to satisfy a modest party, and drank several bottles of good but cheap wine, we once more take the cars, and leave them to look at the feudal beauties of Porte de Laon. It is seventy-four miles from Paris, has a population of over nine thousand, is in the department of Aisne, and is enclosed by old massive walls. It is situated on an isolated hill, crowned by a fine Gothic cathedral, and under the French kings of the first and second races, Laon was a town of much importance. Here, on the 9th and 10th of March, 1814, a desperate battle was fought between Napoleon and the allies under Blucher. Many of the inhabitants remember the battle.

We remain one night at Laon, and ride to the ruins of the Coucy-le-Chateau, the next

#### THE ROUGH SIDE OF FUR.

It is a winter afternoon in Boston, the air is alive with snow; a lady and her three daughters enter the shop of one of the chief furriers of Washington street. A stuffed tiger grins impotently at the door; the shop windows are mantled with furs fit for an empress, white as the thrice-driven snow, silver-gray, zebra-striped, barred, spotted, spangled. These ladies know not where they come from or who obtained them; they buy capes, gloves, pelisses, all of fur, and re-enter their carriage clad like Lapland princesses.

This same afternoon, the hunter who slew those sables, those ermines, and those gray squirrels, is far away in Eastern Siberia, toiling in his dangerous trade—digging pitfalls for bears, watching the gray squirrel, setting traps for the marten, skimming over the snow plains on his great snow-shoes, or flogging the



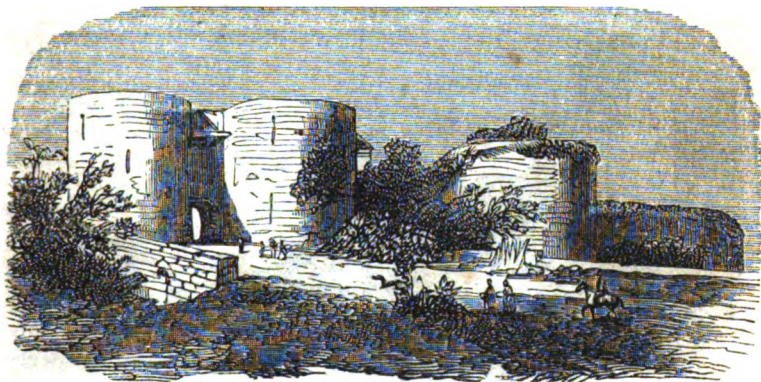
reindeer that draw his sledge till he maddens them to a gallop, as the only chance that he has of escaping the snow whirlwind.

Let us go to the great Russian fair at Novgorod. Elbowing Chinese, Tartars, Magyars, Austrians and Muscovites, we are sure to find whole bands of fur-hunters laden with their peltries. A year or two ago it was computed that, from the district of Kirensk alone, there was annually sent to this great market six hundred marten skins, six thousand ermine skins, one hundred and fifty bear skins, and four hundred thousand skins of the "petit gris," or gray squirrel.

The fur-hunter clothes himself in a tunic of hare skin, breeches of reindeer leather, boots of badger skin, and cap of the lambs-wool of Astracan. In this dress he can roll in snow, or wade through icy water, without suffering

the ends of which were tipped with wooden balls. They were in time conquered and displaced by the Sirians, a people of Finnish origin. Their huts are now constructed of squared logs, the interstices stuffed with moss and dry clay. Their dogs are trained to hunt, to guard their flocks, and to rock their children's cradles.

The Sirian's gun requires more powder for the priming than for the charge, and it is of so small a calibre that its report is no louder than the crack of a whip, and does not scare the game. At thirty yards or so, the Sirians can hit a quarter rouble piece; but they seldom fire at a moving object, and usually take advantage of a rest. Their guns are rifled, and they do not cast their bullets, but hammer them out of solid lead, using a mallet to force them down the greased barrels.



PORTE DE LAON.

much from the cold. His ancestors, who were simpler and hardier than himself, guided themselves northward by observing that the side of the tree that faces the north is always the mossiest; but the modern hunter never neglects to carry a small compass in his pouch to lead him on straiter and surer to the ermine country. This brave minister of our luxury uses a gun of a very small calibre. More than three hundred of the balls he fires go to the pound; a larger ball would injure the ermine fur, and its use would also compel the hunters to carry with them a cumbrous load of lead.

Kirensk, where most of the fur-hunters live, is a district on the shores of the Lenæ, in Eastern Siberia. When the Cossacks, riding eastward some two centuries ago, discovered these tribes, they were mere savages, living on fish and reindeer's milk, and clothed in sable skins. They killed the ermine with arrows,

The Sirian women attach great value to the paws of the glutton—an animal of extreme ferocity, that preys on the elk and the reindeer. Its skin is glossy black, and its paws, which are white, are worn by the women as ornaments for the head. These fetch a great price in Sweden and Norway.

But the glutton is exceptional; the gray squirrel is the great object of pursuit. This beautiful little animal lives on pine-cones and mushrooms. In hard seasons he has to resort to the seeds of the fir, which often fill his mouth and eyes with resin, until at last it seals up his jaws and forces him to die of hunger. In some seasons the squirrels are found in the ravines; they are then caught in plank traps, to which they are attracted by baits of salt or smoked fish. At other times they are only to be seen on the highest trees, and are by no means to be tempted down. In dry weather

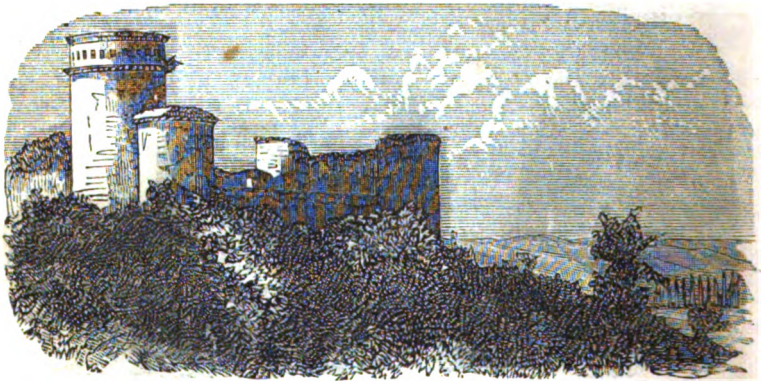


the squirrel flies from branch to branch, gayly trusting to his bushy tail to act as a parachute and break his fall, but when the rain comes and mats his hair, destroying its buoyancy, he grows timid and hides in his nest.

Gray squirrels are extraordinarily cunning in hiding, but the fur-hunter has stratagems by which to baffle them. The Sirians go in couples; one places himself in ambuscade, while the other kicks the tree with his foot. The squirrel instantly mounts and hides. Then the second hunter whistles; the squirrel stops and turns his head; that moment the cruel shot is fired, and down the gray-skin drops upon the snow. Squirrels are, however, so numerous in Oriental Siberia that, in spite of their little artifices, no less than a hundred are sometimes secured by a fur-hunter in a single day. They migrate through the forests,

#### A SNAKE IN HIS HAT.

The editor of the New York Monthly Scalpel states that a gentleman of the highest veracity related to him the following snake story, which beats anything we have read lately: Going into an ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman who took the seat opposite to him took off his hat. He turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck; then placing his hand over his hat, he again turned it, and receiving its carefully guarded contents, concealed in a pocket-handkerchief, on his hand; then gently laying the back of his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and its contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly directed toward the hat; and his surprise was greatly increased,



RUINS OF THE COUCY-LE-CHATEAU.

moving from east to west, and leaving no trace. They spring from bough to bough, and, almost without touching the ground, traverse the woods from Siberia to Finland. The Sirians say that squirrels, when they want to cross a river, form a raft of branches and birch-bark, their expanding tails serving them for sails. Their enemies are the polecats and martens, who follow their migrations with as cruel a perseverance and as evil intentions as wolves follow a conqueror's army. Martens are, however, too gluttonous and carnivorous to be very common, and of the two millions of skins annually furnished by the district of Kirensk, only six hundred are those of the marten.

#### WITH A GIFT.

A trifle, sweet! which true love spells—  
True love interprets—right alone.—TANNYSON.

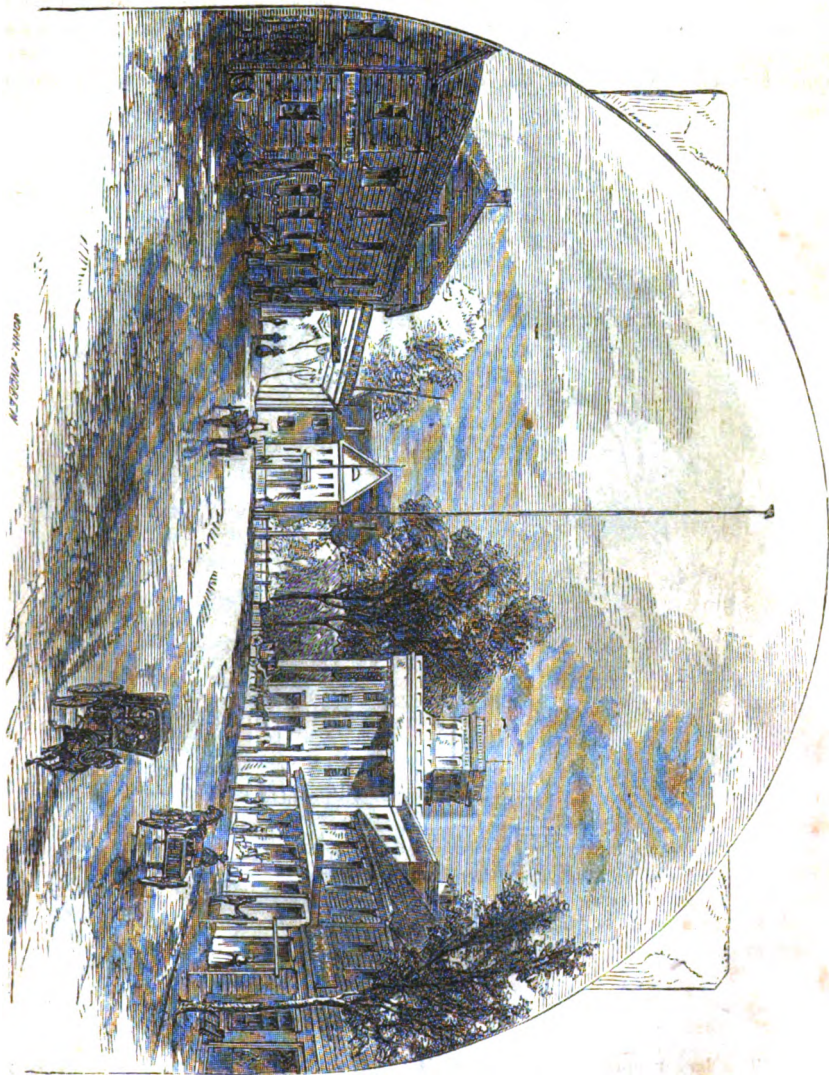
on observing the head of a sizeable snake thrust out and looking sharply about him. The gentleman perceiving the discovery, addressed him: "My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed anyone with my poor pet. Allow me to explain. He is perfectly harmless—only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for rheumatism. I have done so for several weeks, and am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him; the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his irksome confinement. I feed him on milk and eggs, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for my annoyance; you have my story—it is true. I am thankful to the informer for my cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner in disgust."

## SCENES IN NORWALK, CONN.

We must confess to an intense love for the pretty little towns and villages of our thriving neighboring State, Connecticut. Some of them border on the sea, like New Haven, Stonington and Mystic, and other towns of like note,

and watered by the Thames; New London, calm, stately, and aristocratic, a connecting link between past and present times. But we shall speak of this city by-and-by. At present we wish to confine our remarks to Norwalk, celebrated for the terrible railroad dis-

VIEW IN STATE STREET.



while some of the cities are washed by important rivers, like Hartford, which is flooded six months in the year, much to the disgust of the inhabitants who reside near the raging Connecticut, and are by no means lovers of hydropathy or the doctrines of Vincent Priessnitz; Norwich, nestled between verdant hills

aster which occurred there many years since. Norwalk is scattered over a large space of ground, and a stranger in the place finds it somewhat difficult to tell where Norwalk is, and where it is not. The nucleus, or more compact portion, is at the head of the Norwalk River, which empties its waters into the



Sound about two miles from the bridge. From here, as from a common centre, it diverges in every direction, until the neat white cottages with their green blinds, neat and beautiful dooryards, and gardens in the rear, lose themselves in the more plain and substantial farm houses, surrounded by orchards, fields and meadows, filled with cattle, grain and fruit, and showing evidence of that thrift and application which are proverbial with the Yankee

many persons doing business in New York who are enabled through its means to be their offices and stores at an early hour in the morning, and at home in time for tea and stroll in the garden or pleasure grounds, while many of them have tastefully laid out around their residences. It is the commercial depot for the northern part of the county, and a considerable portion of the staple products of the farmers is brought here to be disposed of.



EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

farmer. The larger portion of the town is built in and along the valley of the river, and a view from any of the surrounding hills is beautiful in the extreme. The diversity of scene presented to the eye in a drive through the length and breadth of the borough, is very attractive and highly pleasing. It is a place of considerable activity, and the New Haven Railroad, which passes through it, has been the means of attracting to its neighborhood

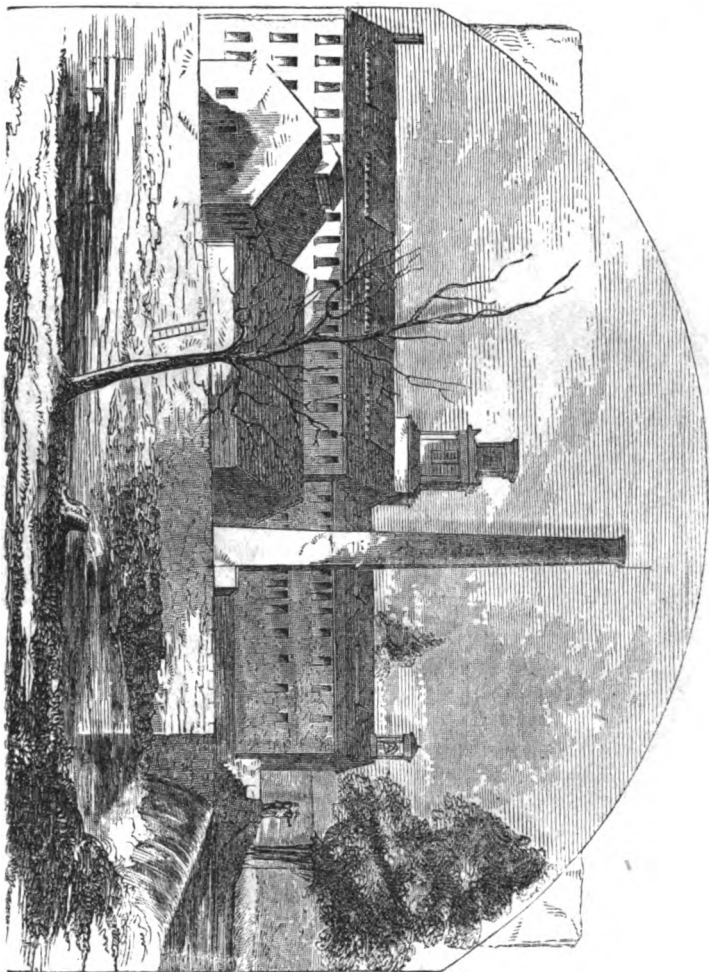
We furnish to our readers some very fine views of buildings and streets in Norwalk. The first is State Street, the second is the handsome Episcopal Church, the third is the Union Manufactory Buildings, where a superior kind of cloth is made, and the fourth is the Union School Buildings, where children are prepared for the stern duties of life.

From the summit of Drummond's Hill, if you turn your eyes northward, you will find

At the horizon is bounded by the waters of Long Island Sound, on whose placid waters innumerable craft expand their wing like sails to the breeze, while occasionally a long sinuous smoky line betokens the transit of a steamer, bearing its living freight to or from the metropolis. Nearer the eye, the river, which flows peacefully before us, empties its

At times it is a busy spot, but as the passing train is lost to view, it relapses into quietness, and a line of carriages may be seen pursuing their tortuous way towards the upper town, now hid by the intervening buildings or the inequalities of the ground, now seen in some open space, until lost in the streets of the more compact portion which lies at our feet.

UNION MANUFACTORY.



waters into the sound amid numerous islands, which look like gems in a setting of silver. Following up the opposite bank of the river, we see the village of Old Well, which is the port of Norwalk, although vessels of light draught can come up to the bridge at high water. Here the railroad trains stop, and here the steamboat, which formerly made tri-weekly trips to the city, had its landing-place.

The horizon round about us is cut up by hills and distant mountains, and the intervening space is adorned by beautiful "bits of landscape," with here and there a spire peering among the trees to betoken the ever-present temple of God on earth. Altogether it is a beautiful view, and well worthy some little exertion to see. The spot on which you stand has, however, another strong attraction to the

student of history. Where you stand, Governor Tryon, of infamous memory, sat, seventy-eight years ago, in a rocking-chair, the plunderer of a neighboring house, and witnessed the conflagration of the flourishing village which lay in the valley below. A brute in disposition, a lacquey by nature, mortified and chagrined at the treatment he had received at the hands of the Virginians, and disappointed at the turn affairs had taken in New York,

Bay, on the north side of Long Island, and on the 16th of July, re-crossed to the main for the purpose of destroying Norwalk. He landed with his forces, consisting of Hessians and refugee Americans, on the night of the 11th on the plain which lies at the east side of the river, and about eight or nine o'clock on the following morning, he marched toward the ill-fated town. No opposition of any account was offered. Captain Betts, with about fifty



UNION SCHOOL.

which, he had hoped, would have remained loyal to his king and master, he had lent himself as a ready tool in the hands of British commanders, when any dirty work was to be done, like that in which he was now engaged. Having laid the thriving village of Fairfield in ashes, and driven its inhabitants out into the storm which raged at the time, homeless and destitute, he retired with his motley forces of Tories and Hessian hirelings to Huntington

militia men, harassed him as much as possible and endeavored to make a stand, but the enemy were in such overwhelming numbers that he was obliged to fall back, with the loss of four killed and one cannon captured by the enemy. After destroying much property Tryon left the scene. At the present time Norwalk is favored with many summer tourists and a more delightful village in which to stay for a week's recreation, it would be hard to find



CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURG, FROM THE NEVA.



## CITADEL OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Just at the present time, when the three great powers are seriously contemplating war with Russia, because the latter will not listen to advice respecting Poland, we do not believe that we could present to the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* a more acceptable picture than the one found on page 181. It represents a correct view of the Citadel of St. Petersburg, a fortification of wonderful strength, against which the allies did not dare advance during the Crimean war, notwithstanding Admiral Napier told his men to sharpen their "cutlasses," as though forts were to be carried by swords, instead of shot and shell. The foundation stone of the citadel, the subject of our illustration, was laid by the great Peter in 1703, and the fortress is situated on the right bank of the Neva, where this beautiful river divides into the Little Neva, and the Neva properly so called. It contains the burial-place of the imperial family, the Church of St. Peter and Paul (with the *chapelle ardente*) remarkable for its lofty steeple, the mint, the *Kasennaya Palata*, or Crown Money Office, the prisons of state, the barracks of the garrison, and extensive saltpetre works. In a little chapel in the fortress is kept as a relic, the origin of the Russian fleet—the first boat which Peter himself built in Prussia. On the land side the citadel is surrounded by a deep and broad fosse. Opposite the fortress, on the so-called Palace Quay, are the Marble Palace (the palace of the Grand Duke Constantine), the Hermitage, the Imperial Winter Palace, the Admiralty, and the splendid residences of the nobles.

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 THE SEA-BEAR.

From the first of October St. Paul is gradually deserted by the sea-bears, who then migrate to the south, and reappear towards the end of April, the males arriving first. Each seeks the same spot on the shore which he occupied during the preceding year, and lies down among the large stone blocks with which the flat beach is covered. About the middle of May the far more numerous females begin to make their appearance, and Otarian life takes full possession of the strand. The full-grown sea-bear is from eight to nine feet long, measures five in girth, and acquires a weight of from eight to nine hundred pounds. He owes his name to his shaggy blackish fur, and not to his disposition, which is far from being cruel or savage. He indulges in polyga-

my, like a Turk or a Mormon, and has often as many as fifty wives. The young are generally lively, fond of play and fight. When one of them has thrown another down, the father approaches with a growl, caresses the victor, tries to overturn him, and shows increasing fondness the better he defends himself. Lazy and listless youngsters are objects of his dislike, and these hang generally about their mother. The male is very much attached to his wives, but treats them all with the severity of an Oriental despot. When a mother neglects to carry away her young, and allows it to be taken, she is made to feel his anger. He seizes her with his teeth, and strikes her several times, not over gently, against a cliff. As soon as she recovers from the stunning effects of these blows, she approaches her lord in the most humble attitudes, crawls to his feet, caresses him, and even sheds tears, as Steller, the companion of Behring's second voyage, informs us. Meanwhile, the male crawls about to and fro, gnashes his teeth, rolls his eyes, and throws his head from side to side. But when he sees that his young is irrevocably lost, he then, like the mother, begins to cry so bitterly that the tears trickle down upon his breast. In old age the ursine seal is abandoned by his wives to spend the remainder of his life in solitude, fasting and sleeping; an indolence from which he can only be aroused by the intrusion of another animal, when a tremendous battle is the consequence. Though extremely irascible, the sea-bears are lovers of fair play, so that when two are fighting the others form a ring, and remain spectators until the contest is decided. Then, however, they take the part of the weaker, which so enrages the victor that he immediately attacks the peace-makers. These in turn fall out, the dreadful roaring attracts new witnesses, and the whole ends, like an Irish wedding, with a general fight.

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 SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Farmer Brown was sitting in the country church. He had been working hard in the harvest field; hands were scarce, and Farmer Brown was dozing. The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length the tale waning, the good man closed the lids of the Bible and concluded as follows:

"Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few."

"Yes," exclaimed Farmer Brown, "I've offered two dollars a day for cradlers, and can't get 'em at that."



FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE, NEAR QUEBEC, CANADA EAST.



## FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE.

The spirited engraving on page 183, is worthy of more than a passing glance. It represents the falls of the Chaudiere, Canada East, and is a great resort for sportsmen and piscatorial disciples, during the warm months, when the heat in the city is oppressive, and we sigh for a breath of fresh air, a good trout stream. These Falls are only about four miles from Quebec. The river Chaudiere rushes over lofty rocks, and plunges headlong with a terrific roar into a deep and narrow basin. The rocks that shoulder and compress this river on either side and form the bases on which it dashes itself in fury, are singularly bold. Our artist has enlivened the romantic scene by introducing a group of Americans, camping under a ledge, with a cheerful fire, while an adventurous fisherman is purveying for the little party. This cataract is one of the most picturesque to be found in Canada, as well as the highest, the latest measurement making its total altitude 272 feet.

## LETTER TO A BRIDE.

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands, Addie!—three stately pluckings from the blush of ceremony. I am gazing upon a card, and upon a name—a name with which your gentle life began, a name with which your throbbing heart was lost. There is nothing strange about that card. The maiden sign still looks up from it, calm and customary, as it looked on many a formal basket. I am gazing, too, upon a card where the nearer parent tells the world she will be "At Home," one day; and that is nothing new! But there is another card, whose mingling there puts a tongue of fire into this speechless pasteboard, enamelling fate on commonplace! It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny, and these cards are but the pale heralds of a coming crisis; when a hand that has pressed friends' hands, and plucked flowers, shall close down on him, to whom she shall be friend and flower forever after.

"I have sent you a few flowers, to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it; and they will be found watching over our graves when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems to meet me that a past, so calm and pure as yours, should expire with a kindred sweetness about it; that flowers and music,

kind friends and earnest words, should consecrate the hour when a sentiment is passing into a sacrament.

The great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal and the burial. To the first we bring only weakness—for the last we have nothing but dust! But here, at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promise that arms each other with the other's heart, to keep on in the life struggle of care and duty. The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene. The gay and the frivolous, they and their influences, will look solemn for once. And youth will come, to gaze on all its sacred thoughts pant for; and age will totter up, to hear the words repeated that to their own lives have given the charm. Some will sweep over it as if it were a tomb, and some will laugh over it, for it is fate, not fun, this everlasting locking of their lives!

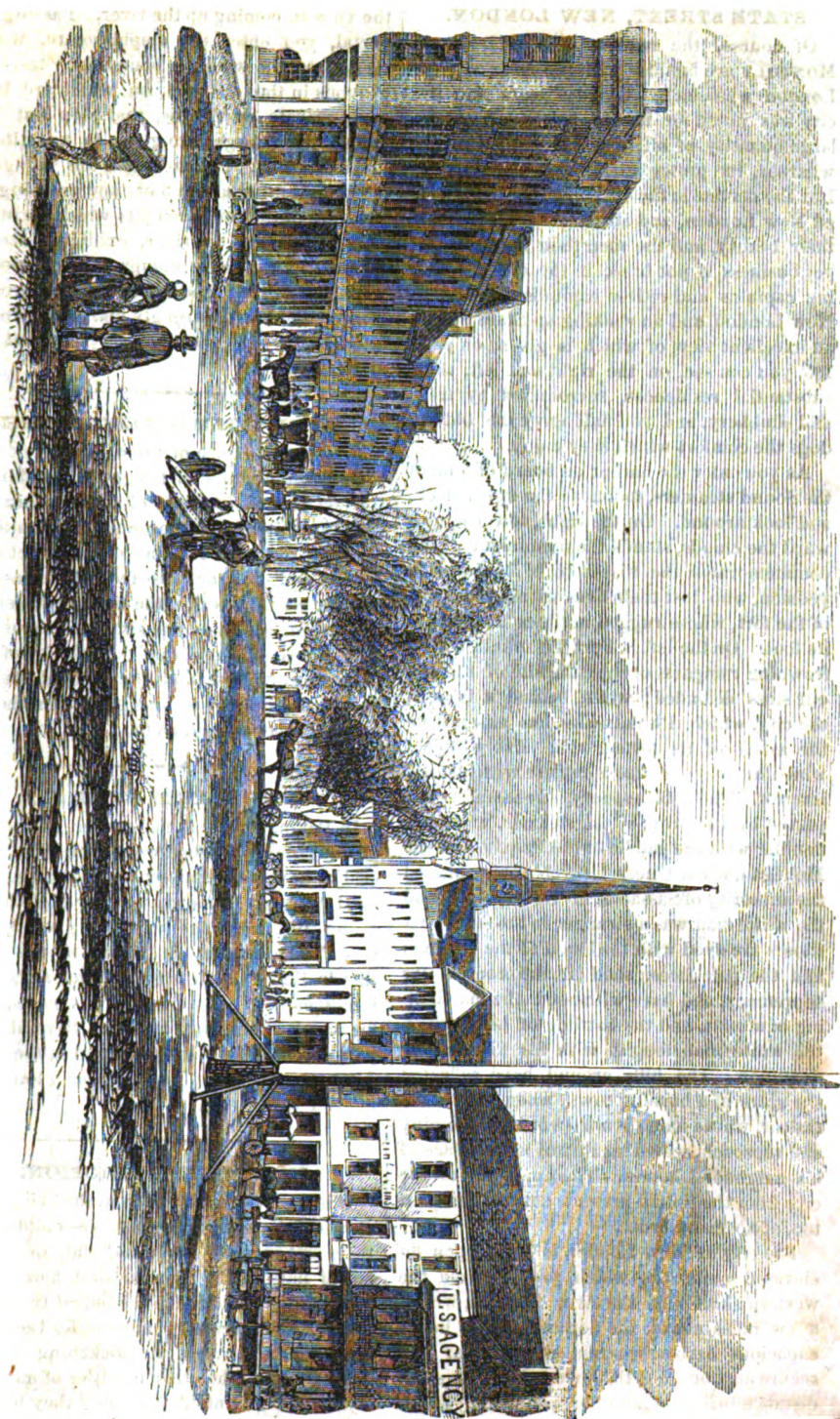
"And now, can you, who have quenced it over so many bending forms, can you come down to the frugal diet of a single heart? Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, warming only his breast, marking only his hours, clicking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock where all our hearts are united around the great Central Heart of all. Hoping that calm sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature."

## A MEDICAL INFERENCE.

Among curiosities of the day, the last marvel in medicine is of a man who, during his last sickness, manifested an inordinate craving for onions, but his physician utterly prohibited his eating them. The patient died and a post mortem examination disclosed in his stomach a calcareous substance of the size of a small hen's egg, which was taken to be the cause of his death. To preserve the curiosity, the doctor had it mounted on his staff, which one day he chanced to fix upon an onion bed. Returning some hours afterwards for the cane, he found it had fallen upon the bed, its head completely dissolved by onion juice which had come in contact with it. The inference is, that the patient would have recovered if he had been permitted to eat the article he so much craved.



STATE STREET, NEW LONDON, FROM THE DEPOT.



## STATE STREET, NEW LONDON.

Of course, the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* are familiar with the fame of New London whalemén. Twenty years ago the city was noted for its activity, its ships, the large quantity of oil that was landed on its wharves, its pretty girls, and hardy men. But the decline in the whale fishery has affected New London, and although its girls retain their beauty, and the men their manly looks, yet business is not brisk in the city. Whaling captains and retired capitalists reside in New London, and on walking up State Street, an excellent view of which is given on page 185, you can see, on the right and left, their substantial residences, surrounded by trees and shubbery, and you half envy the old sea dogs the comfort which they enjoy.

As you enter the harbor on board of one of the Sound steamers, mount to the upper deck, and look around. On the right, towering toward the clouds, stands the monument which commemorates the massacre of those noble yeomen, who lost their lives within the walls of the fort, whose rugged outlines are seen at its foot. On the left is Fort Trumbull, whose frowning ramparts occupy the site of the one our sires defended; while behind it is seen the city, which, Phoenix-like, has arisen from the ashes of its former self. Every object which meets your gaze is replete with historic interest. The noble estuary, whose waters are parted by the prow of the steamer, was once familiar with the paddle of the Pequot and the Mohegan, when Uncas, the rebel chief, braved the authority of Sassacus, his rightful lord, and the white man was a stranger in the land. Its shores are dyed with the blood of the red man and the pale-faces, shed in the contest for supremacy, and have witnessed the marshalling of armies, and the battling of hosts, when the white man fought with his kindred for dominion. The hills around have reflected the glare of a burning town, when that arch-traitor, whose name is a by-word of ignominy and reproach, sealed his infamy in the blaze of his neighbors' homes. The approach to the city from the Sound presents natural beauties, too, of no mean order.

The city of New London is built upon an elevated semicircle, which projects from the western shore into the river Thames, which, a few miles above the Sound, widens into a capacious harbor, wherein ships of war find secure anchorage in the lowest tides. A short distance below is another peninsula, which effectually closes in the harbor, and shuts out

the view in coming up the river. Passing the portal, you enter the amphitheatre, which, rising from the water, is bounded by the high grounds in the distance, on which are built many private residences, that peep out from among the foliage, like gems in a setting of brilliant green. On the right, the village of Groton, nestling at the foot, and creeping up the sides of the rocky heights which form the eastern banks of the river, exhibits a strong contrast to the more compact city opposite, while the rugged and rocky steepes present features bold and strongly marked, forming altogether a *tout ensemble* very pleasant and attractive.

## SPEED OF THE MAGNETIC CURRENT.

A long experience of the coast survey with some different lines of telegraph, establishes the fact that the velocity of the galvanic current is about fifteen thousand four hundred miles per second. The time of transit between Boston and Bangor was recently measured and the result was that the time occupied in the transmission was one sixteenth thousandth part of a second, and that the velocity of the galvanic current was at the rate of sixteen thousand miles per second more than the average of other experiments.

## NEWSPAPER ON SILK.

In Pekin, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago, somewhat earlier than the one under the patronage of the "good Queen Bess." An anecdote is related to the effect that in 1727 a public officer caused some false intelligence to be inserted in this newspaper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in the Boys' Library at Paris. They are each ten and a quarter yards long.

## INFLUENCE OF FICTION.

It is from true fiction—from the living products of the creative imagination—children get their first ideas of the wonderful, of a world out of nature, the supernatural and divine. True and pure fiction is the purest truth—the natural and necessary aliment for the young imagination through the quickening of which faculty alone, the other faculties of mind and heart are best unfolded, even if they be at all unfolded in any other way.

## CLIFTON, ENGLAND.

Next to Bath, as a watering-place, stands Clifton, a representation of which is given on page 188. It is one of the most lovely towns in England, and that is saying much, for Great Britain can boast of some charming villages. Clifton is about a mile from the city of Bristol. The river that flows through the centre of the picture is the classic Avon. It is a watering-place of great resort on account of its celebrated hot baths, and is crowded in summer with company for whose accommodation there are numerous hotels and lodging-houses, situated most romantically on the wooded eminences that rise on either side of the Avon, in the manner shown in our engraving. So attractive is the place from its natural beauties, that many of the wealthy inhabitants make it their permanent residence. The resident population is about 15,000. A fine race course is established here, where races come off annually, and command a large attendance.

## WOODEN NUTMEGS.

On the arrival of some Federal prisoners at a way station, near Richmond, an old man, in a great state of excitement, came running up to the cars, shaking his fist and saying, "O, you Yankees, aint you ashamed to be caught down here stealing negroes?" One of our boys answered that we did not want any of his niggers, and suggested to the old man that perhaps the Yankees were not so bad as he imagined. "Yes, you are," said he, "you are *all* bad, there is no good in you. Why, when I was a boy, these same Yankees came round and cheated us, by selling *wooden nutmegs*, and patent clocks!" "What did you pay for a clock?" said a wag. The reply was, "twenty shillings." "Well, you paid a great deal too much," said another, "we sell them now for six cents per dozen." This latter was a poser, and the old man went off muttering about "wooden nutmegs" and patent clocks.

## THE TIDE OF LIFE.

Let the happy children shout!  
Shadow comes with sunny token;  
Let the merry bells ring out!  
Yet shall hearts be seared and broken.  
Let the tide sweep on its way,  
In the shade or in the sun,  
In the night or in the day,  
Death is rest when life is done;  
And beyond it—wherefore care?  
Souls there are which go not there!

WILLIAM WINTER.

## DISHONESTY PUNISHED.

The Duke of Buccleuch, in one of his walks, purchased a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, which was to be sent to his palace on the following morning. The duke, in his morning dress, espied a boy ineffectually attempting to drive the animal forward to its destination. The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him:

"Hie, mun, come here, an' gie 's a han' wi' this beast! Come here, mun, an' help us, an' as sure's anything, I'll gie you half I get."

The duke went and lent the helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for the job?"

"I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the big hoose are good to a' bodies."

As they approached the house, the duke disappeared from the boy, and entered by a different way. Calling the butler, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow." The duke, having returned to the avenue, was soon rejoined by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?"

"A shilling," said the boy, "and there's half o' it to ye."

"But you surely got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "as sure as death, that's a' I got! An' d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "and as I am acquainted with the master of the house, if you will return, I think I'll get you more."

They went back; the duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

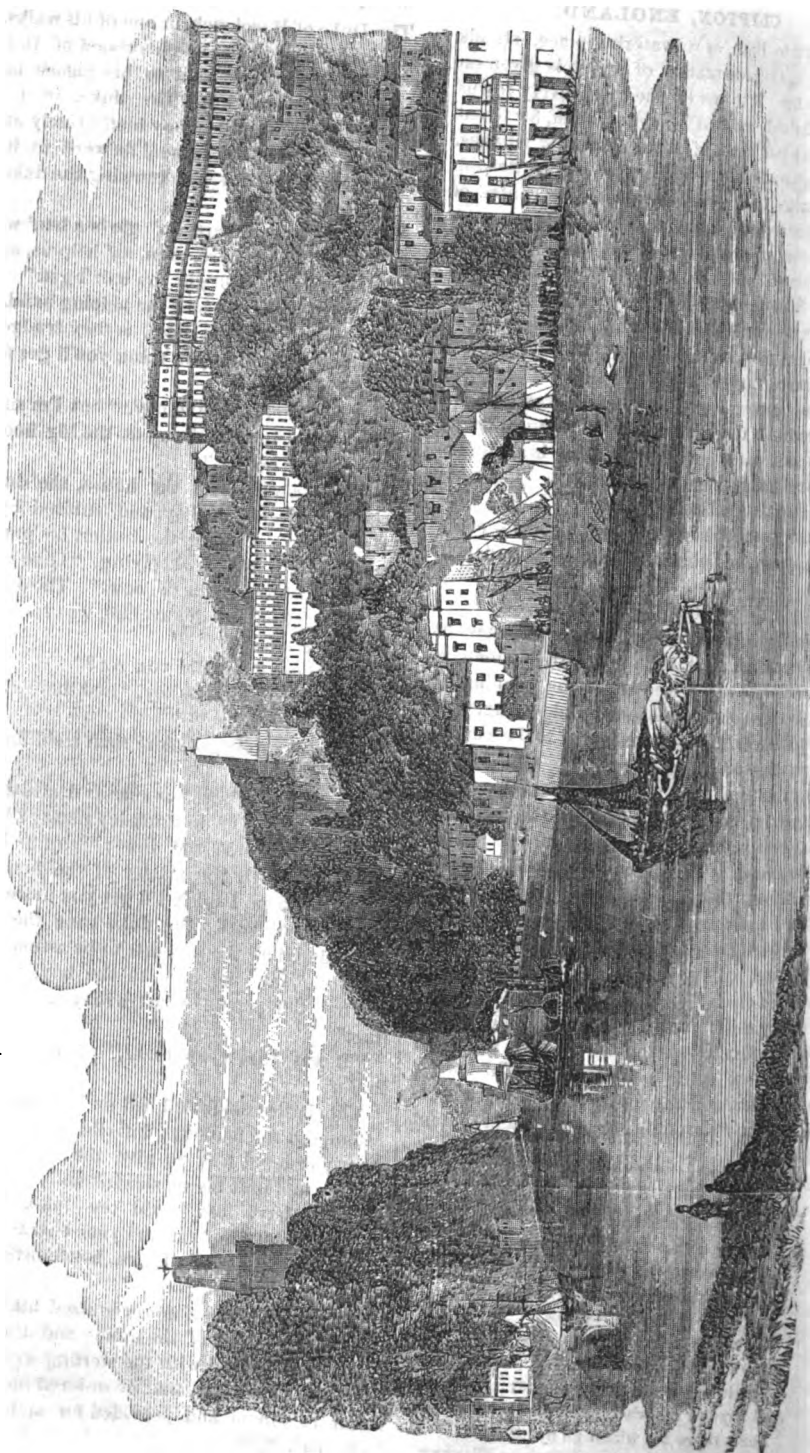
"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there," pointing to the butler.

The butler confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted an apology; but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service instantly.

"You have lost," said the duke, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness. Learn, henceforth, that honesty is the best policy."

The boy by this time recognized his assistant in the person of the duke; and the duke was so delighted with the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school and provided for at his own expense.



CLIFTON, AN ENGLISH WATERING PLACE.



[ORIGINAL.]

## SONG OF THE INDIAN MAID.

BY J. W. S.

The pearly drop from the rose hath fled,  
 And fled from the wild hawthorn,  
 Where it sparkling lay on its leafy bed,  
 In the light of the day new born.  
 Then why comes not the hunter bold,  
 Why lingers he so long?  
 Why stays he in the greenwood old,  
 Nor comes to hear my song?

On his golden car the sun hath rose,  
 High over the mountains green,  
 And the songster bright, from his noon-tide light,  
 Hath fled to the leafy screen.  
 But vainly hath mine eye roamed o'er  
 Each winding vale and glen;  
 The hunter's form I see no more,  
 Whys comes he not again?

I know that the hunter's heart is brave,  
 By the chivalrous deeds he's done;  
 That a foe can never his soul enslave,  
 For his spirit will stoop to none.  
 Then why along the mountain trail,  
 Comes not the hunter free?  
 Mine eye hath roamed o'er hill and dale,  
 His form I cannot see.

O, haste thee back to thy mountain home,  
 Ere the evening shades draw nigh,  
 And no longer amid the forest roam,  
 Brave boy of the eagle eye.  
 Then speed thee here, my hunter bold,  
 And linger not so long,  
 But hie thee from the greenwood old,  
 And list my pensive song.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WHO SHALL BE KING?

## A REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

BY HESTER TILLINGHAST.

STATELY Fanny Southmayd stood at her window, looking over the green, picturesque windings of the beautiful valley. It was all as cool and fresh and bright as if, fifty miles away, two rival armies had not baptized the blossoming turf with the red baptism of death. The rough hills rose high on either side, shutting in a very Eden of beauty. The brook which sang along a score of miles before it flowed into the Mohawk, glistened in silver sheen under the August sun. On the smooth slopes the grain waved, and the cloud shad-

ows chased each other over the stalks already bending with the wealth of harvest. But to all this loveliness Fanny Southmayd was as insensible as the old stone mansion where she lived. True, it passed before her eyes, this pageant of beauty, but she was deaf and blind to it as the impenetrable stone. Because for weeks a conflict had been going on within her, a stern battle fought between love and loyalty.

Fanny was a true Southmayd. Her ancestors had fought for the king in the days when the Cavalier met the Roundhead, and one fell at Culloden defending the honor and rights of Prince Charlie. This new-world branch of the family bated not a jot of its loyalty. It held the continental Congress in contempt, and sneered at the prowess of the American generals.

So you may imagine that it was a bitter day for Fanny when young Roger Wilnot, her affianced, declared against king and parliament. Still more so when he accepted a captaincy in the colonial army. By this time he might be engaged in battle. Fanny's face grew hard as she thought. One could not doubt that the Southmayd loyalty would triumph over the woman's heart. But the conflict was terrible; on the one side the hereditary and carefully learnt principles, her instinctive, womanish enthusiasm for the cause which called to its support the traditions and pomp of proud centuries past, the pressure of family friends, the sarcasm of acquaintances, who satirically toasted "our brothers, the beggarly provincials," and on the other, Roger Wilnot and a whole life of immeasurable love and happiness. Fanny dropped her hands upon the window sill, and her face upon her hands, and sobbed aloud. Ah, if Roger Wilnot had been there then! But he was many miles away.

This month of August, in the year 1777, had opened gloomily upon the affairs of the Americans. Ticonderoga had fallen, and Burgoyne's victorious army lay at Skeenesboro', waiting for a convenient opportunity to advance towards farther conquest. Schuyler, with his weakened and disheartened forces, had withdrawn to Stillwater, and while anxiously awaiting reinforcements, employed every means which his energetic and versatile mind could suggest to strengthen his position and throw obstacles in the way of Burgoyne. A few regiments of infantry were already arrived in camp; but coincident with their arrival came the news that St. Leger, with his force augmented by troops of blood-thirsty



savages, was closely besieging Fort Stanwix. With its fall the whole of that region would be thrown open to the enemy.

The people trembled with apprehension. The pillaging propensities of the Heralans and the barbarian ferocities of the Indians were a constant source of terror. General Schuyler, in this extremity, determined to despatch Arnold with a brigade of troops to the succor of the fort. Silent but swift preparations were now in progress in the camp at Stillwater.

The soldiers were to start at midnight, for British spies were supposed to watch all movements, and it was necessary to proceed with the greatest caution. Sunset fell over the country, bridging the river with broad bands of gold. Evening parade had just closed, and the camp was growing still. In General Schuyler's tent a knot of officers had gathered for conference. The last instructions had been given, every contingency had been provided for, but Schuyler could not conceal the anxiety which he felt respecting the safety of the detachment.

"Remember, colonel, you cannot be too wary," he said, with emphasis, pursuing a subject which had occupied them several minutes. "Nothing is easier than to fall into an ambushade, and nothing would be more fatal."

"I will be cautious, general. If Gansevoort holds out but a few days longer I am confident we shall put St. Leger to flight."

"I trust so. You have all the means you desired, and the enterprise will redound to your credit if your usual good-fortune does not desert you. Your guide is prepared for any exigency?"

The colonel glanced at Lieutenant Roger Wilmot.

"Doubtless," he said, with an arch smile.

"Lieutenant Wilmot, if rumor does not do him injustice, has had the best of reasons for becoming familiar with the country around Fort Stanwix. If the fair tory does not seduce him from his allegiance he will pilot us safely."

"Ah! Lieutenant Wilmot, you had best look to yourself. Colonel Arnold will show no indulgence to treason," said General Schuyler.

Lieutenant Wilmot crimsoned like a girl, and answered modestly:

"He is quite welcome to do his worst if I am unfaithful to him."

"We trust you, lieutenant," said the general, looking grave and anxious again. "And now, gentlemen, good-night. You will need

sleep. We shall wait eagerly for news of your success."

They shook hands, and Colonel Arnold and his companions retired, each to his own quarters. Most of them had some small personal preparation to make—some letters to write—perhaps the last, for it was scarcely possible that all the little band of heroes should accomplish the perilous expedition in safety.

Lieutenant Wilmot retired, but not to sleep. He had been connected with the colonial army now three months, and not one word had Fanny Southmayd vouchsafed to him during that time. He knew the strength of her prejudices, he knew how passionately she clung to a cause espoused with enthusiasm. But all this he had dared. He had made the sacrifice, if it must be one, urged on by a stern sense of duty. Always alert and gay, bearing privations with heroic fortitude, and shunning no perilous service, his companions, who knew that he had loitered away a brief summer in the society of Fanny Southmayd, never dreamed how deep was that quickly kindled love. He loved her still, and the mere fact that he was about to pass within half a dozen miles of her father's house, was enough to disquiet him. Would it be possible for him to see her? he queried. All the while that he was busy in his preparations his thoughts were occupied with this question.

At midnight the camp was astir, but every one moved softly and spoke in a low tone. Lights were forbidden, and the men formed in the ranks by the pale gleams of the setting moon. It was a picturesque scene—the long lines of armed soldiers, standing motionless, dark and still, the white tents dimly outlined against the black background of forest, the faint roar of the rushing river, and the sobbing of the wind in the tall trees, whose tops, swayed by the unseen force, bent and waved like some strange living things. The moon went down and suddenly the long rank of soldiers, the white tents and the weird forests were wrapped in impenetrable darkness.

"Now, then, men, forward!" said the colonel in a low, thrilling tone, and instantly, as if moved by one will, the body of soldiers put itself in motion. By daybreak they were many miles away, almost far enough to be relieved of the espionage of Burgoyne and his troops.

But Arnold, cautious, as well as bold and swift, pushed on, and as the shadows of night fell, encamped upon the banks of a small stream, the same singing water whose silvery

windings Fanny Southmayd's eye had followed that very August morning.

The soldiers were in high spirits. They had made their march thus far unmolested by either British hireling or savage foe, and they were confident of being able to reach Fort Stanwix before St. Leger should be aware of their approach, when the consequence must be that he would fly precipitately or accept battle from the united forces of Arnold and of General Gansevoort, the commander of the fortification.

Supper was cooked and eaten, beds improvised of hemlock boughs, and jeats and songs had gradually died away. The camp was asleep, save the sentry who tramped back and forth to keep himself awake, and a few officers who had met at Arnold's quarters for consultation. The conference was ended, and all had departed except Lieutenant Wilmot.

"Well, lieutenant?" said the colonel, kindly.

"I wish to ask a favor, colonel," answered the young man, with some embarrassment.

"Name it; but beware of asking any favors for recreant tories," said the colonel, smiling.

"I only wish permission to be absent from the camp a few hours to-night."

"No!" said the officer, shortly.

"Excuse me; may I ask why?"

"I am surprised that so sagacious an officer as Lieutenant Wilmot should need an explanation. It should be clear to you that you would run the risk of betraying us and threatening the whole enterprise."

"On the contrary, I hope to obtain some information which may be of service to us."

"Ah, that alters the case. I should like to know how matters have gone on since Gansevoort's messenger arrived at Stillwater," said Arnold, musingly.

"I have no fear of betraying our corps," added the lieutenant. "I promise to return to camp before sunrise."

The colonel reflected a moment, then with his usual promptness of decision, said quickly:

"Very well; you have my permission. I trust it to your discretion; only remember, Lieutenant Wilmot, how much depends upon your courage and address."

Wilmot thanked his commander and withdrew. Hastily laying aside his uniform, and donning in its stead a plain citizen's dress, he left the camp by a path through the woods with which he seemed familiar, and striking a brisk pace, soon gained a well trodden high-

way. An hour's walk brought him in sight of the family mansion of Robert Southmayd, Esq. The long, low, stone building was quite dark, save one wing that jutted from the southern front, and overlooked the valley of the river.

Roger Wilmot's heart beat a little faster as he saw the light in the well-known window. He knew who was watching there. But he passed around to the rear of the house, and came to a row of small huts. At one of these he stopped and tapped softly on the window-pane. In a moment he heard a movement within, and presently the door was opened just wide enough for a pair of eyes to peer out in the darkness.

"Who be dere?"

"It is I, Ptolemy, Roger Wilmot. Strike a light and let me come in, wout you?"

An inarticulate muttering succeeded, but presently a light flashed out, brightening the dark walls, and throwing Ptolemy's black face into strong relief. Roger pushed open the door and went in.

"I'se mighty glad to see you, Massa Wilmot," said the old negro, pulling at his red flannel nightcap, it having just occurred to him that it was a disrespect to young Master Wilmot.

"But aren't you surprised, Ptolemy?"

"S'prised, Massa Roger? Don't no'ting s'prisin' happen now days. Allays 'spectin' de debbil to be raised and Satan hisself to come," said Ptolemy, in a doleful tone.

"Thank you," laughed Roger, inwardly congratulating himself that he was not likely to be required to account for his visit to his simple-minded friends.

"Where is Mr. Southmayd, Ptolemy?"

"Gone to York, Massa Roger. Better a mighty sight staid to home; but he would go after dem tormented Britishers."

"And the boys?"

"O, they's gone, ob course. Wouldn't be satisfied, no how till dey's got a kurmission. When dey get shot dey'll wish dey'd took old Ptolemy's advice; but boys is fools, allays."

"But who protects the ladies?" asked Roger, anxiously.

"I purtects 'em!" And Ptolemy drew himself up with a ludicrous attempt at dignity.

"You! Do you mean to say that no one is left at home except you, and St. Leger within twenty-five miles with five hundred savages!" exclaimed Roger, with undisguised concern.

"Jes me and nobody else, Massa Roger."

"Good Heaven, is Southmayd mad? Did

he expect that St. Leger would be able to restrain those savages whether he is victorious or not? Maddened by the taste of blood they will sack the country."

"Dat's what I tells Miss Fanny, and Miss Fanny says she, 'Ptolemy, do you go to Colonel St. Leger and tell him dat a loyal subject of the king wants his purtection,' and I went, and Colonel St. Legar says, says he, 'When I'se taken de fort I can spare a guard to purtect you, and I spects to take it in two or tree days,' and he smiles and sends his compliments to de pretty loyalist; so I spects he must a heard o' Miss Fanny."

"When was this, Ptolemy?" demanded Roger, trying to disguise his eagerness.

"When was it? Dis was yesterday. No it wasn't. 'Twas to-day. De debbil! Which is it now, Massa Roger, to-day or yesterday?"

"This is Tuesday morning, two o'clock. Yesterday was Monday."

"Ho!" exclaimed Ptolemy, "what a way white folks has o' fixing tings. Den 'twas Monday morning I see Colonel St. Leger."

"Ah, he had received reinforcements I suppose," said Roger, brushing his coat sleeve with apparent unconcern.

"Don' know 'bout dat; but he said his spies told him dat day was most out o' pervisions and am'nition in de fort and he spected dey wouldn't hold out much longer."

"Ah, I dare say he's right, but, Ptolemy, do you stick to your mistress, whether St. Leger's guard comes or no. And now I should like to see Miss Fanny, as I must be off before daylight. And, by the way, I'll speak to the colonel about the guard myself, Ptolemy."

"Wish you would, Massa Roger. I'se afeared he wont member me, for all he smiles so mighty fine. Guess Miss Fanny'll be s'prised," he added, as he led the way to the house. "No danger waking missis. She's so def de sky might fall and she wouldn't know it."

Roger sat down in the parlor, sweet with the fragrance of oleanders. Little tokens of the presence which he loved were lying about—a handful of wild flowers upon the table, some unfinished work, a footstool close by the chair where he knew she loved to sit. He was not sure she would see him.

They had parted more in sorrow than in anger upon Roger's part, but he knew that Fanny was indignant as well as grieved. She believed him disloyal to his duty, and she had bitterly asked if he, Roger Wilmot, the soul of honor as she had thought him, could be false

to his king? "Never a traitor to liberty!" Roger had answered, and Fanny's flashing eyes told him how she scorned what she considered the sophistry of his defence.

As he sat thinking over this last interview, the door was softly pushed open, and Fanny entered. Somehow Roger forgot all his apprehensions, and sprang forward with a greeting as enthusiastic as it was tender. Fanny glanced at his dress, and Roger saw the look of relief that swept over her face as she perceived it was a plain citizen's garb.

"I will not try to deceive you, Fanny," he said. "I have joined the army, as I told you I must."

"Roger!" The cry was full of the bitterness of pain. She turned away from him. "O, Roger, how could you so mock my faith in you?"

"Fanny, you should see how hard it is to do it."

There was a wavering in his voice that Fanny had never heard before. She glanced at him. His face was pale, and he was evidently struggling with emotion. She put out both hands.

"Can you give up our love for this shameful cause?"

"I cannot give up what is right, even for you, Fanny."

The tone was firm with the firmness of an unconquerable will, and as Fanny looked at him it came into her mind that he had greatly changed since they met before. The old boyish delicacy of feature had gone, and something higher, nobler, manlier was there in its stead. Fanny appreciated the infinite depth of the principle that forced him to give her up. She was true enough to her womanhood to respect him the more for it, but it seemed so mistaken to her.

"All this for so slight a thing," she said, sobbing.

"You will not always see it so, Fanny," said Roger, tenderly. She shook her head. "But I did not come to you to-night to discuss it—that's of no use—but to ask if for this we must be separated? Let us be as we have been, Fanny: Perhaps in some unforeseen way, this barrier will fall down of itself. You are not required to immolate me at once."

Fanny smiled through her tears. "My father will say I am not a true daughter of the Southmayds."

"Why is your father gone to New York?" asked Lieutenant Wilmot, like a skillful strategist, making a sudden diversion.

"In order to consult Clinton—" Fanny stopped abruptly.

Roger laughed. "You forgot I was a rebel."

"I wish I could."

"Well, never mind. Clinton's business is not mine just now. But it is my concern that you are left here unprotected."

"You libel Ptolemy's courage. What should harm us?"

"What! St. Leger has five hundred savages in his train."

"He will know how to control them."

"He cannot! A brave cause that demands such supports."

Fanny looked pained. "It was an error."

"An error!" Lieutenant Wilmot took a turn or two across the floor in his impatience.

"Fanny, you are not safe. Will you go to —?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because my mother is too ill to be moved."

Lieutenant Wilmot stood still. Then there was but one other way. What could St. Leger's half dozen Hessians do to check the rage of the savages, who, baffled and put to flight, would seek their own country by the nearest route through the valley, destroying as they went. Lieutenant Wilmot rose.

"I must go, Fanny; but you shall see me again soon."

Fanny would not ask where he was going. Roger knew she was far from suspecting that a strong detachment of the American army lay within half a dozen miles of her.

Roger left her, and the first faint gray light of day was slowly filling the valley when he reached the American camp. He went straight to the colonel's quarters, and remained with him half an hour in earnest consultation. Arnold came to the door of the tent when Lieutenant Wilmot was ready to go, and the sentry who was pacing before it heard these words:

"You can in no other way be so sure of intercepting them. The route to the most inaccessible parts of the Mohawk country lies directly up the valley. The house is a perfect fortress, and a handful of men within it, with a few companies more placed at suitable points along the windings of the stream will stop their retreat till we can come up with them."

At daybreak the men were mustered in a body, and heard with surprise that their com-

mander had received information that Gansevoort was hard pushed by his foes, and a new disposition of the troops was necessary. A corps of nine hundred light-armed soldiers were selected and ordered to press forward with all possible speed. Another detachment was directed to take post at the entrance of the valley on whose edge they were encamped, and their captain was directed to await orders from the colonel. The remainder were to advance as fast as their incumbences permitted. Arnold put himself at the head of the body of nine hundred, and pressed forward in great haste. Lieutenant Wilmot had hoped to be appointed to the command of the detachment detailed for special service, but the colonel's brief "We cannot spare you," put an end to his anticipations.

The troops had now accomplished more than half the distance to the fort, and encamped the following night in high spirits. Arnold was confident that St. Leger was not aware of his approach, and he hoped, by falling suddenly upon his rear to throw him into confusion, and force a precipitate and disastrous retreat. If, indeed, the whole army did not surrender. The paucity of his own troops the colonel believed would be more than compensated for by their perfect knowledge of the country, their superior swiftness of movement, and the suddenness of the onset.

But the best laid plans of the most skilful commanders are liable to be baffled by some accident. Out of the dusky shades that surrounded the American camp that night the face of a savage might have been seen peering with eager eyes, which nothing could escape. It was one of St. Leger's scouts. Lying concealed until the darkness became thick enough to ensure his safety, he then crept with the stealthy art, peculiar to his race, within hearing of the soldiers' careless talk.

The name of Arnold reached his ears—a name of itself sufficient to inspire terror, for Colonel Arnold's exploits in Canada and along the frontier had gained him a renown greater than that won by any other colonial commander. His celerity, his strategy, his perseverance and relentlessness were equally feared.

When sleep sank down upon the camp the scout noiselessly left the vicinity, and quickly calling into play all his powers, departed with his utmost speed for St. Leger's camp. Simultaneous with his arrival was that of others. A rumor ran through the camp that

Burgoyne's army was entirely cut to pieces. The number of Arnold's troops was prodigiously exaggerated.

The Indians, already grown sullen and ungovernable through disappointment in their hopes of plunder, were seized with a sudden panic. A tumult arose. The savages assembled and threatened to abandon the English unless St. Leger immediately ordered a retreat. In this extremity, Colonel St. Leger was forced to attempt the conciliation of his savage allies by fair promises. He promised them the post of honor in the forthcoming attack, and called a council of their chiefs to deliberate on the plan of battle. But his efforts were vain. A large body of the Indians fled during the session of the council, and the remainder threatened immediate departure.

The English, thus threatened and controlled by the barbarians, from whose assistance they had hoped so much, were forced, with the greatest reluctance, to comply with their demands. Their own numbers were weakened by losses in recent skirmishes, and with Arnold in their rear, and the valiant garrison of the fort in front, the risk of incurring the hostility of the Indians was too great.

The English accordingly raised the siege and retreated. This was the signal for a sally by the besieged. The heroic Gansevoort came out of the fort at the head of his men, and hanging upon the rear of the flying enemy, harassed them, capturing large quantities of munitions of war as well as commissary stores.

While affairs were in this state before the fort, Arnold was advancing with great celerity; but to his keen disappointment he arrived at Fort Stanwix only to find the enemy flown. It was not too late, however, to follow up the pursuit, and to send out parties who, by making detours, should intercept the retreating enemy in narrow defiles between the hills and at the fording places of the streams.

Lieutenant Willmot, at the head of a strong detachment, was sent up the valley whose green windings open into the wide spaces that skirt the Mohawk. A double motive added swiftness to his movements. He entered the valley at nightfall of the same day. Scarcely had he done so when it was reported that the savages were in force at the upper extremity. They were only held in check by a fire from the large stone house which fronted the stream.

Lieutenant Willmot grew pale as this intelligence was communicated to him. Every

thought and feeling concentrated in an eager prayer for Fanny. It was evident that the company which had taken possession of the house were outnumbered by the Indians, who had doubtless expected a rich booty from the well-known opulence of Mr. Southmayd, and would fight with a fury proportioned to their disappointment. He was none too soon. He drew his men up in a solid column, and said a few words to them. Lieutenant Willmot was popular in his command, and he was responded to with enthusiasm.

The Indians were known to be posted in the shelter of a long promontory at whose foot the road ran along. All the paths to the height were bordered by thickets which the Indians would not fail to make use of as ambuscades. Lieutenant Willmot took the bold resolution of marching straight on their stronghold. The word was given to advance. With rapid, firm step, the heroic band marched up the road. All was as still as death. Not an enemy was in sight. The hillsides, which half an hour before were darkened by dusky forms, were as desolate as if the foot of man had never pressed their green turf. They moved on in the ominous silence. Willmot knew the savages would wait till they were close upon them and then fire from their coverts. His vigilant eye scaled the heights.

"Be ready to fire at the word!" said the lieutenant, in low tones.

They advanced a rod farther. Suddenly a red face showed itself from behind the shelter of a line of copsewood running out to the point of the promontory. Instantly the order was given to fire, and the commander's uplifted sword indicated the position of the enemy. A crash of musketry broke upon the air, and simultaneously there was a sharp crack, a red flash from behind the thicket, and the deadly fire of the savages had told fearfully upon the American ranks.

In a moment the heights swarmed with red men. Another volley was delivered with terrible effect. The American line wavered an instant, was on the point of falling back, when a sudden and brisk fire was opened upon the Indians from the old stone house. Every window had its squad of armed men. A loud yell of rage went up from the Indians, and the Americans rallied and turned again to the fight.

"Once more forward, and the day is ours!" shouted Lieutenant Willmot.

Scarcely had the words left his lips when he fell, wounded, from the saddle. Exasper-

rated by the loss of their commander, the Americans rushed forward, and after one more ineffectual attempt to sustain the onset, the Indians fled in all directions.

Now the old stone house opened its portals to receive the wounded and wearied soldiers.

"It takes white folks to fight, but brack' folks knows how to do de nassin'," said old Ptolemy, gathering up the wounded lieutenant in his brawny arms as easily as if he had been a child. "Shouldn't wonder, too, if Miss Fanny took this 'tickler cask' under her own special charge. S'pose she'll tink it's her dooty," chuckled the old fellow. "Want she mighty brave, minding bullets no mor'n if dey'd been snowballs. But for all dat I rudder guess she wont want no more o' Colonel St. Leger's guards to partect her."

However Miss Fanny might have felt in regard to that, she made no sign of caring for either past or future. It was evident the present was enough for her. She went about outwardly very calm, her heavy black hair pushed away from her forehead, and her large eyes full of unuttered emotion. The surgeon marvelled at her courage, and could not understand the fortitude with which she endured the sight of the suffering lieutenant, after a painful operation.

How could he understand it? He did not know that she would have given her own arm for that of the wounded man—her life, even—and she would not have left him in his agony though her heart had broken. The feverish days dragged by, but even in his delirium, Roger Wilnot realized a presence near him which was in itself soothing; realized it, perhaps, better than he did when he awoke from the trance of fever and saw Fanny at his bedside. She smiled at him with such tender sweetness that he doubted whether the angelic face did not belong to the other world. Gradually his consciousness grew clear.

"Fanny!" He would have held out his hand.

Alas! The tears were raining from Fanny's eyes. Then Lieutenant Wilnot became aware of his loss. He turned his head away from her, shut his eyes, and became very pale. Fanny bent down, and whispered:

"Don't grieve, Roger! I have two hands willing and true."

He lifted his head eagerly, but presently fell back.

"No, Fanny, I am not so selfish."

"But I am, and I shall not let myself be given up!"

"You do not mean, Fanny, that you will take me, maimed as I am, to wait upon all your life?" he said, passionately.

"I do, Roger."

"But the king, Fanny, and your loyalty?"

"O, I've transferred my allegiance. Indeed, I suspect I was never a tory at heart," said Fanny, with an April face.

#### A WOMAN'S PROMISE.

Henry Carey, cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day, full of thought, in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner, "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey. "Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth. She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. "True," said she, "but that was a woman's promise."

#### REWARD OF FIDELITY.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around; when sickness falls on the heart; when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, who has studied your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

#### YES AND NO.

There are few who fully appreciate the importance of these seemingly insignificant monosyllables. They sometimes compromise honor, virtue, fortune, and all that is held sacred. "O that courage had been given me to say No!" exclaims one bowed down with oppressions, "at the time when I pronounced that fatal word Yes, which has brought all these afflictions upon me."

#### WORTH.

I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.—TENNYSON.



[ORIGINAL.]

## GONE.

BY M. HELEN LUCY.

Down in that lone quiet valley,  
Where the shining waters flow,  
Once there lived an angel-maiden,  
In the years of long ago.

Where the starlight over the water  
Fell with pale and trembling ray;  
Where the jewelled dewdrops sparkled  
On each rose and leafy spray;

There when purple eve-light mantled  
All the distant hills afar,  
Watched we in the dreamy twilight,  
For the silvery evening star.

Like the mist-wreaths o'er the river,  
Fading at the early day;  
So from all who fondly loved her,  
That pure spirit fled away.

Sad and lonely now I wander,  
Where together once we strayed;  
Grieving that my gentle Alice  
In the churchyard cold is laid.

Still the starlight o'er the water  
Gleams and trembles as before;  
Still the roses bloom and wither,  
But she comes back nevermore!

[ORIGINAL.]

## LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ELMINA E. HURST.

"If a man would live, die and be forgotten, let him make his home in the city; if he would live, love and be remembered, let him speed him to the glens and the mountains."

Pietro deliberately buttered a slice of bread, cut it into a variety of geometrical figures, and commenced the unpoetical process commonly expressed by the word, eating.

"All the poets celebrate the praises of rural life. Eliminate from the pages of Milton, Shakspeare, Scott, Byron, Tennyson and the rest, the lines descriptive of country scenery and you have robbed them of their purest gems."

Pietro quietly munches an isosceles triangle. It is the daily trial of my life that Pietro—who, by-the-way, was christened Petu, an etymological barbarity that I could never persuade myself to pronounce—has so little feeling for the beautiful. My raptures, my

enthusiasms, my quotations and my reproaches are alike thrown away. To this day, though I have nurtured house plants and gathered bouquets, though I have made herbariums and keep Gray's manual upon my parlor table, I verily believe the man doesn't know a cabbage from a peony, and would never see a violet with the naked eye.

But if Pietro is prosaic, there are other things which he is not. He is not mulish or stupid, or ill-natured. Some little hallucinations he has. He fancies, for instance, that he has his own way in most things, which is the fact when that way happens to be the path I have chosen. I always have wondered why women need make so much ado about managing their husbands; it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world, if you only have the *ars celare artem*. The dear creature jogs along as contentedly as a camel, and thinks all the while he is leading you, an illusion by-the-by that must be carefully cherished. So I did not despair of Pietro.

"After Cincinnatus had won the highest public honors, he voluntarily renounced them and retired to his farm." Pietro looked horrified. I have noticed that a great name or even a long one always impresses him. "He was a sensible old fellow. Politics are a bore, any way," he said.

"And then," I continued, mildly, anxious to follow up the impression I had made, "my plan has so many advantages on the score of economy. Rents are so much cheaper in the country; so is fuel and help; we can dress more cheaply and not spend so much upon entertainments. We can raise our own vegetables and fruit. From our cow we shall have plenty of milk and butter, and we can sell enough butter to pay for our groceries."

Pietro's face brightened every moment.

"And then the doctor's bills, and the wear and tear of one's nerves, racked to pieces in this noisy Babel, and the quiet, and the snug comfort of a cosy little home in the country—think of it, Pietro?"

Pietro evidently did think of it.

"I saw the most delightful little place the other day when I was visiting Mrs. Milford. Unfortunately it was just rented, but Mrs. Milford says there are thousands like it to be had anywhere, and she says the cost of living in the country is almost fabulously low."

"Milford is going to the wall, though," said Pietro.

"O, well, some people never would get on; it must be his own fault I am sure. Now, if

we lived in the country, I am sure we could manage nicely. I think I could learn to make butter—nothing can be easier I'm sure. And the children would get fat and strong upon new milk and ripe, fresh fruit. Poor little May! growing thin daily."

"We must go into the country, anyway," said Pietro.

"And if we are going," I insisted, "the sooner we are looking out for a house the better. We ought to be established by the middle of April, certainly."

Pietro was now so far won over that he offered no objection, and in the course of the remaining days of the week, I used arguments and persuasions so effectually, that Saturday afternoon saw us starting upon a house-hunting expedition. By this time, Pietro was as much in earnest as I—as we neared the suburbs, he grew more so, and by the time we were fairly in the country, I don't think anything could have induced him to relinquish the plan.

We had several places down on our list. I think I never before realized the difference between anticipation and reality, or knew what a vivid imagination was necessary to a real-estate broker. We found that "an extensive view" might mean an unobstructed outlook over a wet meadow skirted by stunted pines; "a commanding situation," indicated in one instance, the edge of a steep bluff close under which the railway passed; one "delightful rural home," proved to be a pretentious white painted cottage set in the centre of a sandy plain and shaded by a tall hemlock. One house had too many rooms, another not enough, the land attached to one was worthless, another had no fruit. Pietro and I looked at each other in despair. It was almost sunset and we had made no progress as yet.

"Let us try once more," I said, not willing to admit the extent of my disappointment. This time we were more successful. The small, old-fashioned house peeped out from a charming environment of shrubbery. A stately old elm swept the grass around the front yard, and in the rear, a pretty green field ran down to a wood.

"Rather out of repair, I'm afraid," said Pietro, as we unfastened the rickety front gate.

"O, never mind that. We can have it repaired just to suit ourselves—prices are so low in the country."

So we hunted up the proprietor and went over the premises. Upon the whole I was

charmed. To be sure, the windows were low and narrow, the doors had awkward latches, the stairs were unsteady, the floor of the parlor was on the principle of the inclined plane sloping gently to the west; you could not stand upright in the garret; you could not do so in the cellar, and, moreover, access was had to it by a dwarfed ladder; but then, as I told Pietro, we could not expect to have everything. I had already projected a bay window in the parlor, Venetian blinds at the front door, and a porch over the one opening to the east. Then we went out to look at the land.

"Was there much fruit?"

"O, yes, any quantity. Just look at those apple trees," said the proprietor. I looked and to my unsophisticated eyes some of them had a green appearance. Certain branches seemed to have been cut off and an unsightly, waxy looking substance was dripping down upon the bark.

"What is the matter with those trees?" I asked.

"Been grafted—with capital stock, too—Graveston, Early Bough, Williams, Hubbardston, etc."

"O, I love Hubbardstons," I exclaimed, looking more tenderly at the ugly stumps.

"Then there are some pear trees over *that* side, and *those* are cherries. There are currants along that fence, and over that trellis you see there is a grape-vine. Then there are strawberries, gooseberries, peaches and quinces in abundance."

But there was no pasture. The field aforesaid was in mowing.

"Mustn't there be a pasture for the cow?"

"O, no. You can keep her up."

"What?" I asked, puzzled.

"Feed her at the barn. You'll have lots of corn-stalks and pea-vines and such things, and once in a while you can let her out and she'll keep the grass short around the gate and in your paths. Best way to do."

I felt very grateful to our new friend for these suggestions. From this point of view a pasture seemed really a superfluity. From the little strip of woodland that skirted the field, the proprietor thought we could get nearly all our fuel. Waste branches would be lying about which had better be burned up than not.

This struck me as exceedingly sensible. We could invite our friends out and have the most delightful picnics in the grove, and also, as I remarked to Pietro, it would be such an immense saving in coal.

When we came to the rent Pietro demurred a little. Two hundred and fifty dollars was more than we had thought of paying; still the place suited us so well, and living in the country would be so cheap, that we concluded to pay it.

The papers were accordingly drawn out, for, as the proprietor assured us that persons from the city were constantly trying to buy the place, we deemed it best to take a three years' lease. We moved out on the fifteenth of April. Several unexpected difficulties arose at the outset. The piano would not go in at the front door, and after this had been discovered by an ineffectual attempt to make it go, a retreat was ordered and a window was removed, by which it was finally able to make its *entree*. I regret to say, however, that the piano suffered considerably by the movement.

The pier glasses were too high for the walls, and we were forced to part with them at a sacrifice, at the same time paying the full price for others suitable. All the carpets were too large for the rooms, except the stair-carpet, which was not large enough. We decided eventually that it would be cheaper to sell them and buy new, especially as the pattern was not adapted to a small house. It was prettier, but I'm afraid there was not much economy in it.

We had intended to have the repairs and alterations effected before we came, but, in the first instance, the carpenter wasn't ready, and when he was through, the painter could not come, and between them, it was the last of May before the domicile was habitable.

In the interim we lived in a kind of gipseey fashion, which might not have been disagreeable as a transient novelty, but when indulged in for a length of time grew tiresome.

We were, however, much interested in affairs out of doors, and so forgot some of our interior discomforts. Pietro had a small piece of the mowing field ploughed, and planted with corn and potatoes.

"After the things are up, I can take care of them myself," he said.

He did undertake to attend to the garden. We were very fond of vegetables, and determined to have plenty of asparagus and peas, turnips, sweet corn, cucumbers, cabbages and tomatoes. The flower garden and the strawberry bed were to be my peculiar care. But one morning, Pietro came in and said with a rather disconsolate face:

"I'm afraid, Susie, I shan't be able to finish

the garden. I ought to be at the store by nine, and the truth is, I'm tired now."

"That is because you are not accustomed to it. I feel a little tired, too."

"Well, what's to be done?" demanded Pietro.

"We must get some one to do a few days' work, I suppose. By next year we shall know how to manage it ourselves. I'll go and find some one to-day."

Pietro went away very much gratified, and after the breakfast things were put aside, I sallied out upon my errand. At first I think I really enjoyed my walk. It was so much more sensible to be out for the purpose of doing something, than simply walking for exercise, and doubtless the hygienic effect would be in proportion.

I first went to our proprietor, Mr. Smith.

"There were no common laborers very near," he said, "but any of the neighbors would be willing to help us. There was Eliakim Brown, in the next house—no doubt he would do it."

So I rapped at Mr. Eliakim's door and was informed that he "was to work in the field." I waited a moment expecting to be asked in, while the man was sent for, but no movement to this effect being made, I was fain to ask that the "field" should be pointed out to me.

"But how am I to get in?" I demanded, seeing no gate or any other mode of ingress.

"Well, I rather guess you can go in where the oxen did, if you know enough to take down a pair of bars," said Mr. Eliakim, satirically.

I humbly asked where the "bars" were, and set out in the uncertain direction indicated. But I could not see the two rails, which I had supposed constituted a pair of bars, so I went along pulling at rail after rail, unconscious I was being watched and ridiculed by the people in the house, until at last one came tumbling down upon my feet. I endured the pain as heroically as possible, and tried to derive consolation from the new bit of knowledge which I had just acquired, namely, that the signification of the word *pair* is by no means limited to the number two. In this instance it meant four. Rather than incur the risk of further bruises I stepped over one and under two, and daintily picked my way along between the fresh furrows. I have had a new idea of mellowness since that day. Down I sank deeper and deeper until I began to have some apprehensions of disappearing from sight. I stopped in despair, and determined to wait till Mr. Eliakim came to-

ward the part of the field where I stood. The great, stolid oxen slowly labored along. As far as I could see, they did not seem in the least affected by the discordant vociferations with which Mr. Eliakim continually deafened the air, but swayed along, as immovable as some lazy planet which barely manages to revolve in her orbit. Mr. Eliakim looked at me as he advanced, but I am persuaded would have passed on, if I had not cried out:

"Mr. Brown!" Directly there was a vast deal of shouting, and a great number of contradictory orders, and finally the great, inharmonious machine—the man, oxen and plough, came to a stop.

"Mr. Wilton would like to know if you can come and work for him a day or two," I said, plunging in *medias res*.

"Mr. Wilton? that's the city chap that's moved out here, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be you his darter?" demanded my interlocutor.

"I am Mrs. Wilton," I replied, with dignity, but painfully conscious that I was appearing at a disadvantage.

"O! thought you's a gal. Wants me to come and work for him, does he?"

"Yes; do you think you can come?"

At this point Mr. Eliakim became very busily engaged about his plough. I waited first a reasonable and then an unreasonable time for an answer, but none came. Apprehending he did not hear me, I repeated my question.

"Well, I don't know. Work's pretty driving," said Mr. Eliakim, still intent upon his plough. There was another pause.

"If you cannot come, do you know of any one who can?" I said, at length.

"I aint said I couldn't come. What kind o' work is it?"

"Only to plant some things."

"Well, I s'pose I can come to 'commerdate you."

At the time I felt under great obligations to him; judging from my after experience, I am convinced that he wanted the work all the time, and would not have missed it for any consideration, but coquettishly played at indifference in order to enhance his value in my eyes. I picked my way back, and had almost reached the fence when I was arrested by a shout. Looking in terror I saw nobody but Mr. Eliakim and his oxen. He was gesticulating at me with his whip.

"What did you say?" I cried, in a fortissimo tone.

"Shut up the bars, will ye; if you don't the critters will come in," he shouted. I put up the bars with infinite difficulty, and in rather a crest-fallen mood pursued my way home. Arrived there I made an investigation into the state of my apparel, and found the sum total of the loss to stand as follows:

Item—one pair of spoiled gaiter boots, said boots being completely enamelled with the mellow soil of Mr. Eliakim's field, which, however valuable it may be for agricultural purposes, is manifestly not adapted for walking.

Item—one pair white hose inlaid with ebony spots, curiously arranged, also a deposition of the before mentioned soil.

Item—a soiled dress hem—irreparably soiled. Net result—vexation and tears.

I devoted the rest of the day to recovering my equanimity, and at night was able to welcome Pietro with a smile.

Mr. Eliakim was coming the next morning, and we agreed that I should show him what was to be done, as Pietro was obliged to go early to the city. Accordingly I led the way to the spot of land set apart for a garden, and said, assuming the air of one who understands such things:

"This is to be planted with sweet corn, peas, beans, beets, turnips, tomatoes, cabbages, and other things of that kind. I will send the seeds out to you."

"Do you mean to say you want this ere planted with garden stuff?" demanded Mr. Eliakim.

"Of course. Why not?"

"Why, it's only broke-up ground!"

"What else ought it to be?" I thought, but resolved not to expose my ignorance, I held my peace.

"It wants to be ploughed and cross ploughed and harrowed, before you can do anything with it," continued he.

"Certainly," I hastened to say. "Do whatever you think necessary."

"Then I shall have to go home again after my horse."

He went and returned with the animal, and all day long walked across the land in various directions. It seemed an inconceivable period before that ground was planted. I should have thought the whole surface of the earth might have been laid down to grass in a less time. Then the seeds were a long time coming up.

And in this respect there was no difference between the flowers and vegetables. I had

my flower garden nicely pulverized and raked, and sowed my seeds in rows, circles, parallelograms and hexagons. I watched for them every day, but they did not appear. Finally some came up and some didn't. The weeds, however, grew finely. It was as if the whole energy of the soil were concentrated in witch grass and white clover. Towards midsummer Pietro and I compared notes.

"My vegetables don't seem to grow very well," he said.

"My flowers don't grow very well, either."

"Mr. Brown says the beets are too thick, but the carrots and parsnips are thin enough to make it up."

"My china-asters came up in bunches, and if I attempt to pull one up half a dozen come with it."

"The peas don't fill out any, and the bugs are eating up all the squashes and cucumbers. The worms have cut off all the early potatoes, too," said Pietro, recurring to the utilities.

"My sweet peas didn't come up, and I thought perhaps I had planted them too deep, and so I took them all up and found they were sprouted. Then I planted them not more than half so deep as before, but I haven't seen them since. Mr. Eliakim said I must keep the soil wet, and I drenched it every day for a week, and then I was afraid I was keeping it too wet, and I let it be dry. I have two nasturtions, three morning glories, and a whole bed of larkspur. None of them have blossomed."

"I'll tell you what I think, Susie. We don't know how to manage a farm, and I begin to think it will take some time to learn," said Pietro, by way of consolation.

I sighed. "The children have grown fat, and May hasn't been ill this summer," I replied.

"O, yes, it has its consolations. And you forget the cow," laughed Pietro.

I had insisted that a cow was a desideratum. So Pietro asked Mr. Eliakim if he knew of anybody who had a cow to sell. Whereupon Mr. Eliakim replied that he didn't know but he could spare one of his "to 'commemorate us." The price of the accommodation was fifty dollars, but Mr. Eliakim praised the animal to such an extent, and so clearly showed us that she was the embodiment of all bovine excellence, that we felt as though we were quite selfish in wishing him to part with such a treasure. The bargain was made, and Madam Mooley was driven over to us. She was a beautiful creature, and I was determined to

make a pet of her. There was to be sure something unusual in her way of moving her head and lifting her feet; but I reflected that first impressions were often erroneous, and I would not allow myself to be prejudiced. The first night Mary brought in a pail full of rich, yellow, foaming milk. The next night she brought in the pail all battered and bruised, but not the milk. Mooley had lifted her foot just as the pail was full, and dexterously upset it. She was accustomed to practise this manoeuvre, we found, and there was always an interesting uncertainty whether Mary would bring in any milk or not. The negative side of the question oftenest carried the day. But this was only a slight inequality of temper, which we could readily have excused if it had not been for her unconquerable unwillingness to submit to the necessary restraints. She was in a chronic state of uneasiness. No fence could hold her, and no latch was so intricate that she could not unravel its mysteries. The animal kept us in a perpetual worry. The cow here, and the cow there, was the constant cry, till I got into such a nervous state that life became intolerable. To add to our felicity, Pietro had insisted upon having a pig—a hideous little black and white pig.

"Get a pig by all means," said Mr. Smith. "He will live on the sour milk and what you would otherwise throw away, and then in the fall you would have some pork ready made."

So Pietro got a pig, but did it live on the sour milk, etc.? Not a bit of it. Such an appetite was a constant marvel. Pietro nearly ruined himself buying meal, yet the detestable imp kept up an incessant squealing, and raced from one end of the pen to the other, as if an evil spirit possessed him. If there was a day when the cow did not break bounds, that day the pig was sure to get out. This was the cause of the first dissension between Pietro and myself.

"You would have a cow," he said, reproachfully.

"And you would have a pig," I retorted.

The pig ate all summer most ravenously, and in the fall died suddenly. I was glad of it. It would have been economy if the little monster had died sooner.

All the trouble I had with the cow in *propria persona* was, however, nothing in comparison with my trials in making butter.

"Nothing can be easier than to make good butter," said Pietro; "you have only to keep your utensils fresh and sweet."

I agreed with him, and went about my work

with a will. At the end of a week I had a nice jar of cream. I put it into the churn, and began very cheerfully. At the end of ten minutes I lifted the cover expecting to see the golden globules. Not a globule! Then I churned half an hour determined to make sure this time. Still no butter. At the end of three hours I thought it might be too cold, and I put in some warm milk. Three hours more and I concluded it must be too warm, and put in some cold milk; still and always it continued refractory. The next week the butter came, but it was so soft it was impossible to work it. And this was the usual order. Sometimes it wouldn't come, and when it did come it wasn't good for anything. As Pietro remarked, "It was not a compensating experiment." When the haying season came on we concluded to have a man. We did so, and after he had worked two or three days, my husband remarked that the work seemed to get on slowly. Would I look after the man a little? I looked after him, and found that his time was agreeably diversified by sitting in the shade of the apple trees and talking to the laborers in the adjoining field. An additional variety was the hourly coming to the house to ask for luncheon and drink. I reported to Pietro, and our young man was obliged to take himself to another place.

At the close of our three years' lease we were wiser people. Our conclusion was, that farming to a novice was not remunerative. If we made a great deal of butter, the market was glutted and prices down. Had we it to buy, the price had reached its maximum. One year we sold our apples and peaches as they hung upon the trees. The purchaser let half of them decay, and we did not receive a moiety of their value. Next year we would be wiser, and sold them by the quantity. There proved to be four times as many as we anticipated, and the buyer made a small fortune by his venture. If the cherry trees blossomed abundantly, the fruit blighted before it was ripe. The curculio destroyed the plums. The dry weather spoiled the strawberries. The chickens ate up all the currants. The frost came before the tomatoes were ripe. The grape-vines were all summer coming out, and when they did come, it was too late for them to do anything. If we had a superfluity of anything we couldn't sell it. We propose to return to the city in the autumn. The romantic side of country life is charming, but its prosaic side is annoying enough to compensate for its charms.

#### EMBLEMATIC ORANGE FLOWER.

The orange is the symbol of poetic inspiration. The muses were represented with tunics colored with saffron, and Theognis, the early Greek poet, was clothed with an orange mantle. Orange also symbolizes the power and durability of Hymen. The young betrothed formerly presented themselves at the altar covered with an orange colored veil, called the *flammeum*, being the color of flame. The oath of fidelity could not be taken unless the head was covered with the *flammeum*, or orange veil. How beautifully by its orange blossoms does the bridal wreath symbolically prefigure the kindling flame. During the past century the odor of the orange flower was so much in vogue that the cultivation of Louis XVI's orange trees was a source of considerable expense; for the great king would have one of these favorite shrubs in each of his apartments.

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#### PARISIAN WIT.

Among the speculators with which Paris abounds is a Jew who is noted not only for luck but wit. He had to preside over a meeting of indignant shareholders, who called him and his brother directors very ugly names. At last, one poor duped wretch jumped up, and addressing the chairman, cried out: "You mean to eat us up." "O, dear me!" calmly replied the Jewish capitalist, "my religion forbids that." The rising was, of course quelled by that ambiguous joke, but the following day the smart millionaire, pretending that his honor was wounded, sent a challenge to an outspoken barrister who had been his principal accuser. His seconds, however, received for answer the acute remark: "Usually a highwayman asks for either one's life or purse, but M. P—— demands both. He shall have neither."

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#### HOW AN ACTOR REGARDS IT.

A young man having recently asked the advice of the most celebrated tragedian in this country in regard to engaging in the profession of a play-actor, he replied, "My advice to you is, never go upon the stage. Seek some other and less precarious means to obtain a livelihood. Learn a trade, and by honesty, industry, temperance, and intellectual attainment, make yourself useful to society, and consequently respected and independent."

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One forgives everything to him who forgives himself nothing.



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE OLD MAN'S PLAIN.

BY SUSAN H. BLAIRDELL.

I'm sitting all alone, darling,  
 Beneath the elm-tree's shade,  
 Where in our childhood's happy time  
 The livelong day we played;  
 The river looks the same, darling,  
 As it used to look of old,  
 But the one who sat beside me there  
 Lies under the churchyard mould.

Long years have passed since then, darling,  
 And my limbs are bent with age;  
 But still your fairy image lies  
 On memory's sacred page.  
 You have left the earth before me,  
 And my locks are growing gray;  
 And there is no one left to cheer  
 The old man's downward way.

But you come to me in dreams, darling,  
 And you wear an angel form;  
 Your smile is bright as in childhood's time,  
 And the blush on your cheek as warm;  
 You beckon me on with your snowy hand,  
 To your glorious dwelling there,  
 But the hour of death has not yet come,  
 And I bide my time in prayer.

I'm sitting all alone, darling,  
 Beneath the elm-tree's shade,  
 Where, in our childhood's blissful time,  
 The livelong day we played;  
 And all that's left to cheer me now,  
 Are dreams of the days of old,  
 And a hope to rest beside you soon,  
 Beneath the churchyard mould.

[ORIGINAL.]

## LINA WEITZEL.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

"WHAT is my little daughter dreaming about?" asked the stout, good-natured Adam Weitzel, the proprietor of a large farm near Buffalo. The child looked up and colored deeply. She was a fair, delicate German girl, a dreamy, thoughtful creature, whose soul seemed given up to poetry and romance; as little what one might imagine the child of such a father to be as possible. But the rude cactus has the most beautiful flowers, and this fair being had her birth from Adam Weitzel.

And on this summer afternoon, when the birds and bees were all in motion, and the village children were at play in the shade, Lina

sat in an arm-chair, in the darkened sitting-room, her head leaning on her hand, and a look of thoughtful abstraction in the sweet young face that attracted even her father's notice.

Adam Weitzel was fond of the motherless girl, the only child of the young wife who had died when she was a year old. He had been almost distracted with his loss, and the little girl was his only comforter. He had watched her as tenderly as her mother would have done, and it was his delight to take her out into the meadows and seat her on a pile of hay or a clover bed, and hear her sing the little German songs he had taught her almost before she could talk. He had hired a nurse for her—a veritable Priscilla Tallboy—but the child, though always respectful to her, seemed to know and feel that she was not the person to take care of her, and she greatly preferred her father's companionship. For he, though rough in exterior, had reverence for the gentle and refined, and Lina grew too much like her mother to have him indifferent to her fancies and preferences.

There was one advantage in having this girl established as nurse to the little Lina. She was an excellent seamstress, and she kept her more delicately clean in her dress, and taught her more lessons of neatness and propriety than half the mothers around taught their own children. So that Mr. Weitzel was always sure, whatever strange company he might fetch home with him, of seeing Lina in the neatest of blue and white dresses, her whole person delicately clean, and her fair hair lying smooth and shining. It was indeed a pretty picture to look at; and the father saw with pride that all strangers loved to gaze on her.

For her Adam had toiled and added to his possessions; for he had reserved the fairest plot of ground in the neighborhood, and made it a perfect bower of rich and spicy flowers, because she loved them so dearly. He, too, loved them, but more for her sake than their own.

Then he enlarged and beautified the quaint old farm house, building out a new wing with two special apartments for her use, and, had she not forbidden it, would have bought the finest furniture in Buffalo to decorate them. But she only wished to have the simple things which her mother had used, and the white muslin curtains tied back with blue ribbons, and the pretty chequered carpet—all her mother's work, but which had been shut up ever since her death.

Here she sat, always, at least, when her father was engaged out of doors, which was nearly all the time except at evening. She had her work and her books and flowers; and of these last she had plenty, for her sitting-room looked directly into the flower garden. Yet still she lacked something, she knew not what, but her father knew well that it was society—companionship, though he knew not how to obtain it for her otherwise than by opening his house to the frivolous, gossiping young women of the village, and their equally frivolous and gossiping lovers. From this brood, as companions for his gentle, quiet child, he could not but revolt, and he felt, too, that her taste could never be satisfied thus. Chance did what he wished after all—not chance, but the mysterious ways of Him

—“whose power  
Brings forth that unexpected hour  
When minds that never met before,  
Shall meet, unite and part no more.”

One of the many persons who knew the honest farmer and respected him highly, met him one day and asked if he knew where he could find board for an invalid daughter.

“I suppose you are too rich, Mr. Weitzel,” he said, laughingly, “or I should certainly ask you to take my little Meeta.”

A shade of thoughtfulness came over the farmer's face, succeeded by a happy smile.

“Is it the one whom I saw with you last year, at the State fair?”

“Yes. She is my only daughter, and I would not willingly trust her with strangers. I don't call you one, Weitzel, and I know your children, if you have any, must be well trained. Do say I may take her over next week.”

“I have but one, and she, poor child, has no mother. You may fetch her over for a day, and if they take kindly to each other, we will arrange matters then.”

“And Meeta, too, is motherless. Be assured I shall take it as a great favor.”

Here, then, was the problem as to Lina's companion solved. He did not say to her anything more than that Meeta Langdon was to pass a day with her the next week, and Lina wondered how the city girl would like her, but thought nothing of her own liking for her. She and the old nurse, now grown older and more sedate, renovated the house, although nothing could be nicer than its usual condition. Windows were brightened and curtains starched and carpets cleansed, and all things put on a summer aspect. The garden was glorious with bloom, and the orchard gave

promise of such fruit as few could produce like Weitzel.

And Lina, in her white dress, was expecting the promised visit. A plain, dark carriage, inscribed with an “L,” and two handsome black horses were driven into the yard, quite early in the day, and Mr. Langdon alighted, followed by a young man whom he presented to Lina and her father as his son, and then took from the carriage a pale, fragile child, as she then seemed, scarce larger than a twelve year old girl. There was a sweet and tender expression in the thin, pale face, that won Lina's sympathy at once; and Meeta, charmed with all she saw, petitioned her father to let her stay a week at least.

“You must ask Mr. Weitzel if he will be plagued with you, and farther, if he will allow Robert to stay also.”

“O, that will be delightful!” said Meeta; but Lina made no response to her transport. She thought the tall, dark-haired and black-eyed youth much too stately and learned to be an agreeable companion for her and Meeta. But while she mused, the bargain was concluded. Robert was to send a daily bulletin to his father except on Saturday, when Mr. Langdon was to come to the farm to stay two nights. He drove off without his children in the morning, leaving them wondering how he would live without them.

There were pleasant walks to be taken, pleasant books to read, strawberries to be gathered and eaten, and all the delightful variety of “birds and flowers and other country things,” as Mary Howitt calls them. And Robert was found quite useful, as Lina thought, in rowing her little boat upon the lake, and various other services which her father was too busy to perform. He was a splendid reader, too, and when Meeta lay on the grass in the orchard, and Lina sewed or knitted, it was so pleasant to hear his fine, rich voice, giving such new interest to what she had before read, or making her acquainted with new authors, that Lina recalled all her secret objections to his staying.

The summer passed rapidly away. October, with its rich harvesting and golden beauty found them still at the farm; but the first chilly day of November brought Mr. Langdon and the carriage for them to go home. He wished to pay board; but the farmer insisted that he was more than recompensed in the delight their society had afforded Lina.

“Then Lina must pass the winter with us,” they all said. Lina shook her head in token

of refusal, but tears were brimming her eyes.

"Father would so miss me," was all she could say.

"But you shall go sometime, Lina," said Mr. Weitzel, "and I will go too. It is time my little girl should see something of the great world that she is to live in." And it was settled that she should go in a few weeks.

In January, Lina went with her father to visit the Langdons. Not without pressing and urgent invitations from them all. Meeta was well, and ascribed it to her summer visit; and was now ready to show her all that the city afforded.

"Make yourself gay, my little girl," said her father, as he handed her a bank bill of large value, after their friends had left them. And Lina, with due regard to the family she was to visit, purchased rich material, but in accordance with her own taste, was sparing in decoration, making them as simply and modestly as those she had always worn.

They arrived in Buffalo one evening, just as Mr. Langdon and his family were sitting down to tea. A hearty welcome awaited them; the pleasure was not unmixed to Lina, who saw herself subjected to the earnest and curious gaze of a stranger. This was a young lady—Miss Wentworth—whose evident partiality for Robert was quite noticeable. A whisper from Meeta informed her that it was thought by many that they were to be engaged. "But I don't like her," she murmured, "and I hope it is not so."

Lina heard with delight, that her stay was to be short. She wished to see Meeta without hindrance; yet she reproached herself as selfish after all. Robert accompanied the young lady to her home the next day. He was polite and courteous to Lina, but the old days of reading, so dear to her last summer, were never renewed. Business absorbed him all day, and Miss Wentworth in the evening. The two young girls were little troubled with his company. But they were quite satisfied with each other's society, and as Mr. Weitzel was pleased and amused sufficiently, by going to the counting house of Mr. Langdon and watching his immense business, Lina had no further care.

She had sat up later than usual one night to finish a book she was reading. Mr. Langdon was out and Meeta had retired with a headache. Her father had just left her, begging her not to sit up long. Absorbed in her book, she did not hear the house door shut, nor perceive that any one had entered, until

Robert Langdon stood before her, his face pale and haggard, and his whole manner indicating distress. Unwilling to quit, Lina closed her book, and musingly nothing of Meeta having retired without a rose to go. She was half alarmed, much surprised when he laid his hand upon her and entreated her to stay.

"I cannot—indeed I cannot, Mr. Langdon," she said. "I must go this moment."

Holding her hand fast in his own, he began to talk rapidly of the last summer and its happy days they had enjoyed.

"My life has been miserable ever since, Lina," he said; and his look forced her to believe him, yet she waited without speaking, while he went on. "Before I knew you, Lina, I was bound to Caroline Wentworth. She had brought me, by her deep-laid art, her pretence of loving me, to the point of marriage. She talked of the union of our souls and of congeniality, until I believed I loved her; yet that belief did not bring joy, but unhappiness to me. Yesterday I thought we were to be married immediately—to-night we talk of uncontrollable destiny, weeps a few tears and bids me farewell! Next week she marries Fred Hanley. Do you think I am sad for this, Lina? Believe me, it is the greatest relief I have ever known. I know now that I never loved her. Yet, that I am unhappy, I cannot deny. I am grieved to think that this unfortunate engagement will, in all probability, separate me from the love of a true-hearted woman whom I might have called my wife."

"Robert! do you believe that any really true woman would reject you because you had once loved unworthily?"

"Bless you, dear Lina, for that doubt. You have restored my self-respect at least, for which I most sincerely thank you."

He had not time to say more; for above stairs bells were ringing, and voices calling, and above all other sounds Lina heard her name repeated. She sprang up the broad staircase followed by Robert Langdon. At the top, they encountered the housekeeper, who hurriedly bade Lina go to her father, and she proceeded to his room as fast as her shaking limbs permitted. One look—one kiss, and Lina was fatherless! Death had called for him in sleep; he awoke but for a moment, to bid farewell to his darling, and was gone.

It was a warm, pleasant day in March. Lina had not returned to her friends—though strenuously urged to do so—since the funeral.

had been a sad winter indeed to the lonely orphan; but on this day she had gone out into the garden and found a few of her favorite early flowers peeping through the still lingering snow. The sight had made her weep bitterly, when she thought whose hand had tended them last year. She threw herself into a garden chair and hid her face, as she thought that a desolate being she was, without a relative in the wide world whom she knew. A footstep sounded near her, and she looked up through the tears that were falling on her black dress. A voice was in her ear, whispering strength and peace to her spirit. And when, yielding to its influence, she grew calmer, the same voice said "Lina, do you remember what you said to me on that night? and will you be the true-hearted woman who will help me to forget the mortification, the humiliation that I then suffered?" And Robert Langdon's arms were around her, and no longer desolate, the orphan was clasped to his heart, as she murmured:

"Take me, Robert, if indeed you love me."

"Have I not always done so? How I longed many times to throw up that foolish engagement that my judgment never approved, and ask you to be my wife. Only a romantic sense of honor prevented me. Thank God, she broke the spell that had been set upon my senses! Lina, I love you a thousand times better than I ever did her."

"And will you never regret it—never wish to return to her?"

"She is married, Lina. Love, are you satisfied now? I trust I shall not covet my neighbor's wife! The newly married couple live beside us—even next door. Lina, you must take me home for this summer, or I may yield to her fascinations again. Save me, I implore you!"

There was an arch smile on Lina's face, as she promised to keep him out of temptation.

That and each succeeding summer, Mr. Langdon and Meeta passed at the farm, while Lina and her husband spent happy winters in the city. The former is not changed from her sweetness and beauty, and her many rare qualities endear her more and more to husband, father and sister. The orphan is no longer alone—no longer without relatives who cherish her as their own.

#### MOONRISE.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow  
From out the fluctuations of my soul,  
As, ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling sea  
Starts the completed moon.—ALEX. SMITH.

#### THE AFRICAN LILY.

The African lilies all require a loamy soil, enriched with rotten manure from an old hot-bed, loosely shaken down in the pot, but not pressed; and they should be fully exposed to the light. They should also have plenty of water when they are in a growing state; and they should be shifted repeatedly into larger and deeper pots, each a little larger than the previous one, taking off the offsets every time, if any should be found, till the flower-buds are formed. The plants are always very large before they flower, and when the flower-buds form they should be in a large pot; and they should be abundantly supplied with water, taking care not to let any remain in a stagnant state about the roots. Thus treated, and in a greenhouse or sitting-room, or under a verandah, this flower will frequently send up a flower-stalk above three feet high, crowned with twenty or thirty heads of flowers, which will come into blossom in succession. If it is desired to have the plant flower when it is of a comparatively small size, it should not be so often shifted; and when it is, the pots need not be so nearly of a size. One shifting, in the spring, will be enough; and if the roots are so large as to require a pot of inconvenient size—for the roots must have plenty of room—the bulb may be divided, and the strongest of the fibrous roots cut off, without injuring the plant, or preventing it from flowering.

#### BURNING OF HUMAN FLESH.

The human body is, in general, so little prone to combustion, that it requires a very considerable time, with even an abundant supply of fuel, to reduce it to ashes. Dr. Christison (the eminent medical jurist) states that the quantity of wood required to burn the body of an adult is about two cartloads. The last man burned at the stake in Europe (except one in Spain) was in Normandy, and it required two large cartloads of fagots, and several hours, to effect complete combustion. Among the Romans, so much wood was required to consume a body, that it was too expensive a mode of disposing of the dead to be adopted by the common people.

Adjectives are to nouns what pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar, sugar, molasses, butter, and other condiments are to the food we eat—very good in moderation, and when appropriately applied.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MOONBEAM.

BY HELEN A. PIERCE.

Stealing softly through the lattice,  
 Playing o'er the oaken floor,  
 Is a sweet and dancing moonbeam,  
 Brighter than the shining ore.

Moonbeam, tell—O, tell me whither  
 Thou hast come to this cold earth!  
 Wast thou lured by twilight hither,  
 To play around the social hearth?

Wast thou born amid the ether  
 Round sweet Luna's crescent pale?  
 Did she bid thee to come hither,  
 And illumine height and vale?

Fairest moonbeam, 'twere much fitter  
 Thou shouldst shine around God's throne,  
 There in beauty e'er to glitter,  
 Lighting angels in their home.

Moonbeam, may we like thee ever  
 Strive to be a "shining light,"  
 Till we go to live forever  
 In those heavenly regions bright.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

PARSON DUNN was the minister of Huxton. Do you know Huxton? It is a beautiful old country town hidden away among the mountains, in the greenest of green valleys, close upon the banks of a rapid stream. Unfortunate stream! that once had nought to do but dance along over the stones all the livelong day, with no heavier burden than its charming Indian name; but having one day, by an ill chance, caught the eye of a wandering manufacturer, one of those disagreeable utilitarians who look upon the world as a vast workshop, it was straightway hemmed between stone banks and thrust back by an immense wall of masonry, over which, in its frantic eagerness to be free, it dashed itself into a million crystalline fragments. The birds that for a hundred years had swung their nests upon the elm tree boughs that overswept the pellucid water, fled aghast at the sound of chisel and spade and hammer.

A long brick mill had run up to its third story before the people of Huxton fairly un-

derstood what was about to happen. For, in truth, it was a sleepy old town, drowsing away the sweet summer afternoons under the shade of great trees, and snugly shut in, in winter, by the monster snow drifts that choked up the valley. So quiet you might almost have fancied yourself in a monastery; green and still and fragrant as Arcadia.

But the people! you should have seen them on a Sabbath morning. The old church stood on the highest spot in the village. It was terribly cold in winter, for the rude winds swept around it at their will. It was correspondingly warm in summer, for not a shade tree or shrub was there to break the force of the sunshine. I fancy the builders of the church would have considered the transplanting of a tree an unwarrantable interference with the arrangements of Providence. However that may be, there it stood, isolated and bleak and defenceless, and up the hill, in winter's cold and summer's heat, Parson Dunn had toiled for ten dreamy years.

A quiet, earnest man, a dreamer, and yet a worker, pure as a child and as unworldly, fond of books and flowers and birds, but abashed and disconcerted in the presence of strangers, and most remarkable of all, shy and painfully embarrassed in general society. I do not suppose that Parson Dunn had any well defined fears of the staid and reputable male members of his flock. That was not the reason that he hurried away so suddenly, if by accident he found himself surrounded by a half dozen people. I strongly suspect it was the ladies who terrified him. And the more complaisant and cordial they were, the greater his anxiety to escape. He feared the Greeks most of all bearing gifts.

Of course he was a bachelor. How should it be otherwise? When Parson Dunn was first settled, Huxton grieved over his bachelorhood. But time accustoms one to all things. Speculations on the subject had long since died away, and Parson Dunn would have been left to plod on his solitary way in peace, had it not been for the manufacturer aforesaid. In his wake came swarms of Irish, square-shouldered, heavy of gait and strong of arm. Then there followed—just as in the geological periods a higher form succeeds a lower—respectable American artisans and operatives, more or less intelligent, but all, as Miss Semantha Perkins remarked, with souls to be saved. Suddenly Parson Dunn's congregation was quadrupled. Now, pray, who was to go out among these new comers and gather

them in? Who was to serve as a nucleus for society? Who was to mould the heterogeneous fragments into a compact body? Who was to be president of the sewing-circle, directress of the Band of Hope, and manager of all things in general? Who was to ask the new people to tea, get up Christmas trees for the children, and receive all the confidences of all the parish? Who but the parson's wife? Alas! The poor lady was lying *perdu* in the future.

It would never do. Huxton, the quiet, smollient, old-fashioned town, might get along with a bachelor minister, but not Huxton, the smart, enterprising, business village, which already saw in itself a possible Lowell.

Presently it was discovered that some of the new people were already talking of making up a new church—a Methodist church—it would seem so home-like, one of them said, to have Mrs. Plainfeather among them again. It was clear that they looked longingly toward the city from which most of them came. All primeval Huxton was in a blaze, figuratively speaking. What! suffer a new sect to get a foothold in the staid old town, that had prided itself upon its freedom from heresy ever since one of the Pilgrims laid its first foundation stone? And all for want of a minister's wife? Never! Mr. Dunn must be spoken to. He was a reasonable man, and would be glad to do his duty if he was reminded of it.

It is not to be supposed the parish resolved that its minister should be married without being able to suggest a helpmeet. No, indeed. It was quite too sensible and practical a community to commit such a folly as that. There was no paucity of suitable ladies in Huxton. Rather it was the embarrassment of riches, that would perplex Parson Dunn. In the first place, there was Miss Samantha Perkins. She was a sister of Deacon Perkins, and had kept his house for him ever since his children were left motherless. It would, to be sure, come hard upon the deacon to part with her, but Ruth had grown up now, and Deacon Perkins was not so selfish as to stand in the way. Miss Samantha was efficient, energetic and pious. She was a trifle old, but that wasn't her fault, and, moreover, the parson was open to the same criticism. There could be no objection to Miss Samantha, but then, as tastes differ, if the parson preferred, there was the Widow Docem. Doctor Docem had been dead a good many years, and it wasn't probable that Mrs. Docem would decline a re-entrance into matrimony. The widow had all

Miss Samantha's good qualities, with affability and good humor superadded. Now Miss Samantha's disposition was sub-acid, like one of Longfellow's heroines, "if not sweet, at least a pleasant sour," but Widow Docem's was undeniably saccharine. Being waked up half a dozen times between midnight and dawn had not soured, and collecting bills after the doctor's demise, had not embittered her. Decidedly these were the two best matches, and if the parson saw what was for his good, he would hasten to consummate his union with Miss Samantha or the widow.

But men are obdurate and old bachelors crotchety, and perhaps Parson Dunn would prefer Mary Stuart, or Martha Bradley, or— but as I said before, it was the embarrassment of riches. The parish made up its mind to accept any wife Parson Dunn might choose. So the community formed itself into a committee of ways and means, whose meetings were held very informally and required only two members to constitute a quorum. The final result was the conclusion that somebody—and who so proper a person as Deacon Perkins—should speak to Parson Dunn and inform him how near the pillars of their Israel were to falling out, for want of the support of a woman's slight strength.

"It isn't my way to interfere with other people's business of any kind, and much less to be advising others to marry. I think there is a great deal too much marrying in the world. Still, a duty is a duty, and I must say, Brother Amaziah, that you are the most proper person to talk with Mr. Dunn," remarked Miss Samantha.

The deacon acquiesced, and said he would go over that very evening and open his mind to Brother Dunn. But "the best laid plans of mice and man gang aft agley."

You have your curious piece of mechanism all ready to operate according to your will, when some awkward fellow comes along, pokes his clumsy finger between the wheels, and the delicate relations are disturbed, the plans must be re-adjusted. In this case the Marplot was—directly—one Moses Fletcher—indirectly, the deacon's own daughter Ruth.

You have seen an apple tree growing twisted and awry after the fashion of its kind, its limbs crowded with gnarled, crabbed fruit, that sticks close to the bark, not drooping on long stems, as the apples on a thorough-bred tree do; you have thrown them down, one after another, with disapprobation, but by-and-by, you come upon one round, sweet, fair and

luscious. A richer variety had been grafted in. As this apple was unlike its congeners, was Ruth unlike the Perkins family. The stock, traced through all its ramifications and outgrowths, was unmitigatedly sour and hard and coarse-grained. But, by the same strange fortune that gave Beauty to the Beast, a delicate, fine-natured woman had been given to Deacon Perkins, and Ruth's mother lived again in her child.

How shall I describe the girl Ruth? In her childhood she was the wonder and admiration of the village, and the perplexity and vexation of her Aunt Samantha's life. Nobody knew, she said, what she suffered with that child. And in truth it was so.

How should the discreet, practical, systematic, eminently proper spinster understand a nature apparently all whims and contradictions and impulses? She tried to teach her to sew, but Ruth escaped into the woods and fields, and came home with the handkerchief, which had been given her to hem, tied up by its four corners and full of mosses and flowers and bits of curious stones. She essayed instruction in the culinary art, but Ruth's restless eagerness to investigate causes instead of seeking results, almost drove her aunt to distraction, and in despair she turned her out of the kitchen.

It ended in the child's being permitted to spend her time as she chose, and learn what best suited her. At twelve, Ruth was a tall, slight girl, with large, brown eyes, that looked as if they were exploring futurity, tangled, curly hair, that, do what she would, could never be made to lie smooth, and a complexion whose pure whiteness is not often matched. She had learned all that the district school could teach her, and read all the books that had come in her way, not a large collection, but very miscellaneous in its character, ranging from Rollin's Ancient History to the Arabian Nights. In Deacon Perkins's own house there was not a single book save the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs. These she child read and re-read, till the poetry of the elder Scriptures and the saintly heroism of the early Christians became blent with her own nature.

Just at this epoch Parson Dunn came to Huxton. Ruth listened to him in wonder and reverence. Here was a man who really was what Ruth had dreamed of being. The child's inner sense instinctively recognized it. There were then, in the world, people whose talk was not of gain or low utilities only. There

certainly was something in life better than large crops of potatoes and corn. There was a nobler ambition than that of being an excellent dairy woman merely.

Ruth's heart exulted. Directly or indirectly, Parson Dunn confirmed all her opinions. Ruth's confidence in herself grew. She had thought herself of no use in the world—a wail that by some mischance had stranded upon uncongenial shores. But now she was sure life had something for her too. *To triumph!*

One day Parson Dunn was startled by a low rap on his door. Opening it, he saw a face which he was dimly conscious of having met before. There was something singularly inconsistent in the large, straightforward eyes that met his without shrinking, and the timid, hesitating voice which the owner could scarcely command.

"If you please, Mr. Dunn, I came over to see if you would be so good as to teach me."

Parson Dunn looked at the earnest face that shone out from under the green sun-bonnet a full minute, and then mechanically reiterated, "Teach you?"

"Yes, sir. Father said I might learn, as I couldn't do anything else, if you would be so good as to let me. Father said he supposed you hadn't anything to do."

Parson Dunn opened his eyes in amazement, but waiving the question of leisure, he said, with awkward kindness:

"What do you wish to learn?"

"Everything. I don't know anything except reading, writing and arithmetic—what I learnt at school."

The parson was perplexed. It looked like a joke, yet there was no mistaking the earnestness of the grave, confiding face that looked up in his own. How could he teach her? What could he teach her? Why, the Latin Grammar, of course, and Cæsar, and Nepos, and Virgil, and in due time, logarithms and navigation. That was what he had learned, and it never occurred to him that a young lady required a different course. So the system was inaugurated, and the next winter Ruth's brown eyes strove by the firelight, to discover the relations between *x*, *y*, and *z*, or, with eager interest, followed the adventures of the exiled Trojans. Parson Dunn threw open his library to her, and Ruth read with loving impartiality, treatises on original sin, and the plays of the English dramatists. Nothing came amiss to her craving intellect. Doubtless by some occult process the useful was assimilated and the worthless cast out.



Ten years passed, and now the parish was resolved that its minister should marry. I do not know if Ruth was interested in this notable scheme. A private trouble of her own occupied her thoughts at that time. During all the long evenings of the preceding winter, Ruth's employments had been liable to a serious interruption. This was the visits of one Moses Fletcher, a young farmer in the neighborhood. He used to come in soon after tea and sit the whole live-long evening, looking at Ruth, and talking to Deacon Perkins and Aunt Samantha; and Ruth, not to seem discourteous, was forced to lay by books and drawing, and knit, an employment not much to her taste.

"I'll go over this very evening and talk with Brother Dunn," said the deacon. And at a suitable time, when the oxen were fed and the cows milked, he started. But on the threshold he met Moses Fletcher. "Good evening, Moses, walk in. I was going over to the parson's, myself, but Samantha and Ruth 'll be glad to see you."

"Thank you, deacon, but seeing as I've met you out here, I may as well speak to you about Ruth and me. You see mother is getting old, and father's pretty stiff with rheumatiz, and I've been thinking, that if Ruth's agreeable, we'd better be married this spring, if you're willing."

"O! ah! well!" exclaimed the deacon, very much surprised, but not at all displeased. He had long thought it would be an excellent match, particularly as Ruth was not so smart as some girls, for Moses Fletcher's father owned the finest farm in Huxton, and Moses himself was a shrewd, capable fellow.

"I've no objection—none in the world, and Ruth, I dare say, will be agreeable," said the deacon, finally. "Come in and see her." And he ushered Moses into the room where Ruth was sitting, and betook himself to the kitchen to tell Miss Samantha the news. Miss Samantha was one of those equable persons who are not likely to be excited even by a sudden convulsion of Nature, yet even her moderate surprise had scarcely found expression, when the front door was heard to shut with a loud and emphatic bang. Moses was seen to hurry past the kitchen window, and the next moment Ruth came out of the sitting-room, pale and trembling with excitement.

"Why, child—why, Ruth, what on earth has happened?" said the deacon.

Ruth's lips quivered for an instant before she spoke.

"O, father, how could you send that man to me wishing me to marry him?" And she burst into uncontrollable sobbing.

"Ruthy—Ruthy, don't cry, child, don't! It won't any harm for him to ask you as I know of," said the deacon, who was really kind-hearted. But Miss Samantha, feeling, doubtless, that discipline is always to be maintained, interposed.

"Ruth, you are speaking very improperly to your father. I don't know what you have against Moses Fletcher. He is one of the most respectable young men in town, and you're not likely to get a better offer, I assure you."

"And there aint no better land on the interval than Moses Fletcher's," suggested the deacon.

"I have nothing against Moses," retorted Ruth, roused to indignation, "but I am not of his kind. We are as far apart as the poles. It makes me angry—I shudder, to think that he, low-minded, coarse—" and Ruth broke down again in sobs.

"Indeed! Really, what a conceited miss we have here," said Miss Samantha, scornfully. "Moses Fletcher is good enough for you, Ruth. Indeed, I'm only surprised that he should have fancied you."

"Aunt, aunt! What can you think of me? I would die sooner than marry Moses Fletcher," said Ruth, shaking from head to foot in a storm of emotion, and ashamed through all her nature at the thought of such an alliance.

"Ruth, Ruth!" the deacon shook his head solemnly. "This all comes of learning. You've got too many ideas in your head. The Bible says 'children, obey your parents,' and, Ruth, it's my wish you should marry Moses Fletcher. He is a steady young man, and will be a good provider, and I should like to see you well settled before I die."

Ruth melted at this appeal, but at the same time it would have been impossible to express her abhorrence of the worldly inducements set before her.

It is always useless to address argument to a person so far below your level that your reasoning is unintelligible to him. Ruth had no power to make her father understand her fine scorn of his maxims of worldly wisdom, and she at once desisted from the attempt.

I wonder if age ever realizes what a terrible blow it is to all the high theories and romantic imaginings of youth to be brought at once face to face with sordid self-interest and vulgar scheming for gain. You may im-

agine that this little scene so discomposed the deacon, that he was by no means in a suitable frame of mind to labor with Parson Dunn.

The next evening, however, no malign influence interfering, Deacon Perkins having taken tea at the sensible hour of five, was on his way to Parson Dunn's domicile before twilight had quite gone.

Of course he was cordially welcomed. Men like Parson Dunn, of a dreamy turn, hold the practical qualities in great respect. Deacon Perkins sat down in the easy chair and looked around the room. Something struck him as wanting—he could not well have told what—yet the happy thought came to him that he might introduce his subject best by accident, as it were.

"You look very comfortable here, parson. Though the parish has never been able to pay a large salary you seem to get on very nicely, and I've been thinking—that is we—Semantha—in short, parson, we think you would be a great deal more useful if you was to get married." Having plunged in *medias res*, the deacon, without noticing his auditor's look of astonishment, rushed on.

"You see, parson, these people who have come in here in such a crowd, have always been used to having a minister's wife, and they've got a notion that it makes things seem more sociable like. And they might take a fancy to get up a new society when they could fix things to their minds. Now if you was to get married—" Here he accidentally glanced at the minister.

"Why, parson, excuse me. I'd no idea—"

Parson Dunn took a turn or two across the floor. There had risen before his eye, while the deacon was speaking, a vision of a long-buried face, that years ago, in its innocent beauty, faded into the land of shadows. He came back and sat down at the deacon's side.

"You are quite excusable, deacon. I'm sure you mean anything you may say in kindness. So my people think it is time the parsonage had a mistress?"

"That's it, parson, and I put it to you as a sensible man, whether it wouldn't be a good deal pleasanter if there was somebody here to make things homelike?"

"Doubtless," murmured Mr. Dunn, letting his eyes fall musingly upon the fire.

"That's the sense of the parish it appears to me, and there aint no want of suitable partners. There is the Widow Docem," the deacon was quite incapable of understanding the look which flitted across the parson's face.

"She is a neat, tidy sort of a woman and would keep things straight. And then if you don't incline that way, there is—others. In fact, I think you would find a plenty."

"Thank you!" The parson looked infinitely amused. "I will promise to take the subject into serious consideration."

"That will do. Nothing more could be asked. Nobody could expect you to make so serious a change without long and solemn deliberation. I was coming down here last night, but Ruth got into trouble and I couldn't."

"Ruth! In trouble?" Parson Dunn's face had suddenly kindled.

"Women is so unreasonable," continued the deacon, shaking his head as he stated the mournful fact. "There's Ruth has a chance to marry Moses Fletcher, a nice, steady young man as there is in town, and get one of the best farms, but she is as set against him as she can be. I can't help thinking, parson, it all comes of too much learning. I don't think it does girls any good to educate 'em too much. It puts notions into their heads."

"What is Ruth's objection?" asked Parson Dunn in a low tone.

"She says he aint good enough for her. Now, parson, I think a sight of Ruth, but I can't help seeing that she aint smart like Lorindy Brown for instance. And then she has such a shy, still kind of a way—though in that she's just like her mother. But Ruth's a good girl. I wish you would talk to her, parson. She would pay attention to what you'd say. She has a great liking for you."

"Has she?" softly.

"I think now that'll be just the thing," said the deacon, brightening up as he rose to go. "Semantha and I are going over to Northampton to-morrow, and if you come over you can have a good chance to talk to her. I hate to vex the girl myself."

"Yes, I will come," said Parson Dunn, gently.

Deacon Perkins went home feeling quite sure that Ruth would be brought to her reason. He was one of those persons who feel a deal easier when they have shifted their burden upon somebody else's shoulders, and he put Miss Semantha into the buggy the next morning and set off with a light heart.

The morning sun was shining into the windows of the sitting-room when Parson Dunn came to keep his appointment. The room was low and large, and the walls were blackened with smoke, and yet it looked vastly pleasanter than his own, for instance, though

that was as fresh and bright as new paint and recent paper could make it.

The parson counted up its attractions. First, there was a flower stand with mignonette and roses in blossom. Fragrant oleanders and hyacinths and heliotropes were there. In the window was hung a pretty moss-basket, with long sprays of the purple-blooming coliseum ivy pendant from its sides. A few simple engravings in cone frames did what they could to hide the walls. And looking from them to Ruth, he could not help thinking what an illuminating presence she was.

She was in a neat print dress—for this was in the days when one could afford such luxuries—and her fingers deftly went up a long seam—Miss Samantha's stint. Ruth was accustomed to the parson's oddities, so she only looked up and smiled from time to time, at her silent visitor.

"Ruth, your father wanted me to come and see if I could persuade you to accept your lover—Moses—" He stopped. Ruth's face was crimson, and her eyes flashing. "So I told him I would come," continued Parson Dunn.

"*Et tu brute,*" was in Ruth's heart, and she dared not trust herself to speak.

"Will you marry Moses Fletcher, Ruth?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

Ruth's indignation overcame her sense of pain.

"Will you marry Aunt Samantha or Widow Docem, Mr. Dunn?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I love you, Ruth."

Ah, Ruth! foiled with your own weapons. You may well sit down and hide your face in your hands. Yet not long. You need all the sunshine of this new joy, for Aunt Samantha will be home presently, and it is a question whether she will think you fit for the minister's wife. There was no fear of the deacon's objecting. Even with him respectability outweighs self.

"I think the disparity of years is too great—too great, altogether," said Widow Docem, with amiable regret. "My late husband, Doctor Docem, was only one year my senior, and we always said the difference was what it should be. I never knew such a marriage to be a happy one."

But the Widow Docem was a false oracle. As the years went by in sunshine and shadow, and Ruth developed in the congenial atmo-

sphere of her own home, learning to do distasteful and humble services in the spirit which magnified them into noble works, as the minister grew genial and practical and courageous, the parish confessed that Parson Dunn and the deacon's daughter were admirably suited to each other.

#### THE HABITS OF A BUSINESS MAN.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly or in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can easily do himself; keeps everything in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customers, and does not overtrade for his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit at all times, either in buying or selling; and small profits, in credit cases, with little risk, to the chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing; keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away, and has every letter, invoice, etc., belonging to his business, titled, classed, and put away; never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it. Is always at the head of his business, well knowing that, if he leaves it, it will leave him; is constantly examining his books, and sees through all his affairs, as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of money matters and law suits where there is the least hazard; keeps a memorandum-book, in which he notes every little particular relative to appointment, addresses, and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous only when urged by motives of humanity.

#### A POOR HOUSEHOLD.

'Tis said, the blown and desperate forester,  
Chased by a lean and hunger-pinched bear,  
Drops one by one his garments in his flight,  
To make the monster pause. In those dark months,  
My weary mother, chased by poverty,  
Gave one by one her treasures, precious things,  
Hallowed by love and death.—ALEXANDER SMITH

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE SONGSTER.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

Early hour of morning,  
 Chanting on a tree,  
 Piping for the dawning,  
 Magic song of warning,  
 With a chee, chee, chee.

Drowsy maids thou'rt waking  
 From their slumbers sweet;  
 While old Ponto's shaking,  
 Lazy boys are quaking,  
 Fearing dad to meet.

Little charmer, happy ever  
 Is thy merry heart,  
 Bidding mortals sorrow never,  
 Pointing upward—yes, forever,  
 Ne'er in heaven to part!

Roaming in the grove,  
 Soft thy midday song  
 Falls like holy love  
 From bright heaven above,  
 Winning man from wrong.

Pealing sweetly evening song:  
 Misty night is coming  
 With quick step along,  
 While thy notes prolong,  
 With their merry humming.

Through the forest hieing,  
 Merry, musical and free;  
 Though the gale is sighing,  
 Or the dewdrops vieing,  
 Flowing is thy chee, chee, chee.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AUGUSTE DUPIN'S SUIT:

—OR—

## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

## CHAPTER I.

"LA BELLE FRANCE" does not everywhere merit the fond praises which enthusiastic Frenchmen lavish upon her, nor yet is she altogether what she has been described by a celebrated traveller, "a dull picture set in a magnificent frame." Grand indeed are the mountains that girdle her, and the sapphire sea is nowhere bluer than when it washes her shores. But the "picture" itself is not wholly monotonous, or if monotonous, it has

a soft, hailing beauty of its own. It soothes and charms by its placid loveliness. The long, unvaried slopes are everywhere covered with the vine. Its leafy luxuriance hides otherwise barren spots and throws a veil over desolation.

And the climate is so equable, the moonlight harvest nights are so free from the chill and damp that invade colder latitudes, the people are so gay and hospitable, that one does not care to criticize, and easily forgets the absence of grandeur and sublimity.

The more easily, since, after all, these are the luxuries of rare occasions, and scarcely enter into the materials for quiet, everyday happiness. It is better to visit the mountains than to be imprisoned among them.

If you would see genuine merry-making, join in the festivals of the harvest, as celebrated by the peasantry of "la belle France." At home you see people dance as if it were a solemn exercise, not to be engaged in without due premeditation; there you will see them abandon themselves to the exultation of the music with all the graceful *notéte* of childhood.

At the harvest season of 17—, the parish of St. Hilaire was half wild with gayety. Besides the abundant vine-harvest they celebrated the birthday of Auguste Dupin, the popular and promising son of a respectable vine-dresser.

For once, the landlord, who rented all the estates in the vicinity, and was grown rich in his calling, consented to allow his daughter to join in the frolic. You may imagine, or you might if you had seen Victoire, what a zest this would lend to the festivities. Faster went the music, for were not Victoire's bright eyes a new inspiration?

Many a poor fellow anathematized the fate which had given him such uncouth feet and such large, awkward hands, for how should he dare to solicit Victoire to dance with him?

But no misgivings of this kind troubled young Auguste Dupin. It is true that the European peasantry reveal in their carriage and manner the state of virtual serfhood in which they live. Only here and there are exceptions, new facts projected into the sphere of natural sequences. Auguste Dupin bore himself as proudly as if the blood of a hundred dukes ran in his veins. There were no indications of hereditary degradation in his flashing gray eye, and proudly curved red lip. It must be that royal souls know how to impress themselves upon the material body. We

sometimes see, in the dust and rags of the city street, a child-face that might have sat to Raphael for the holy child. High breeding looks out from behind the basket of chips poised upon the shoulder. Angels in smutty faces linger around the coal wharves. All this indicates that nature, or, to speak more reverently and truly, God intends to teach us that royal souls are not the offspring of any caste or race, and that all nations and people are of one blood.

I do not suppose Victoire puzzled herself much about the philosophy of the matter. Auguste was a charming dancer and a delightful partner, and Victoire blushing consented to dance with him so many times, that the other young men were quite piqued, and agreed among themselves that Auguste Dupin, with all his good qualities, was exceedingly conceited.

With the waning moon the dancers dispersed. Auguste ventured to clasp Victoire's cloak for her, and was rewarded with a smile and blush, and just a half glance from a pair of eyes that seemed to him, poor fellow, like an opening into heaven. It was plain that Auguste's birthday had also been his fate day. Even his parents, slow people as they were, discovered it.

"What has happened to Auguste?" they said to each other. "He must have drunk too much Rhenish wine over night. Ah, it is well that harvest comes but once in a year."

But Auguste impatiently broke away from them. The droning prattle, which he had been accustomed to ever since he was born, became all at once inexpressibly irksome to him. He went down to a spring where all the village came for water. A secret hope that he might meet Victoire led him there. It was still forenoon, and most of the villagers were sleeping after the merry-making. So for some time he was alone. Presently, however, a figure appeared, the sight of which set his pulses in motion. Victoire came tripping toward the fountain, the pitcher sustained upon her head by one fair round arm, her curls floating backward in the wind, and her whole aspect as full of freshness and life as if there were no such thing as late hours. She bade him "*bon jour*" with a grace that charmed him anew, and stooped to fill her pitcher. Auguste sprang forward.

"Permit me, mademoiselle!"

He caught the pitcher in his hand, and just then, meeting Victoire's bright eyes, he turned away hastily, and in his confusion stepped

upon a wet pebble which treacherously rolled under his feet. Instinctively he threw himself towards the stone railing for support, crash went the unfortunate pitcher, and Auguste, startled and dismayed, was brought with a severe wrench against the balustrade. He looked at Victoire.

"Is monsieur hurt?" timidly asked the maiden.

"No, mademoiselle. But the pitcher!" And he cast a rueful glance upon the fragments.

"A mere trifle," cried Victoire, gaily. "It cannot indeed be mended, but there are pitchers enough in the shops of Paris. On the contrary, if monsieur had received an injury—"

"Would Victoire have wept?" interrupted Auguste, rushing forward and seizing the maiden's hand.

Victoire looked down into the face before her, and knew that she held Auguste Dupin's fate in her hands. But Victoire was not without coquetry.

"What is that to monsieur?" she asked mischievously. "Eyes were not made for weeping."

"No, truly, such bright eyes as mademoiselle's. Ah, if mademoiselle could see my heart."

Perhaps she could. At any rate she seemed disposed at this juncture to take a good deal for granted. As for Auguste, it seemed to him as though the world could not hold him. If he had not been restrained by two clinging little hands, I fear he would have taken wings and flown away to some blissful planet where the common air is the pure ether of love. It was a thousand pities to break such a delicious trance, yet Victoire's soft voice did it.

"I much fear, dear Auguste, that my father will not consent."

And who was this father? Simply Landlord Delaroux, a pompous, corpulent man, greedy of gold, but good-naturedly condescending towards his inferiors, to whom Auguste Dupin was in the habit of touching his cap. It was very strange that Auguste should all at once forget his humility, but he did so.

"Let him interfere if he dares!"

"O, Auguste!" And the maiden looked upon her lover's indignation with admiration not unmingled with fear.

"Only yesterday he was urging me marriage with Monsieur Les Foulbès."

"Les Foulbès? Of Lyons?"

"Yes, Auguste."

Monsieur Les Fouilles was a wine merchant, who occasionally came to St. Hilaire to make purchases. He was old and ugly, and wore a wig. Besides, he took snuff and was a miser.

"Les Fouilles! And what did you say to him?"

"I told him I could not marry Monsieur Les Fouilles, and that I would rather drown myself in the sea."

"And what answer did he make to that, *mon ange*?"

"That I was a foolish girl, and must take time to think of it. But, indeed, Auguste, I could never have loved Monsieur Les Fouilles."

"Loved him! I think not. Les Fouilles indeed! We shall see."

So Auguste's indignation found vent. But it was much easier talking than acting. It was easier to conquer imaginary foes than real ones, as Auguste found when he presented himself before Landlord Delaroux with his petition. The old man's face grew red, his eyes flashed as well as watery gray eyes could, he set his teeth together vehemently, and clenched his fists upon the table, while Auguste was speaking, though I give you my word that the youth phrased his request very discreetly and modestly.

"Marry my daughter?" roared Landlord Delaroux.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Victoire Delaroux?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"The son of old Jean Dupin, who lives in one of my huts?"

"Yes, monsieur."

The old man could restrain himself no longer. He made a sudden rush upon the spot where Auguste Dupin stood humbly, hat in hand, and before the unlucky lover had time to apprehend the exigency of the crisis, hustled him into the street amid such oburgations as he could find breath for.

"Marry my daughter! The rascal—old Jean Dupin's son—insolence! Out with you, wretch, vagabond! Show your face here again, and I'll have you before the magistrate, villain!"

Now Auguste, not anticipating such a repulse, had made no provision for his lines of retreat, and found himself plunged into a group of farm laborers, who began to laugh as

the state of the case became apparent to them. Auguste fled without delay, followed by old Delaroux's scornful maledictions.

"Ha, ha!" said the young men, when they heard the story, "Auguste is a good fellow, but one must admit that he is conceited."

What was the luckless Auguste to do? In New England there would have been no difficulty. A trip to a neighboring State, a call upon a minister, a brief ceremony performed, and the happy pair are in a condition to set tyrannical fathers at defiance.

But in France they do these things very differently. There is no such thing as matrimony made easy to the Frenchman in love. The path to bliss is full of impediments in the way of legal formalities and delays, and when the State has interposed all the obstacles possible, the church sets herself in the way. The only wonder is that one ever perseveres.

There is, indeed, one way by which progress may be facilitated; when one's *fiancee* has obliging and complaisant parents who take the matter in hand, attend to all the formalities, and deliver over the maiden *no-lens*, or more happily *volens*, like any other piece of merchandise. But in Auguste's case these were wanting. Auguste wandered all day long on the banks of the river. His parents said, sadly:

"Poor Auguste, his wits are estray."

The young men said it was a pity Auguste was so conceited. Auguste Dupin marry the landlord's daughter! It was not a thing to be expected. It was among the young girls that he found partisans.

"Poor fellow! it was, indeed, too bad. As for Victoire Delaroux, he might, indeed, have chosen better, for Victoire, with all her fine airs, was not better than another. But it showed what a good heart Auguste had. If he would but let me console him," said Claudine and Rosa, and Marguerite and Louise.

Meanwhile Auguste lived, but neither ate nor slept. On the sixth day Victoire's maid, Marie, came to him. Her mistress had bade her say that it was all over between them. He must forget her. *Le bon Dieu* would help him. *Le pere* was inexorable, and already the marriage contract with Monsieur Les Fouilles was signed. There was nothing to be done. She had only to send him her undying love and adieux.

Thus said Marie, and departed as she came, sobbing. Les Fouilles! this was the one drop too much. Auguste groaned in spirit. Do not doubt that he was valiant, and ready

to move the universe to save Victoire. But he could do nothing.

Nothing at all, thanks to French law and religion. Nothing as respected Victoire; but he could at least remove himself from a sight of the immolation. St. Hilaire was now to him a place accursed.

In the dead of the ensuing night he arose, put together a small bundle of clothing, and stealthily crept from the house. He went softly up the village street, and passing by Victoire's window, stopped a moment and passionately kissed the lattice, plucked a spray from the jessamine that clambered over it, and went on. Ere sunrise he was well on his way to the nearest seaport.

Great was the consternation of old Jean Dupin and his wife when Auguste's bed was found to be untouched, and the youth was missing. The news passed rapidly from lip to lip.

"Poor Auguste!" echoed on all sides. "Nobody can deny that Landlord Delaroux has a bad heart. It was a cruel thing to drive a poor lad to such a step. One cannot wish old Les Fouilles much joy of his bride, for, indeed, she looks more like one about to become the bride of heaven than anything else."

Auguste was gone; no news of him came in all the months which followed.

It could scarcely be said that Victoire laid this new grief to heart, if grief it was. When Marie told her that Auguste Dupin had gone away in the night, and it was thought he had gone to sea, Victoire's soft eyes filled with tears as they had often done of late, and she whispered tenderly:

"Dear Auguste, I shall pray our lady to bless him."

Landlord Delaroux was determined that his daughter's marriage should be celebrated with great splendor. It was not every day a man gained such a son-in-law. There should be a feast and a dance, and a gay procession to escort the pair from church. Old Les Fouilles assented, rubbing his withered hands and showing his long yellow teeth in his satisfaction. Now there were busy times in St. Hilaire. Artisans in delicate fabrics and cunning cooks vied with each other. Money was lavished freely, and the parish was on the *qui vive*.

At last the day, so much dreaded by the hapless Victoire, arrived. Monsieur Les Fouilles set out from the inn where he had spent the night for the residence of Landlord Delaroux, in all the confidence of hopes al-

ready realized. But, alas! for Monsieur Les Fouilles, "Man proposes, but God disposes."

He had not gone the length of a square before his horse, taking fright at the crowd who pressed around to see the bridegroom, made a sudden spring, and threw his rider with much force upon the pavement. Monsieur Les Fouilles breathed no more.

"Dead, *mon Dieu*! One can see the hand of God in it. Well, there is no bride's heart to be broken," said the villagers.

Imagine the disappointment and astonishment of Landlord Delaroux. Who could have dreamed that a plan of his should be set at naught in this summary way? He resented it as a personal affront, and cursed Providence like the wicked man he was. Who shall describe Victoire's sensations? How can one strike the balance between her joyful relief and her horror at its occasion? The maiden's brain was in a whirl. Fever attacked her, and for a few days Landlord Delaroux was fairly stunned at the prospect of this new woe. But the danger passed by. Victoire came to herself, paler but sweeter than ever.

All these occurrences were more than a nine-days' wonder to the parish of St. Hilaire; but even they grew old with time. Other couples fell in love and married, and by degrees Auguste was forgotten by all save Victoire and the aged pair, who waited for his return.

The years brought to Landlord Delaroux no successor for Les Fouilles, and Victoire was left in peace.

## CHAPTER II.

AGAIN the festival of the harvest was celebrated by the wine-makers of St. Hilaire. The mirth is as boisterous, the maidens as captivating, and the young men as gallant as they were, when ten years ago Auguste danced with Victoire.

The landlord's daughter is there. So too is the landlord himself. But Victoire does not dance often. Her father notices it and says:

"Why don't you dance, girl? Why do you sit there like an old woman?"

"They do not ask me, father?" replied Victoire, quietly.

"Don't ask you! What does that mean? Is any one here better than the Landlord Delaroux's daughter, I should like to know? Parbleu! I'll see to that. The young rogues!" exclaimed the old man in a rage.



"Stay, father, stay," interposed Victoire, as she saw him about to set off in search of a partner for her. "I'd much rather sit still, I had indeed."

"Pish! do you think I don't know better?"

He broke away from her, and made the circuit of the green.

"You don't dance, monsieur," he said, presently, stopping near a man who had been quietly watching the merriment. He was in foreign costume, was perhaps thirty years of age, and had a keen, dark eye, and a manner somewhat reserved.

"Monsieur!"

"You don't dance, I see," repeated Delaroux, nothing daunted.

"No, monsieur. I am a stranger here, and I doubt if any of the maidens would care to leave their sweethearts for so unpromising a cavalier as I am."

"Poh! you are too modest. Come with me and I'll find you as pretty a girl, and as well-born, too, as you ever set your eyes upon, though I'll warrant they've seen fair women too." The stranger hesitated, and a hot flush crimsoned his face. "Come. You are faint-hearted for so brave looking a gallant. Come," insisted Delaroux.

Thus urged, the stranger followed him.

"Here, Victoire, is a gallant, who does not dare make his own court. Do you show him French maidens can be kind as well as coy."

The stranger bowed low over Victoire's hand, and the music for a new dance just then sounding, led her to her place. In a moment more they were winding in and out of the intricate mazes of the figure; presently they were far down the set, and led on by the flying music, farther and farther quite beyond all others. Another moment and the music would recall them. Now was the time or never.

"Victoire! Don't you know me? It is I—Auguste Dupin."

"Ah, Heaven! can it be?" murmured Victoire, half fainting.

Now they are in the crowd of dances, swift-er flies the music, and again they have passed down the set and are alone.

"Do you love me still, Victoire?"

"Do you love me, Auguste?"

"*Le bon Dieu* knows that I do."

"Then I love you."

"And your father—"

"Alas, I know not what he will say."

"But I am rich, Victoire."

"Ah, then he will not refuse."

"Victoire, keep my secret. I shall surprise my parents to-night. To-morrow I will come to you."

"Your partner was a handsome gallant, was he not, Victoire?" said Landlord Delaroux, as he escorted her home by moonlight. "I know how to judge of men. If you had been sensible enough to fall in love with such a gentleman as that, I should not have objected. But you must needs take a fancy to that young Jack-a-napes, Auguste Dupin, and now you are like to be *un fihandiere* for your pains."

"Ah, papa, if Monsieur Les Fouilles had lived," said Victoire, slyly.

"Ah, indeed! then we should have seen you well married."

Late that night Jean Dupin and his wife were startled by a knock upon the door of their cottage.

"It is some wild lad returning from the carouse. Let him go on," growled the old man.

The knock was repeated.

"Off with you there," shouted Jean. "Who are you that go about after bedtime disturbing honest folks?"

"I am a belated traveller, and ask for a night's shelter in your cottage," replied the intruder.

"We've none to give you. Our house is only large enough for ourselves," muttered the other.

"For shame, Jean Dupin," said the wife, hastily getting up and dressing. "For my part I shall treat him as I would wish anyone to treat our Auguste if belike he is wandering about like this poor fellow. Now, friend, come in."

The door was thrown wide open, and the traveller entered.

"Good evening, dame. I beg your pardon for disturbing you, but I'm weary, and have walked as far to-day as my limbs will carry me. If you will get me some supper, I'll pay you in the king's gold."

The traveller threw down his bundle, and sitting down in a chair, covered his face with his hands as if he was as he said, very weary. At the sound of gold, old Jean started up with ears wide open.

"Gold! It's little we get now-a-days," muttered he.

The stranger caught it. "How, monsieur, are the times hard with you?"

"Ay, that they be. What with a blight upon the vineyards and half crops of grain, it's as much as a poor man can do to get his loaf

of rye bread with sour Rhenish to wash it down. My dame and I have not tasted meat since Easter."

"And I have enough and to spare," said the stranger, thoughtfully.

"Ah, I dare say. A man drives, but the donkey carries the burden. It's the way of the world."

"Hush, hush, Jean Dupin," interposed the old woman, cheerfully. "It's not for you to find fault with the hand that feeds you. Your honor must excuse him. He's worn down like with hard work, and don't take life so easy as younger folk."

"You may both hope for better days," said the stranger, with emotion, draining the cup of wine she set before him.

"Ah, so I tell Jean. If our Auguste should come home rich, he'd not let his old father and mother want for fine bread. But who knows if the sea has not swallowed him up? The holy saints forbid!"

"You have a son at sea, then?"

"Yes, our Auguste—as fine a lad as you ever saw—nearly as tall as you, monsieur, and he was but twenty when he left us."

"How long since was that?"

"Why, it must be—let me see—how long, Jean? O, you've forgot! If you'd think once in a while about Auguste, instead of fretting at Providence all the time, 'twould be the better for you. Why, monsieur, the lad has been gone nigh ten year. Bless us! he must be thirty years old or more."

"Ah, well, I hope he will come back to you. And now, dame, I'll go to bed if you please. But first, here's a purse you may keep for me, if you will. I'm careless in such matters." And he put it into her hand.

Jean Dupin's eyes glistened. The yellow gold shone through the meshes and chinked pleasantly.

"It will be time enough to-morrow," said the tired traveller, as he fell asleep.

It was near midnight, and all in the house should have been asleep. Not so Jean Dupin. His cupidity was aroused. His moral sense was benumbed. Here was a way to lift himself forever above want. No more rising before daylight in winter mornings, no more stinted dinners or half clad limbs. He lay and thought of it hour after hour till he grew fevered and half mad. Who shall trace the steps by which a man walks to the commission of a terrible crime?

At last—it was nearly morning—the sun would rise in another hour—Jean Dupin arose,

staggered toward the kitchen closet, took out a knife, felt its edge to see if it was sharp, and then stealthily mounted the stairs which led to the chamber above.

The stranger lay sleeping profoundly. The candle light glared upon the face softening its lines, and making it younger and fairer. His head was turned, the thick hair fell away from the temple, revealing a singular mark—perhaps a scar, perhaps a birthmark. But Jean Dupin did not see it. His hand was uplifted, his face set in cruel determination. But all at once his hand is grasped by another.

"Wretch, madman, would you murder him?"

"Hush, wife! God has sent him to our hands."

"Out upon you, infidel! Look at him. Do you not see how he lies there trusting—" she stopped; her face grew ashy white. Slowly she pointed to the singular mark. "Jean!"

"Yes." The old man was white and trembling too.

"Do you not see it—the holy cross set there by the blessed mother herself? There is not another in the world."

"Yes."

"It is our Auguste!"

"Yes, it is Auguste!" The knife fell ringing upon the floor, and the old man dropped upon his knees by the bedside. The stranger awoke and started up.

"Auguste, my son!" And the mother sank weeping in his arms.

Now was not this news for St. Hilaire? People said that Auguste Dupin had come back as rich as a prince, that he went to old Delaroux and demanded Victoire, saying, "if you refuse me I have a friend in the king himself."

"Auguste is come back!" said Victoire.

"Well, what of it. A bad son is never lost."

"But he is come back rich."

"Ah! that alters the case." And Landlord Delaroux smiled benignly as Auguste appeared.

And now there are preparations for a bridal, and one morning the church bells rang out with a joyous peal, and a fair woman walked at the side of a stately bridegroom, between rows of maidens scattering flowers in the pathway. Landlord Delaroux was exultant.

"I should have known you would push your way, Auguste. Let me alone for judging character. If you had not been so forward, so presuming—if you'll excuse me—things might have been different before. But young men always fly into a passion and are off before one can think what to say."

And Auguste smiled, remembering the issue of his first suit.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY ISABELLA ARBE.

O mother, canst thou see thy child?  
 Upon whose head thy blessings fell;  
 Around whose path in beauty smiled  
 Love that no human tongue may tell?  
 Canst see me gazing on that star,  
 We both have loved and watched so oft,  
 As, glimmering through the clouds afar,  
 Its mellow radiance, bright yet soft,  
 Seems like thy love, so constant felt,  
 So gentle in its soothing power,  
 And yet so strong that it could melt  
 The sternest heart in passion's hour?  
 Mother, thy fond love could not die;  
 Too good, too beautiful for earth,  
 'Tis but ascended to the sky,  
 The source from whence it had its birth.  
 O, it looks down, like the soft ray  
 Of our own star, thy holy love,  
 Guarding my path by night and day,  
 And pointing to our home above.  
 Where should it be, but where the heart  
 Its treasure has? there it will come,  
 And, dearest mother, where thou art,  
 Will make a doubly welcome home.  
 And though I kneel upon the sod,  
 That binds thy breast with its cold chain,  
 I know that thou art with thy God,  
 And trust that we will meet again.  
 Then guard me well, for I would fain  
 Enjoy that hope in this brief life,  
 Where every pleasure seems but vain,  
 And fondest schemes with sadness rife.

[ORIGINAL.]

## What I found out at Mt. Calder.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

"AND O, Father in heaven, bless him now and forever more!" were the last words of my beloved mother, as I pressed her hand at parting, and kissed the fair, pale cheek, still delicate and pure as a child.

I had received a very pressing invitation from a youth of my own age, and with whom I had been long at school, to visit him for a month or two at his father's house, among the wild glens of Ashmoreland. He wrote now:

"Come to us as soon as possible, my dear Clarence. September will soon be here, and we shall have capital shooting. This wild place will just suit you, if you are the same Clarence Fletcher that I used to meet among

the rocks at Woodend, with a heavy fowling-piece on his shoulder, and a bag in which there was, alas! no game. Never mind, you shall have my father's best gun, and I promise you more success than you had then. Besides, the scenery itself will delight you; wild, romantic as you could wish.

"Our rocks are rough but smiling there,  
 The acacia waves her yellow hair,  
 Lovely and sweet—nor loved the less  
 For blooming in a wilderness."

I was not forgotten then by my favorite schoolmate, Phil Applegate; and I resolved to accept the invitation without further ceremony. I wrote to apprise him of my coming, and assured him of my identity with the Clarence Fletcher of Woodend celebrity as a sportsman.

My only regret in leaving home was my mother's loneliness, for I was "the only son, nay, the only child of my mother, and she a widow." That simple Scripture sentence had a world of meaning to us both, and came home to our hearts, with a significance that experience only can supply.

She half promised me that she would visit during my absence, but I knew that her habits would scarcely admit of her doing so. It was the first time I had left her since my father's death; for I had succeeded to his business, and had no time for visiting. But I had given my two clerks a month's vacation each, and now I thought my health required a little change. My mother was praying for me earnestly, when I ran in to bid her good-by. She uttered the last words of her petition after I entered the room, and I bore away with me the memory of those fond, entreating words, through my whole journey.

I reached Ashmoreland at sunset on the second day. We had been riding through dense woods for an hour or more, and came suddenly upon a more open country. Through the branches of the trees, the broad September sun was sending up his messengers of purple and orange to say that he was bidding the world good-night, or at least our part of it. In some places the sky was a rich blue, but in others of a sea green, while flashing across it came the royal purple of the clouds, falling away into a delicate pink, like the inside of a sea shell. To me, who had so long been confined to the counting-room, the sight was rich and rare.

The cars stopped six miles from Ashmoreland; but when I got out, there was Phil's honest face at the door of the station, and

with a hearty welcome, he ordered my valise to be placed in a handsome travelling chaise that stood hard by, and in a moment we were on the road.

"This is very kind of you, Phil," I said, at length, after he had repeated his welcome for the fifth time. "I did not expect you to come for me."

"Why, bless you, Clarence, it would have been midnight before you would have arrived, if I had trusted you to the tender mercies of Joe Plunkett's lame horse. No, my boy, we were determined to have you at tea time, and my mother and Helen are waiting for us. Wake up, Netty!" And he spurred up the beautiful black mare, till she took us over the ground like a bird.

My friend's parents and sister gave me a kindly reception at the gate of the long avenue. We did not alight, however, but they all walked by the side of the chaise, till we reached the door of the house. It was a pleasant, brown house, with plenty of bay windows leading out to the garden beyond. There was a breezy hill behind the house, and a green lawn in front, made still more picturesque by a pond, in which two real swans were floating gracefully. Tame squirrels were going to their rest in the tall trees, a goat and her kids were reposing at the foot of a large oak, and a splendid greyhound was lying along the steps of the piazza.

Behind the house, turkeys, geese and hens were flocking to their supper, and a large mastiff was keeping watch and guard over all. I took all this in at a glance or two, but the "humans" attracted me still more, of course.

Phil's father was a man much older than I had expected to find. His hair was quite white, and his cheeks had lost their fulness; but his step was firm, and his eye bright, like one in youth. The mother, too, was so much older looking than mine; but then there were only sixteen years between my mother and myself! She was thirty-eight, and Mrs. Applegate must have been twenty years older. There was such a kindly greeting to her son's friend, that I loved her at once; and we sat down to tea a happy group, with no regret except that my mother had not accepted the invitation in which she had been so kindly included.

In our short ride, Phil had given me to understand that his sister was engaged; nor did I wonder at it when I saw her. I do not know how it would be possible to describe Helen Applegate. I might talk of flashing

eyes and blooming cheeks, but they would not bring her before you.

Her complexion was of that pure and delicate character, which, like my mother's, would change with every emotion. I never could tell the color of her eyes, but her hair was of a soft hue that was "brown in the shadow and gold in the sun," while her cheeks would

"alternately whiten and glow,  
Like the flash of a ruby imprisoned in snow."

She did not love the feminine employments usual to young ladies. She loved best such as she had shared with her brother; hunting, fishing and sailing, practising archery, and kindred pursuits. The brother and sister had been so much together that they enjoyed the same amusements, and pursued the same studies, as two brothers would have done.

With all this, Helen's delicacy of character was untouched. Her heart was as truly feminine as the greatest prude could have wished; but the prude would have been astonished, to see so fair and slight a creature mounting her horse, and galloping over hill and dale, leaping bars and fences, and return perhaps to shoot at a target, or to swim in the river. But she was ever ladylike, gentle and sweet-tempered. The groom who held her horse, had as sweet an answer to his questions as the gentleman who accompanied her; and the poor had as kindly a notice as a Broadway exquisite would have received. I learned this much of Helen's character, first from her brother, and secondly from my observation.

"Now, Nell, you are not going with me to-day," said Phil, one morning, when we were talking of a hunting expedition.

"Indeed, but I am. Mr. Fletcher has just begged the favor of my company. Traitor that you are, Phil, to desert me, because you find more agreeable company. But you don't succeed in it, for see, here comes Fanny with my riding dress, and there is John walking Kate across the lawn."

"Ah, well," said Phil, "I knew it would be so; but I warn you now, Helen, that Clarence is engaged; so don't dream of enslaving him, as you did that young—"

"Stop, tell-tale!" said Helen, putting her hand over his mouth. "You don't know what conquests you may hinder, by telling of those that never existed, except in your own brain. I choose Mr. Fletcher for my cavalier to-day, and you may take Diana Bryant for your companion."

"Good," said Phil, "I will run over and ask her now." And in a very short time he

returned with the young lady, bringing her riding-dress and hat, and leading her pony. While the ladies retired to dress, Phil told me of the boyish love which he once had for Diana Bryant.

"And I am not sure now," said he, "that she will not again fill my whole heart as she did then."

The horses were brought round, and away we went, a merry party, riding over bush and brier, and threading our way through forests where only a bridle path was visible. Helen's spirits were at the very highest, the clear air exhilarating them to the utmost. I ventured to rally her on feeling so gay in the absence of her lover. She looked at me in astonishment, as if not understanding me, and I felt almost cheap to have named it.

This day and many others went by freighted with enjoyment. Diana was always with us, and her sparkling and piquant conversation gave a zest to the whole. I stayed, and stayed on, until I was fairly ashamed to prolong my visit another day. My month was over, and the thoughts of my neglected business and my mother's loneliness began to come upon me with something like self-reproach. But there was such a fascination in the present, that I could not forbear to listen to the urgent wishes of my friends that I should remain longer.

I had never before had an opportunity of residing in the same house with any lady except my mother; and there was a great charm to me in this feeling of family intercourse. From dawn to midnight, we marked every hour with a white stone while I remained at Ashmoreland; and when I found that my departure must take place, I experienced a real grief, that these happy days must end so soon. They might never be renewed. I saw plainly that Diana was taking my friend's heart by storm. He would marry her, settle down soberly, while I, a solitary walf upon the stream of life, would float down alone. Helen would take the fortunate man whose name was never mentioned, and she too would forget me. I doubted if the great house dog that showed such joy at my approach, would recognize me again, should I come in after years.

The thirtieth of September came, and Helen was to drive me to the station, while Phil and Diana were to follow and accompany her home. I could have wept, had it not been unmanly. I was going home, where the very walls looked sombre and gloomy, where no gaiety of countenance nor expression would

meet me, where even the love of my mother wore a chastened and sorrowful aspect, as if fearful that I too should be taken from her. And then my heart smote me, that I should not long to go back to soothe the grief and loneliness of her life. I had stayed too long, too long for my own peace. I would go back, and think of this month only as of a dream.

There was something like a tear in Helen's eye as we parted at the station, and Diana cried outright. Phil wrung my hand affectionately, and pleaded for another month in the winter. I shook my head, but could not answer him. And so we separated, uncertain if the chances of life would ever bring us four together again.

It was beautiful to see my mother's joy at my return. She had missed me so much! I afterwards found that she had visited my counting-room daily, inspected all the business matters, and seen that everything was right among the clerks. To her I owed, then, the pleasure of finding my affairs in a good train. She had been working for me, dear, careful mother that she was, while I was away pleasuring, lending my soul perhaps to an influence which might one day make me and my mother unhappy. O, Helen Applegate! why did you smile so sweetly, and look upon me so bewitchingly, if your heart was with the unknown whose name had not yet been revealed to me?

I had soon another thought to occupy my mind, which drove even Helen from its musings. My mother was taken ill. For many months her life seemed trembling on the brink of departure. I never left her for more than an hour or two at a time, and night after night, I sat with her pale, thin hand clasped in mine, fearing lest she might die in my arms.

When at length she came forth from her chamber, I knew that henceforth she would need all my care and attention, and I determined to devote myself, a faithful son, to her comfort and consolation, through her frail and feeble existence.

I had been so near losing her, that her value seemed to me in proportion to the danger. I looked upon her as a sacred deposit, which might be required at any time from my hands, and upon which I had no hold, not even the slightest, however I might keep watch and guard over her precious life.

Her mind, weakened by illness, had fastened upon a single idea—that of keeping me always near her. She would not touch food until I came home, and it was fortunate that

my absences were of short duration; otherwise her feeble frame would have suffered for want of nourishment. Ah, how much I felt the need of a sister in those gloomy hours! But never did I hear a wish expressed for other than myself; and her delight and satisfaction at my presence was my best reward.

I heard seldom from Ashmoreland. Phil was away travelling somewhere, in search of fame or pleasure, and Diana was with him, for now "they twain were one." So wrote Helen, in a brief note which she sent me in answer to my written inquiries; and soon after I had one letter from Phil himself, detailing his route of travel, and written in high spirits of course. Life was going on very pleasantly with Phil.

I did not envy him, I hope, but still I felt my own loneliness. When my poor invalid had retired for the night, unable to leave the house lest she should need me, I had no other resource than to draw up the easy chair, and abandon myself to musing, or else to read the books of which I knew little after reading, because of the sweet and bitter fancies that mingled with their pages.

Helen Applegate was not unfrequently the subject of these fancies. Had I but seen her before the unknown knight had battled for her love, who could tell if I might not now, in these nightly watches, have seen on the opposite side of my reading table, an image that would have been to me as a ministering angel—would have helped me in cheering the sunset of my mother's life, and added brightness and beauty to my own?

"But what folly is it for me to think of this," I would say to myself. Helen could be nothing to me, and it was the merest nonsense for me to dwell upon the "might have been."

I read her brief answer over and over again. I almost fancied that I could detect a shade of sadness running through it, and I attributed it to Phil's absence. The brother and sister had been so united, that any change must leave her melancholy. Diana, too, was gone, and I had noticed that she had no other intimate friend among the young ladies who formed the society at Ashmoreland.

I was glad to feel that there might be some small shadow on the life of another as well as on mine. My isolated life had made me selfish, I suppose, for I had not always felt so.

My mother failed month after month, and now grew so weak that I had no thought for any one but herself. She faded, until her pure, white face, untouched by age, and only grown

paler by sickness, was like an angel's—so clear, so transparently beautiful, while her eyes assumed a brilliancy that never belonged to her healthful days. At evening the paleness would give way to a bloom so dazzling, that it seemed impossible that she could be ill or suffering. With long intervals between the sittings, I managed to have her picture painted, and it was with this beautiful but deceptive glow, that the artist transferred her face to the canvas.

It was soon all that I had left of my mother. She passed away sweetly, just as she had always desired, with the last flush of a June sunset resting upon her forehead. So peaceful was her passing, that it was only as if an angel's wing had swept through the air, leaving the fragrance of that beloved memory that still lingers round my heart.

I could not bear the Sabbath stillness of the house after she had gone, although her spirit seemed present wherever I went. More truly was she a monitor to me in her death, than in her life; for I would do nothing without asking myself if my mother would have approved it. It is well that our sorrows have some hold upon the balm which time brings to all mourners. Were all days like the first, after the great trouble, we should be ill fitted for the ordinary duties of life.

Thus I thought, as I gazed at the white stone standing upon my mother's grave, the evening before I left home. I felt that I must go, and seek in other scenes some alleviation of the loneliness that oppressed me. But whither should I go? Not even then, almost at the hour of my departure, had I fixed upon my destination. My head clerk solved the difficulty by telling me of some fine mountain scenery which he had visited the year before, and which was just then coming into notice, as a summer retreat. His description of the place charmed me, and I knew Benton was a plain, practical man, not given to romancing about anything.

To Mount Calder I went, and in the splendid highland views, I realized all that Benton had said of it. The company was not large, but they were people of taste, who had become disgusted with some other places of summer resort, and were glad to find a quiet spot like this, where furbelows and French jewelry were not required to stamp the value of the guests.

There had been a party on horseback one afternoon, and we were riding home in the early twilight enjoying the freshness of the

mountain air. Two beautiful sisters, the orphan children of a Mr. Harrison, who had been lost at sea, and were here under the care of their aunt, were riding with me. We had grown quite intimate during the preceding fortnight, for the mourning garb which we all wore had excited mutual sympathy. They were telling me of a dear friend of theirs, who was coming this way on her return from a long journey, and whom they loved so much.

"Take care of your heart, Mr. Fletcher," said Maria Harrison, the youngest and sprightliest of the two sisters, "for this coming lady will surely give it an aching."

"Hush, Maria!" said Annie; "your friend would scarcely thank you for such a speech."

"No danger," I rejoined; "my heart, if indeed I have one, has become perfectly insensible to pain from such causes. I know of no alchemy by which I could be made to go beyond mere friendship."

"That is right, Mr. Fletcher," said Maria; "don't go beyond that perfectly proper sentiment when you see our friend—that is, if you can help it, poor man!"

I began to have almost a brotherly feeling for these two sweet sisters. They were so confiding, and so free from any idea of being admired. Both were exceedingly fair, and the black dress set off their fairness to the utmost. The aunt had fearlessly entrusted them to me, from the time in which I had related to her my mother's illness and death. She said to me the next morning, "Mr. Fletcher, I know you were a good son, by the way in which you speak of your mother. A good son must be a good man. Will you look after these girls when they are out of my sight, and see that they come to no harm?"

It was said so trustingly by the old lady, that I could not help thanking her for her confidence in me, and from that time, I had shown a brother's watchfulness over them.

We were riding home, as I have said, at the twilight hour; and when we came near the Mount Calder House, we saw evident tokens that there had been an arrival there. Two carriages covered with dust stood before the door, and a servant was just carrying in trunks and boxes. The hall was full of people in travelling dresses, and we alighted beneath the strong blaze of the lamp that was shedding its beams from the gateway arch. I handed my companions up the steps, and when I turned to them again, after giving orders about the horses, I found them both clasped in the arms of strangers.

Young ladies' raptures are so common, and the words love and darling come so easily from the lips, that I did not mind it much, and suffered them to keep me waiting to escort them up the great stairway. But surely this man coming down the stairway is no stranger Phil, as I live! I turned back to where the sisters stood, and there was Diana and Helen and the father and mother—and a gentleman stood there too, who I supposed might be the unknown knight! There were greetings and congratulations, and smiles, and kisses too—but these were only among the girls—and then the travellers retired.

We met again half an hour afterwards at the table. I noticed that Helen had lost some of her bloom, but to me she was quite as beautiful. I had never seen her more exquisitely lovely. I was introduced to the gentleman belonging to the party, Mr. Selwyn. He was a fine, noble-looking man, and just what I should have thought Helen would admire. She seemed to treat him with perfect freedom, and he was all attention, sitting next her, and scarcely speaking to others. I do not know whether I was reconciled or not to this. Maria Harrison's eye was upon me, and I had to keep very quiet under it, but I think I was not wholly insensible. She had been so surprised that we had met before, that she kept pouring out her wonder.

"Why did you not tell me this afternoon, when I was praising her to you so strongly?"

"For a very good reason—you did not mention her name—you only called her a friend."

"Didn't I? well, that is so much like me! Well, at least, you can appreciate her better than if she were an utter stranger."

"I have no doubt of your friend's perfections. I take up that opinion from what you have told me."

"And not from your own conviction?"

"It would be very ungallant to differ from you, or to prefer my own opinion to yours."

The new-comers were great accessions to our enjoyments, Diana and Helen were such fearless riders, compared with the timid sisters. I longed sometimes to leave the latter, and dash wildly off with the two who had so often challenged me to distance them. Selwyn was evidently not fond of these excursions, for he often remained at home reading, while the rest of us were out and away, over the mountain paths. I wondered that he should thus trust his treasure without watching.

Phil was as cordial as ever, but he never named his sister to me, and I could see that



she too, had a shade less familiarity towards me, than when at Ashmoreland. She treated Mr. Selwyn with scrupulous politeness, but I saw nothing approaching to tenderness between them. I thought this would hardly fill an ardent heart like Helen's, which I had always supposed would go out, frankly and openly, to one she loved. Perhaps I had mistaken her character, or two years might have altered her somewhat.

It was now the last of October, and we were preparing to leave the beautiful mountain scenery which had so fascinated us all.

"Where do you go, Clarence?" asked Phil, the morning before our departure.

"Home, of course," said I, "although that is scarcely home, from where all home ties have passed away."

"No, Clarence, do not go back there. Come home with us?"

Perhaps I answered coldly—for he did not urge me further—but the invitation was cordially repeated by his father and mother, and Diana. They were all to depart, except the Harrisons, who were to wait a week longer; and on the following morning, there was a regular clearing out. We all stood together on the steps, taking leave of the dear little girls and their aunt, who was loud in her expressions of sorrow. Selwyn stood by them, with such a self-satisfied air, that I had a strong wish to knock him down. Was it not enough that he had enthralled Helen, but he must take my little friends too! He actually was passing his profane arm round the waist of Annie Harrison!

Our procession moved down the steps to where the carriages stood waiting. I looked back to the house while Phil was handing in his wife and sister, and there stood Selwyn, immovable as a statue. I grew desperate. Diana was putting her hand out of the carriage window to me.

"Good-by, Clarence," she said, "do come to us soon."

"I must not," I said, "but do tell me, Diana, what means that scene yonder?"

She followed the direction of my eye, and saw what I had seen.

"That! why, what should it mean? Did you not know that Selwyn and Annie are engaged, and that he only waits her brother's return, to be married?"

The driver was calling from the other carriage, "Mr. Fletcher! you will be late for the cars."

"One moment!" I shouted to him, and then

whispered to Diana again. I waited impatiently for her answer.

"Stop!" said she, "our cars don't go these two hours. I will get out and talk to you."

"What now, Di?" said Phil, good-naturedly, as he came up to take his seat. "Where are you and Clarence going?"

"I will tell you all, presently, Phil, but do go away now, there's a good child." And she patted him on the shoulder, and bade him go to Helen.

"And so you thought that she was engaged to Selwyn? Not a bit of it. She has been his confidant, and Annie Harrison's too, from the first, and she is their true friend, but nothing more to Selwyn. Clarence, I always supposed that you and Helen liked each other!"

"Well, Phil told me before I saw her that she was engaged, and I believed it."

"You poor deceived man! Helen never was engaged in her life. Nobody likes her, but just such romantic, foolish fellows as you are, and I thought that you would certainly! Why don't you, Clarence? Phil would have liked it so well. He has often said so."

"Mr. Fletcher! Mr. Fletcher!" shouted the driver, "the time is up. We shall not have time to get to the cars if you do not come instantly."

"Hang the cars, Jack," said I, handing him his fare. "I am not going that way. Take off my traps and put them on this coach." And I handed in Mrs. Diana Applegate, to the astonishment of her husband, who sat patiently awaiting her coming. Helen did not say a word; but I saw a blush on her cheek.

We arrived at Ashmoreland later than when I got there two years before. The maples had thrown off their red leaves, and at the twilight hour, the avenue looked dark and perhaps gloomy; but Helen's hand was in mine, and she did not withdraw it until we came into the bright light from the house. Her father and mother had left Mount Calder a few days before us, and now stood waiting for their children at the door.

"Clarence!" they both exclaimed at once, "this is indeed kind. You are as welcome as the rest."

"It is the last time I will try to save two people from feeling embarrassed in each other's presence," said Phil; "I told Helen that you were engaged, and you the same, just that you might become acquainted without any embarrassing ideas of love and nonsense. But never mind! It has all come round right at last."

[ORIGINAL.]

## I HAVE MET THEE.

BY MARY F. BARBER.

I have met thee in the spring-time, in the spring-time fresh and bright,  
 When the pale young buds were waking from the winter's cheerless night;  
 When the pale young buds were waking, and o'er their leafy beds  
 The spirits of the beautiful bent low their mist-crowned heads—  
 Bent low their heads in rapture, while the sunlight lingered long,  
 And the fragrant air was laden with a gush of ceaseless song.

I have met thee in the summer, in the happy summer-time,  
 When the buds were changed to blossoms on the orange and the lime;  
 When the buds were changed to blossoms where the south wind wandered free,  
 And with its dainty fingers twined an incense wreath for thee—  
 And with its dainty fingers stirred the dark waves on thy brow,  
 And brought to me thy welcome voice, so musical and low.

I have met thee in autumn, the glad year's golden prime,  
 When the fragile flowers were fading from the buds of scented thyme—  
 When the fragile flowers were fading in the forest-arches dim,  
 And the woodland choir were chanting the old year's requiem;  
 In the shadow of the maples, where the frost-king rears his throne,  
 I have met thee in the autumn, my beautiful, my own.

I have met thee in the winter, but thy sunny head was bowed,  
 Thy graceful form was hidden by the coffin and the shroud;  
 Thy heart was still forever, thy heart that was the shrine  
 Of all the mad idolatry now treasured up in mine;  
 And the pale roses on thy breast were withering in despair,  
 That death should linger on a brow so gloriously fair.

## A BED.

Whereon you traced a form that now had ceased  
 To press the bed, yet seemingly would keep  
 A blank idea of her who there had gone to sleep.

MELDRUD.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE:

—OR—

## THE SCHEMER FOILED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE OENE.

"URGE me no more, my mother, I can never marry Mr. Rosbeck."

"We shall see, daughter," was answered in a low, but firm and decided voice.

Mother and daughter! It seemed hardly possible that this was the relation existing between the two who had just spoken—between the cold, impassive, haughty looking woman of fifty, and the lovely girl of seventeen, whose ever varying play of features cast in nature's most perfect mould, was the true exponent of her mind. And yet, though the keenest eye would have failed to detect even a slight resemblance to each other, either in looks or manners, Edesia was certainly the reputed daughter of the proud, ambitious Mrs. Cleve.

We have called her proud and ambitious, for though in possession of wealth sufficient for all the comforts and even the luxuries of life, she coveted the additional splendor which would accrue from Edesia's alliance with a Mr. Rosbeck, whose princely residence seemed to look down with disdain from its elevated site, on the humbler dwellings in the neighborhood. He had, for several months, been Edesia's suitor, and Mrs. Cleve intended that some day, not very distant she hoped, she should have the satisfaction of calling him her son-in-law. That she should ultimately succeed, she scarce entertained a doubt, for, hitherto, whatever object of moment she had undertaken, she had by the aid of her indomitable will, and a patient, persevering energy which nothing could weaken, or turn aside, brought it to a successful issue.

Hitherto, Edesia had always shown herself pliant and obedient. There must, therefore, she imagined, be some reason which had not transpired, which prompted her to rise in opposition to a mother's authority. What that reason was, she had only a faint suspicion. Her policy had been to watch and wait, and not by impatience, or any other little imprudences, prove to be her own Marplot. This was the state of things up to the time our story opens. After the utterance of the words, "We shall see, daughter," Mrs. Cleve remained silent several minutes, when she said, rather abruptly:

"You have assigned no reason for not wishing to marry Mr. Rosbeck. Perhaps you have none."

"I have, and a very good one, too—I don't like him," was Edesia's answer.

"A mere whim, which will be treated as such."

"No, mother, it is not a whim. He is old enough to be my father, and as a father I could like him, not as a husband."

"But he is a thoroughly good-natured man, and will let you have your own way in everything."

"And let you have yours, which is a matter of much more consequence to you," was the thought which passed through Edesia's mind, but which she did not venture to express.

"To suit girls like you," Mrs. Cleve went on to say, "a man like him we read of in the play, must be trimly dressed, perfumed like a milliner, and talk like a waiting gentlewoman. Though Mr. Rosbeck is distinguished for none of these, in everything which is really important, there couldn't be a more eligible match. You have some covert reason for declining his hand, and the fortune which will go with it, worthy of a princess. You have dared to love another."

This was said in a sharp, imperious tone, intended to startle Edesia into a betrayal of this "covert reason," if any there were. It was, in truth, a species of antennae thrown out as a detector, which, as she thought, would be a safe way of ascertaining if Edesia's affections, in accordance with the vague, half-formed suspicion at times floating in her mind, were really bestowed on some one else. If so, it would not be advisable to temporize any longer, but to venture at once on more decided measures. In other words, and she felt equal to the task, to compel her to marry Mr. Rosbeck.

Her assertion, however, "You have dared to love another," was not on the whole a politic one. It awoke Edesia to a consciousness that she *had* another reason besides her dislike to Mr. Rosbeck, though it was one which never before had presented itself to her mind in a tangible form. She now saw that the superior attractions of Paul Summerton, a young artist—might she not say her love for him?—gave intensity to her dislike of Mr. Rosbeck, pushing it even to the verge of hatred. This she confessed to herself with a feeling of shame, which brought a vivid blush to her cheeks, when she recollected that her preferences had been unsolicited.

"You are silent," said her mother, when she found that Edesia did not answer her. "What I said was true—you love another."

Who this other was she could not tell. She thought of Summerton, and of several other young men with whom their social position had made them acquainted, but nothing had transpired to make her fix on either.

"But I have the clue," she said to herself, "and it will be sure to lead me aright."

She had little time to dwell on this consolatory thought, when familiar footsteps were heard, and Mr. Rosbeck, with the air of one who feels sure of being welcome to that member of the family whose pleasure it was the most important to consult, entered the apartment. He was a large, heavy-moulded man, with a broad face, of coarse, but firm texture. His eyes which, generally speaking, were dull and inexpressive, now and then would light up with a quick, bright sparkle, which took all the stolidity out of his countenance, the same as a thick leaden mist is made luminous by a sudden burst of sunshine. His mouth, of liberal dimensions, and entirely destitute of any of those fine lines and curves, such as delight the sculptor's chisel, had, at times, an expression of dry humor lurking about its corners, which, judging by his general demeanor, one would not have been likely to give him credit for. With respect to his age, he must have been more than twenty years older than Edesia Cleve.

After receiving from Mrs. Cleve as cordial a greeting as was possible for a person of such cold, haughty manners to give any one, he took a chair and drew it near Edesia. She involuntarily shrank back, and then made a motion to rise, that she might escape from the room; but being prevented by a look from her mother, which she well knew how to interpret, with a nervous restlessness, without realizing what she was doing, she picked to pieces some beautiful red roses which happened to be within reach of her hand.

"I've come to have a talk with you, Mrs. Cleve, you and your daughter," said Mr. Rosbeck. "I think it best to come to a fair understanding about this affair on the tapis, and find whether Miss Edesia means to marry me or not."

"She certainly means to," was Mrs. Cleve's answer.

"Mother," said Edesia, turning very pale, "how can you say so?"

"I should say that, *that* means she doesn't want to marry me."

"No, Mr. Rosbeck, it means no such thing. Her father spoils her by indulgence, and she doesn't know what she wants."

"Well, I've heard tell that young girls have curious ways with 'em—that they'll say no when they mean yes, and yes when they mean no. They were always a puzzle to me, and I believe to my soul they always will be."

As he said this, the look of blank bewilderment manifested in his countenance, might have attested the sincerity of his assertion, had not a doubt been thrown on the subject by a comic sparkle of his eye, and a peculiar twist of his mouth, less expressive of dullness than sagacity, to which, for a single instant it gave place.

"You have a correct idea of the matter," said Mrs. Cleve, who had noticed none of those evanescent indications of humor which had flitted over his countenance. "You are not the only one to whom a young and foolish girl has seemed an enigma."

"Well, I suppose all's right then," said he, at the same time rubbing his forehead, and resorting to such other manual processes, which some people appear to imagine assist in clearing the cobwebs from the brain. "And now," he added, "my opinion is this—if all parties are agreed, the sooner the day for the wedding is decided on, the better, so that there'll be time to go to the White Mountains, Niagara Falls, and other places of fashionable resort, and give the bride a fair chance to show her finery before cold weather comes on."

He now rose, and tossed something into Edesia's lap, saying as he did so:

"You'll find something inside that sparkles equal to your eyes."

"Mr. Rosbeck!" said Edesia, suddenly rising, "take back your gift, whatever it is. Don't suffer yourself to be deceived. If there are girls who say no, when they mean yes, be assured that I'm not one of them."

"Edesia!"

The name was spoken in a tone of severity intended to silence her, but it fell on her ear unheeded.

"Mother," said she, "you know what I told you before Mr. Rosbeck came. I cannot recall my words."

"Very well, we won't speak of that now." And Mrs. Cleve rose, made a sign to Rosbeck to follow her, and left the room.

When by themselves, she made use of all the logic at her command to inspire him with the belief that Edesia's protestations were on-

ly a little piece of coquetry, such as was common for girls to display on such occasions.

"I've heard of such things," said Rosbeck, in reply. "To confess the truth, my head, none of the clearest at best, is now a little muddled; but I hope to come out bright and clear to-morrow morning."

When Mrs. Cleve returned, she hastened to unclothe the little richly ornamented case which Mr. Rosbeck threw into Edesia's lap, and which, after he withdrew, she laid upon a table without opening. It contained a superb diamond bracelet. With a look and manner which showed that she knew how to appreciate costly jewelry, Mrs. Cleve placed it before her daughter.

"I sha'n't accept it," said Edesia.

"You will accept it when the right time comes. Meanwhile I'll take charge of it."

The twilight shadows were rapidly gathering, when Paul Summerton, emerging from behind some shrubbery, entered a path which led by a window, where Edesia was sitting. She started a little, surprised at his appearance, which was wholly unexpected. She did not speak, and he had nearly passed the window, when he caught sight of her and stopped.

"Excuse me, Miss Cleve," said he, "for venturing on forbidden ground. I saw the gardener busy among the flowers, which looked so fresh and beautiful, I couldn't resist the wish to join him. I have passed a half hour very pleasantly in looking at them, and inhaling their fragrance."

"It is forbidden ground," said Edesia, laughing, "only to those who steal the flowers, as well as look at them. The gardener is king there, and is rather despotic in his rule. I dare not venture to take a flower without his leave."

At this moment Mrs. Cleve's voice was heard at the hall door.

"Edesia," said she, "I have an engagement at Mrs. Merton's this evening, and shall be absent an hour. I shall send Clara over to sit with you."

Edesia had not the least wish for Clara's company, but she did not venture to offer any objection.

"In ten minutes," said Summerton, "Clara Merton will be here."

"As soon as that, certainly, perhaps sooner," she replied.

He was silent a minute, and then said, "I have now an opportunity which I have long

wished for, and which may not soon occur again. Ten minutes is a short time, and I must, therefore, come to the point at once. The first time I ever saw you, I was greatly prepossessed in your favor. I had never met with a young lady who pleased me so well.

Each subsequent meeting deepened the impression you had made, until I came to love you with a true, fervent, disinterested passion, such as I know that I can never feel for another. Tell me, Edesia, do I love in vain?"

"Don't ask me. Never mention it again. I am soon to be married to Mr. Rosbeck."

"Can it be true? I have heard it hinted, but wouldn't believe it. It is not, cannot be your wish to marry him."

"No, 'twill be in obedience to my mother's wish. It will make me wretched, but I dare not disobey her."

"Can it be wrong to disobey her in a matter where obedience must involve a lifetime of misery? To my mind it would be a sin to obey."

"Her will is stronger than mine. She exerts an influence over me which I can neither comprehend nor resist. Heaven forgive me for what I have said, for it is sinful to speak thus of my mother. But she has never treated me as other mothers treat a child."

"If she can't be moved, why not appeal to Mr. Rosbeck's generosity and sense of right. I know that he is kind-hearted, and he may possess other qualities equally good. 'The fire in the flint shows not till it be struck.'"

"He may be, as you say, kind-hearted, but he seems as little able to resist my mother's control, as I am. To-day, however, a suspicion for the first time glanced through my mind, that he was less under her influence than he pretended to be."

"Beg for a little delay. She won't deny you that."

"She may, or she may not, just as she imagines will ultimately prove favorable in bringing about her design. There, I hear some one at the door. Clara has come."

"And I must go—not without a hope, though I am unable to tell on what it is founded, that we shall soon meet again, under happier auspices."

He bent down and kissed the white, dimpled hand that rested on the window-sill, and as he turned away, Clara Merton entered the room.

Several days subsequent to the foregoing incidents, a note was put into Paul Summer-

ton's hand just as he had risen from the breakfast-table. It contained only these words:

"Will Mr. Summerton do me the favor to call at my house this morning, as early as may be convenient?  
W. ROSBECK."

"From Mr. Rosbeck," he said, in answer to looks of inquiry from his mother and sister. "He may possibly wish me to paint something for him—his portrait, perhaps."

In a few minutes he was on his way to Mr. Rosbeck's residence. The owner met him at the door, and invited him into a room, richly, though plainly furnished.

"You see no piano, no pictures, no knick-knacks here," said he. "I mean that the lady whom before long I hope to see installed as mistress of the establishment, shall follow her own fancy pretty much about such things. I, at least, don't mean to interfere but little. There's only one ornament that I shall care particularly about, and that's her portrait, and you must paint it."

"What lady do you refer to?"

"You know."

"You haven't told me, sir."

"True, yet you know that I mean Edesia Cleve. I wish her to give you the first sitting to-day. I am no great judge of painting, myself, and shall, therefore, leave all to you and her, about the dress, position, and such like. Will you do it?"

Summerton felt strongly tempted to give him a point blank refusal, though his slender purse sadly needed replenishing; but thoughts of his mother and sister prevented him, and instead, he inquired how soon he wished to have the portrait finished.

"In five, or six weeks, or as soon as you can do it conveniently. You seem to hesitate. Come, I'll pay you in advance, if you'll promise me that you will buy the best and the handsomest suit of clothes with the money which can be found in Boston."

"Thank you," said Summerton, coldly, "but, at present, I am in no particular need of clothing. What I have is as good as I can afford."

"O, you prefer to lay the money out for the comfort of your mother and sister, do you? Well, you shall do as you like. I won't be strenuous about it. There is one thing, however, in which you must promise to obey me."

"Must?"

"O, 'tis nothing very difficult. It is only to make yourself as agreeable as possible to Miss Edesia."

"A very singular request for a man who is about to make her his wife."

"You know there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. On the whole, it is foolish for me to require of you what you will be certain to do."

Mr. Rosbeck sat silent a minute or two, when rousing himself, he addressed Summerton in a more serious manner.

"I dare say," said he, "that you think I've been talking in a very singular manner. Now, confess honestly, that you think I'm a queer old fellow."

"The truth isn't to be spoken at all times," said Summerton, smiling.

"You are right. The tongue is an unruly member, and it is best to keep a strict watch over it. And now, what if I should tell you, that I heard every word that you and Edesia Cleve said last Monday evening, as you stood by the window? Don't flare up—I'm no eavesdropper. I had entered the house by a back door, as I often do, and had reached an apartment communicating with the one where Edesia was, when I heard my name mentioned in such a way, as not only to excite my curiosity, but to make me think that it was a duty to listen, that I might the better judge what I ought to do. I am thankful, very thankful, that I overheard your conversation. It gave me an insight into Mrs. Cleve's character and designs, which otherwise I might never have obtained.

"I had more than once suspected that Mrs. Cleve was not dealing fairly and openly with me; but blinded by self-love, and her artful misrepresentations, I didn't realize that she was going to sacrifice her daughter's happiness for the sake of advantages she hoped to derive from my wealth. What I heard opened my eyes, and then all appeared to me in a new light. I can now see that so unequal a match, so far from promoting my happiness, would destroy not only hers, but mine, too. I moreover found that you love Edesia, and that she returns your love. But you've nothing to depend on for a living, I believe, except your skill as an artist?"

"Nothing."

"Well, you know the old saw says—and I suspect there's truth in it—that when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window. You have your mother and your sister to support?"

"Yes, except what little they can earn by their needles."

"A hard, slow way of earning money. And

then, do you know that Edesia, if you marry her, will be disinherited?"

"I think it very probable that she will."

"It is certain that she will be. The late Mr. Cleve left the whole of his property entirely to his wife's disposal. This, I ascertained yesterday, and Mrs. Cleve isn't a woman to suffer any cherished purpose to be thwarted, without taking her revenge. Rather a gloomy prospect for you and Miss Edesia, I should say."

"It would be a bright one, as far as I am concerned, were I only certain of constant employment."

"But you are not certain of it—neither are you sure of uninterrupted health."

"No, I am not."

"Under such circumstances, it would not only be unadvisable—it would be the height of imprudence for you to marry. It will never do—never, never!" and he shook his head in a very solemn, foreboding manner.

"I'm afraid it won't," Summerton answered despondingly.

"And I *know* it won't. But I can tell you what can be done—yes, and shall be. I will make you my heir."

"O, sir, that will be going too far."

"Not a bit of it. I shall do it for my own pleasure and convenience, as much as for yours. I've become so used to a bachelor life, that on reflection, I think I had better not change it. One thing that made me think of it, was because my house was so large as to make it seem desolate. But I've hit on the right way to fill it. In addition to what I want for my own accommodation, there's plenty for you and Edesia—you know that all this is on condition that you marry her—yes, plenty for you and your wife, mother and sister. We can all find our appropriate places—all our appropriate employments. Now, exercise I *must* have; and what is the use of having a strong pair of hands and arms as mine to keep the lilies, roses, dahlias, and other flowers, in a thriving condition, when I should enjoy myself altogether better in raising cabbages and turnips, potatoes and pumpkins. Remember that all we've been talking about is for the present to remain under the rose. I will myself call and ask Mrs. Cleve's leave for you to paint Edesia's portrait. I am certain to obtain it, and then you can begin your pleasant task, not forgetting the condition, to strive to make yourself very agreeable to her."

"If I fail, it won't be for lack of will."

"Well, Mrs. Cleve," said Mr. Rosbeck, "I believe that there's nothing to prevent the wedding from coming off to-morrow, according to arrangement."

"No, not if you are ready. Edesia's dress was sent home this morning. It is superb, and the set of jewels you sent her last evening are splendid. I never saw any to compare with them. By the way, she seems very cheerful and happy. I told you that she didn't mean what she said; she only pretended she didn't wish to marry you."

"Are all the invitations sent out?"

"Yes indeed."

"Have you a list of them?"

"To be sure I have," and she handed him a paper containing the names of those she considered the *elite*, who resided near enough to be included in the invitation. The name of only one was omitted, and that was Paul Summerton. And didn't he have to paint pictures for a living? When Edesia was the wife of Mr. Rosbeck, they should be so high, as to look down upon him.

"With your leave, I should like to make a few invitations on my own account," said Mr. Rosbeck.

"Certainly, but I didn't suppose that there was a single name omitted of those who would be desirable associates for you and my daughter."

"You know that I am a little old-fashioned in some of my notions."

"Yes, and it will do for you to take liberties, which would not readily be allowed to others."

At this moment Edesia entered the room, who, much to Mrs. Cleve's astonishment, ran up to Mr. Rosbeck, with eyes sparkling, cheeks glowing, and smiles wreathing her red lips. Seizing his hand, she covered it with kisses, and called him her friend, her benefactor, to whom she owed all her earthly happiness. In return, Mr. Rosbeck kissed her pure white forehead, and said, with moistened eyes:

"God bless you, dear child—this is the happiest moment of my life."

The ensuing day, as the guests were fast assembling, Paul Summerton with his mother and sister arrived.

"Mr. Rosbeck," said Mrs. Cleve, "why is this? These people were not included in the invitation."

"O, yes, they were," he replied, "for I invited them myself."

"What a strange man you are!"

But her astonishment reached its acme

when the moment for the marriage ceremony arrived, instead of Mr. Rosbeck, Paul Summerton took his place by the side of the bride.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing with anger.

"It means that Paul Summerton and your daughter love each other, and I am well pleased to withdraw my claim in favor of his," said Rosbeck.

"Ungrateful girl," said Mrs. Cleve, "I disinherit you! You're not my child—only one I took out of charity."

"Not your child?" said Edesia. "Whose am I, then?"

"No matter."

"I think that I can tell you," said Mrs. Summerton, rising and coming forward. "Lillian Atherly, a dear friend of mine, was your mother, who died in less than two years after her marriage. I was absent at the time of her death, travelling in Europe with my husband. Is it not so, Mrs. Cleve?"

"It is—I won't deny it. And you are she whose beauty—I never could see it—attracted Paul Summerton. Had it not been for you, I might have won him. At any rate, his son will have a dowerless bride, and through my means. There's some comfort in that."

"A rich husband can afford to have a dowerless bride," said Mr. Rosbeck.

"Rich?" said Mrs. Cleve, disdainfully.

"Well, passably so. To say nothing of the wealth invested in talent, energy and a good heart, I have placed fifty thousand dollars at his disposal to begin with—just to give him a lift, you know—and as I've thoughts of making him my heir, he will at least be above want. And now, as all necessary explanations seem to be made, the ceremony better proceed."

"Not under my roof it won't," said Mrs. Cleve.

"Then it shall under mine," replied Mr. Rosbeck. "Come, neighbors and friends, we will all go to the old bachelor's house, if you please, and have the wedding and housewarming all under one."

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**A WONDERFUL INVENTION.**—An English engineer has invented a printing-press which will print 23,000 sheets of a newspaper on both sides in an hour. The paper from which it prints is in the web on the reel, and after passing under the type is cut in sheets. The machine does without feeding, and the reel of paper that it feeds from is unwound by its own action.



[ORIGINAL.]

## CARRIE'S TOMB.

BY ALVIN HOSMER.

Like the fairest rose of summer,  
 Carrie bloomed and Carrie died;  
 O, how lone the world without her,  
 For she was my joy and pride!  
 Long I loved her, loved her dearly—  
 Soon she was my own to be;  
 But she's sleeping, sweetly sleeping,  
 'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

Yonder see it in the valley,  
 See its branches waving gay;  
 See that streamlet dancing by it,  
 Singing sweetly all the day.  
 Sing thou on, thou ne'er wilt wake her,  
 Who so often sang with thee;  
 No, she's sleeping, calmly sleeping,  
 'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

What is home, my angel Carrie,  
 To a stricken heart like mine?  
 What is earth with all its treasures,  
 When compared with worth of thine?  
 It is nothing, nothing, *nothing*!  
 All is nothing now to me;  
 O, alas! thou'rt sleeping, sleeping  
 'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

Carrie, yes, my gentle Carrie,  
 Dwells among the angels now;  
 One more harp is heard in heaven,  
 One more heart is wrecked below.  
 But I'm coming, yes, I'm coming,  
 For where thou art I would be;  
 Soon, yes, soon I shall be sleeping  
 'Neath the dark magnolia tree.

[ORIGINAL.]

## WOUNDED.

BY BARBARA BRANDE.

THE sunlight shone brightly into the cosy little sitting-room, giving a brighter glow to the crimson fuchsias and fragrant geraniums in the window-seat, waking Ruby the merry mocking-bird from his momentary doze, glancing over the ivory keys of the grand piano and falling with subdued light on May Keith's sunny ringlets, till they gleamed like burnished gold.

Little May stood with her blue eyes cast down, as if to avoid the sight of the dark, handsome face bent above her—one tiny hand playing with the silken cord which confined her

snowy morning robe, the other nervously clasping the gold chain encircling her throat, a pout on her pretty lip, and bright tears trembling on the brown lashes.

"You are unjust and unreasonable, Percy," she said at last, breaking the silence. "What possible harm can come from my attending with George Elliot this, the grandest party of the season? If you were to be here, of course I should not dream of such a thing, but as you cannot be my escort, I have accepted Mr. Elliot's invitation."

"Accepted! And without consulting me?" Percy Lincoln checked the hasty words that were thronging for utterance, and added, more calmly; "I would not have dreamed this of you, May."

"Percy, are we already married, that I must consult you in regard to all matters? You presume too much on your position, Percy. Remember I will not be dictated to."

"Forgive me, I did not intend it, darling. If one of my friends were to accompany you, I should not have uttered a word on the subject. But George Elliot is my enemy, and I know him to be a vile, dishonorable man. Can't you give up just this once, little May, for my sake?"

"And break my word? No! You misjudge Mr. Elliot, wilfully misjudge him. I shall keep my promise at any cost."

"Then, Miss Keith, as you do not in the least regard my wishes, the sooner our engagement is broken, the better. The woman who pays no regard to her lover's entreaties, would treat with equal scorn and contempt her husband's wishes. Thank God, my eyes are opened in regard to your character before it is too late."

"I, too, am thankful that I have discovered your tyrannical disposition, before I am your slave for life."

May's tone was haughty as his own, and drawing the slender golden circlet from her finger, she placed it in his hand. Crushing it beneath his heel, Percy Lincoln left the house, outwardly calm and collected, but in a tumult of agony within. They were both proud, fiery, haughty, and, suffer as they might, no one should know of their anguish.

A sad heart fluttered under May's silken bodice that evening, as she glided through the brilliantly lighted rooms, leaning on George Elliot's arm. He was tall and graceful, with pale features, and fierce black eyes. Percy Lincoln might well have hesitated, ere he entrusted his dove to the care of this hawk.

Looks of surprise and curiosity followed them, and when, at a late hour Percy sauntered carelessly into the parlors, accompanied by Leila Altin, a gay, sparkling little beauty, the astonishment of the crowd was with difficulty restrained.

May was standing near the centre of the long drawing-room as they entered, conversing with an admiring group, which her sallies of wit had drawn around her. The soft light fell in golden waves around her, adding a new beauty to the flashing eyes and golden hair, the pure snowy features and graceful form. As her glance fell upon the pair, she started slightly, but instantly recovering her self-possession, made some laughing remark in reference to the laggards. None who saw her brilliantly beautiful countenance and gay smile, or heard the sweet voice breaking forth in musical peals of laughter, would have dreamed that her heart was full of agony—full of doubt, and indignation, and despair. At an early hour she left the crowded rooms; but not until she had heard from a mutual friend an explanation of Percy's presence. He had been intending to go to Boston, but a telegraphic despatch from his partner in that city had made the journey unnecessary.

The next day was dark, gloomy and disagreeable. Major General Sun, after a vain attempt to review his disorderly army—the clouds—retired from the scene in disgust. Even the cosy sitting-room, with its sparkling fire, fragrant flowers, and the mocking-bird's merry notes, seemed to May to share in the general gloom. As she entered, pale, silent and sad, Mr. Keith was sitting by the fire intent upon the morning paper. He looked up at her entrance, and with a pleasant "good morning," said:

"Have you heard the news, May?"

"News? No indeed. I did not suppose it possible to have any while the times are so hard. What is it, pray?"

"Young Lincoln has enlisted."

The sound of dear home-voices, the crackling of the fire, and the bird's merry music, were for an instant blended in May's brain, then all was blank. She opened her eyes to see her mother tenderly chafing her temples, while her father bent over her, an expression of painful solicitude on his pleasant countenance.

"What is it?" she moaned, feebly.

"Don't you remember, dear? The room was so warm you fainted."

The tide of recollection rolled back, and she

turned her face aside, that her loved ones might not see the tears trembling beneath the long lashes.

"I think I heard you say, father, that Mr. Lincoln had enlisted."

"Yes, and so strange, too, as a private! A man of his worth and intellect. He could have obtained a commission without an effort, but said he did not feel qualified for such a position, and should earn his shoulder-straps on the field of battle. All romantic nonsense, of course, but I admire his spirit. He left this morning."

May lay very still, her little wet face buried amid the cushions. Percy had gone, and without even bidding her good-by. She had all the time cherished a hope of reconciliation, but now he would be killed, of course he would, and she would be his murderer. Then a store of bitter fancies passed through her mind. The sad little heart burst forth in such a storm of passionate sobbing as called her mother to her side at once.

"What is it, darling? Are you ill?" she asked, anxiously.

"I am not well, mother, I have had too much excitement of late. Must I attend any more of these weary, tiresome parties?"

"Certainly not, child, unless you wish it. I have only encouraged your attendance because I thought you needed more society. If that is all, darling, set your heart at rest. You need go only when it pleases yourself; and now, May, go to sleep, and awake our own light-hearted darling."

All the long day May lay on the crimson sofa, in front of the blazing fire, striving in vain to find one ray of light amid the darkness that surrounded her. If she could only tell her mother all! But she knew that Mrs. Keith, kind and compassionate as she was, would say her punishment was just; and so, too proud to confess herself in the wrong, she suffered in silence and alone.

The days wore wearily away. Many and wondering were the remarks when it was discovered that May would not again enter society, although her pale cheeks and mournful eyes gave credence to her unvarying apology that she was not well. She searched the papers eagerly, and read with interest the rapid promotion which rewarded Percy for his bravery and good conduct. Through three battles he passed unharmed; in the third saving his captain's life, and by the unanimous wish of the company being made a lieutenant in place of the officer killed at this time. Then

came the bloody field of Antietam. For several days the reports were delayed, and May meanwhile was wild with apprehension. It was some slight relief at last, to see wounded and taken prisoner opposite his name.

"Thank God!" she said, "he is still alive. And O, what must be his sufferings? Scorned, abused, hated, alone among foes, would not death be preferable?"

The receipt of this intelligence caused, for a time, a great sensation among young Lincoln's acquaintances. Then as other matters of interest occupied the public attention, he was gradually forgotten.

It was a bright sunny day in October. The long wreaths of blue mist hung tenderly and dreamily over the distant hills. As the wind swept by, leafy masses of crimson and gold went whirling through the air in a giddy dance. Among the maple boughs hung clusters of leaves red as Virginia battle-fields, and down among the rose bushes golden treasures crept out of sight. The oaks, brave and defiant to the last, tossed their green boughs in scorn, but up among the topmost branches, scarlet dashes told of the coming death.

● The little sitting-room at Keith Lodge was bright and cheery as ever, but the piano was closed, and Ruby, the mocking-bird, had disappeared. May could not bear his song, it reminded her so painfully of lost hopes and happiness. She had changed much since that bright winter's morning when she parted with Percy Lincoln. A mournful look had succeeded to the bright laughing glance of yore, and a something nameless and undefinable, told that the gleesome, merry girl had changed into the sad, earnest woman. Yet never in the days of her wild, happy glee, had she been so beautiful as now. The girl had captivated the eye, the woman won the heart.

Still no tidings from the lost one, and she had tried to still her heart to the belief that he was with the ransomed in glory. But a wild hope would sometimes spring up in her heart, that she should again listen to the music of his voice, that his dear glance should again rest upon her tenderly, as in days gone by, and his true heart should listen to her prayer for forgiveness. These were the thoughts that were passing through her mind that hazy October morning, as she sat calm and silent by the fireside.

"Bless me!" said her father, as his glance fell upon a paragraph in the morning paper. Then in response to May's inquiring look, he added: "You remember George Elliot, who

created such an excitement here in fashionable circles a year ago? He has been arrested for robbery, and in the trial it appears that he has been for a long time a gambler by profession, although he has managed so well that but few suspected him."

Then it was not jealousy that had caused Percy to oppose so strongly her intimacy with Mr. Elliot, but a wish to free her from the companionship of a bad man. May's punishment was greater than she could bear. She felt that she could not longer endure the pain and sorrow which had been hers for so long, without a confidant. She determined to go to Mr. Lincoln's only sister, confess her wrong, and beg her advice and sympathy, even if she could not obtain her forgiveness.

Out through the little gate, and down the sidewalk, carpeted with fallen leaves, she passed. Her heart failed her as Lincoln Hall, stern, stately, and grand, towered up before her. For an instant a wild impulse seized her to turn and leave the spot. How would his sister receive her? Would she not scorn her when she heard her confession, and with bitter reproaches cast her off forever? Would not this shame, this contempt, be harder to bear than her silent sorrow? She remembered that this must be a part of her expiation for her crime. This confession, torturing her heart as it did, must be made ere she could hope for rest or peace. So she went up the walk with firm, steady steps, and rang the bell.

The little parlor to which the servant conducted her was warm and cheerful. Near the window a lady was seated, Percy's sister, the resemblance was too strong to be mistaken. Kneeling by her side, her face buried amid the folds of her dress, May related all the sad story. Freed at last from the restraint she had so long imposed upon it, her heart gave free utterance to the tide of sorrow and despair which overwhelmed it.

"I do not ask you to forgive me," she sobbed at last, wearily, exhausted by the violence of her emotion. "I know that you cannot, my crime is too great. But if you only knew all that I have suffered, you would at least pity me."

"Look up, dearest girl. Here is one to whom you must go for forgiveness, and not to me." And gently disengaging herself from May's clasp, Miss Lincoln left the apartment.

May raised her eyes in astonishment, and met Percy Lincoln's tender gaze. In a moment his arm encircled her, and resting her head on his shoulder, she sobbed for pardon.

"I have nothing to pardon, May, darling," he said, gently. "I was too exacting, although I knew George Elliot's true character, and wished to save you from his influence. I am glad that we have had this explanation, May, for now I can leave you with more resignation than before."

"Leave me?" Her eyes asked for an explanation.

"Yes, dearest, I must go; for I could not endure to stay and see you the wife of another, nor could I, maimed and helpless as I am, ask you to be my wife." He glanced at his empty coat sleeve, and May remembered the good left arm buried at Antietam. "I did not mean to see you when I arrived last night," he continued, "for I thought I could not endure it, and now it seems so hard to give you up, after this, our brief moment of happiness; but go, I will not longer detain you."

"Can you think me so base, so dishonorable, Percy?" May's voice trembled with wounded feeling. "I drove you away by my cruelty—to danger, suffering, everything but death, and now that you have returned, after bravely battling for country, can you think I have so little honor, so little patriotism, so little pride, as to scorn you for your crippled body? O, Percy, maimed as you are, you are dearer to me than when in the days of your perfect manhood, I promised to be yours for all eternity. What I said then, I say now. I am yours if you will take me. Will you send me away?"

The lights gleamed cheerily in Keith Lodge the next evening, and robed in snowy white, pure orange blossoms resting on her brow, May promised to love, honor and obey the brave soldier, who had proved his worth on southern battle fields, and in southern prisons—taunted, scorned, persecuted, but true through all, to the blue-eyed fairy of Keith Lodge.

#### STARVING vs. OVERFEEDING.

Here is an extract from a Preston (English) letter: "One of my friends told me that he had met a sexton the day before, and asked him how trade was with him. The sexton replied that it was 'Verra bad—nowt doin' hardly.'

"Well, how's that?" asked the other.

"Well, thae sees," answered the sexton, 'poverty seldom kills. There's far more kilt wi' o'er-heytn' and o'er driukin' nor there is wi' bein' pinched.'

There is truth in this.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MAKING A NAME.

### THE STORY OF AN ADVENTURER.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

MIDWINTER at St. Petersburg two centuries ago. A man, thinly clad for that inclement season of the year, paced with brisk steps before the cathedral dedicated to St. Alexander of Neuski, ever and anon plucking a handful of loose snow from the earth and applying it to his nose. A novel substitute for snuff, you will say. It is a necessary precaution. In that severe climate a man rubs his nose every five minutes or it freezes. If he neglects this simple precaution he loses his nose. Remember this, if you ever visit St. Petersburg.

The bells were jingling merrily, and the sleighs dashing along the thoroughfare at lightning speed. The solitary and thinly-clad pedestrian gazed wistfully at the splendid equipages of the nobles, sighed enviously, stopped for a moment in an abstraction of thought, then gathered more snow and rubbed his nose more vigorously than before.

A sleigh, drawn by two fiery steeds of the Ukraine breed, driven by a serf and containing a single occupant wrapped in rich furs, came dashing up the street. It surged around a corner—one of the shafts snapped with a noise like the report of a pistol, the sleigh careened—the driver was flung upon the sidewalk—the noble plunged into a snow bank, and the frightened horses dashed madly down the street, dragging after them the wreck of the sleigh.

A crowd gathered around the noble and released him from the snow. The thinly-clad man alone assisted the driver. The noble was raised to his feet and approached the serf.

"Is he hurt?" he inquired of the man, who was bending over the prostrate form of his late driver.

"He is, worthy sir," was the reply. "His leg is broken."

An imprecation burst from the lips of the noble, and he stamped his heel angrily upon the ground.

"Malediction on the slave's carelessness! the dog was valuable, and now his services are lost to me!" muttered the noble.

"Not so, your excellency," answered the man, who had overheard the exclamation of the noble; "I am a surgeon, and I can set

the broken limb. In a short time he will again be at your excellency's service, and as useful as ever."

This suggestion seemed to please the noble. He immediately summoned one of the public sleighs and had his wounded serf placed within it, while he invited the surgeon to a place beside him in another. It was evident from the readiness with which his commands were obeyed, that he was a personage of some consideration in the city.

The party were driven to a palace that stood upon the banks of the Neva. The serf was conveyed within by the attendants, who flocked instantly to the portal at their master's summons. The noble and the surgeon followed. The serf was placed upon a low table in the centre of the apartment, and the surgeon proceeded to examine the fracture.

"Shall I send for your instruments?" inquired the noble.

"I have them all here," answered the surgeon, drawing a small leathern case from the breast-pocket of his furry coat. "I never stir a step without them—so, you see, I am always prepared for accidents like this."

"Your forethought is excellent," returned the noble, nodding his head approvingly. "Call for whatever you require. My servants will attend you. When you have performed the operation, come to me for a few moments."

He turned to one of the servants, saying; "Stroloff, you will conduct the gentleman to my cabinet at his good pleasure." And with a slight bend of the head he withdrew.

"Evidently a person of distinction," thought the surgeon, as he proceeded, with much skill, to render his professional aid to the serf.

The fracture was a compound one, and the operation of resetting the broken limb necessarily a painful one. With all his skill and care the surgeon knew he must be inflicting great pain. He could see the large drops of perspiration ooze from the pale brow of the poor serf, yet no cry of anguish, not even a moan, broke from his lips.

"You are a brave fellow!" cried the surgeon, with admiration, when the operation was successfully performed.

"Did anybody catch the horses, Blazek?" demanded the serf, of one of his companions.

"Yes," returned Blazek, "yes, Lapoukin, the horses have been caught, and are now safe in the master's stable."

The surgeon gazed curiously at his patient. His abnegation of self was something new to

him. The serf was a fine specimen of his class, short in stature, as are most of the Russian peasantry, but full of brawn and muscle; with a round bullet head, covered by a shock of reddish hair, an ample beard of the same color, and a bright blue eye. A pleasant face withal, but marred by a dogged look of submission, to which an occasional gleam of ferocity in the eye seemed to give the lie. The surgeon noticed this at a glance, for he was a keen observer of humanity. There is fire there," he thought, "and it needs but the steel to bring it forth."

"You seem to care more for your master's horses than for yourself," he said to the serf, Lapoukin, after this mental analysis.

"They are better off than I am," returned the serf, moodily. "They are quite as well fed, and not half so much beaten. And though they are beasts of burden and slaves to man, they at least have not the consciousness of the injustice of their condition. But I—a born serf—all I have to do is to be beaten, and feel much obliged for it."

"Do you not fear to speak thus to me?" asked the surgeon, surprised at the free speech of Lapoukin.

"O, no—you are not a Russian. You have set my limb with a touch as gentle as a mother's on her babe. I have no fear of you."

"How know you I am not a Russian?"

"Principally by your garb, and your smooth face. Then by the care with which you have dressed my wound. A Russian doctor would have mangled me like a dog."

"Can you trust your companions? Were they to carry your words to your master, your punishment would be the dreaded knout."

The serf shuddered, and the ferocious expression, we have before mentioned, hung like a thunder-cloud for a moment over his features, his bright blue eyes gleaming the while with a lurid light. The mood passed quickly away, and he broke into a merry laugh.

"Do you hear, boys?" he asked, turning to his fellows. "The stranger thinks you might betray me. Eh, Stroloff? Eh, Blazek? Ha, ha, ha! No, noble sir," he continued, earnestly, to the surgeon, "the Russian serf never betrays his fellow."

"You are then discontented with your lot?"

This was what lawyers call a "leading question," and the surgeon put it with a motive far deeper than the satisfying of an idle curiosity. The reader will discover that motive ere the end of this veritable history is reached.

"I am naturally the merriest fellow breathing," returned Lapoukin; "inclined to be ever laughing, and obliged, by that infernal knout, to be always laughing on the wrong side of my mouth. It is a wretched life! I could find in my heart to do anything to change it—ay, even though I were obliged to have recourse to death in the attempt. But his excellency, the count, will be awaiting you. Stroloff, conduct the gentleman to the master's cabinet."

"I shall see you again, my brave fellow," said the surgeon.

"If you do not," returned Lapoukin, "I shall never forget you. Even dogs are grateful."

The surgeon followed Stroloff, and was soon ushered into the cabinet of the master of the serf. He found the noble disencumbered of his furs and wearing a rich robe, beneath which, upon his embroidered white waistcoat, was the insignia of several orders.

He motioned the surgeon to a chair and desired him to be seated. The surgeon did so, with the air of a man who could adapt himself to any place or circumstance.

"You do not know me, I presume?" began the noble. "The preliminary of all conversation should be an introduction. Permit me. I am Count Goloffkin, Minister of Police, and Member of the Council of Regency."

The surgeon arose, bowed profoundly, and said:

"I am called Lestok—born in Moldavia, but lately from the surgical school of Paris. Here is my stock in trade."

He pulled out the leathern case and opened it, so that the count might see its contents. It contained—a *single lancet*! With another profound bow, Lestok resumed his seat.

Goloffkin smiled pleasantly, crossed his left leg over his right, nursed his knee gently, and all the while looked fixedly at Lestok, who bore the scrutiny unflinchingly. Each felt that he had encountered a kindred spirit. Craftiness was as equally personified in the yellow eyes, hooked nose, and thick lips of Goloffkin, as in the broad forehead, long straight nose, clear gray eye, and thin lips of Lestok.

"When did you arrive in St. Petersburg?" asked Goloffkin.

"This morning."

"Your object in coming hither?"

"To make my fortune."

"Umph! Foreigners have ever done well in Russia, since first they were induced to visit our bleak climate by Peter the Great.

You depend upon your wits to work your way to profit and renown?"

"I have nothing else to depend upon."

"You have come to a good field. Our Russians are sluggish. Like most of your class the opportunity meets you half-way. Some people call this fate. We will not debate it. I was looking for just such a man as you, when lo! accident throws you in my path."

"I felt assured that your excellency would find a use for me."

"You are shrewd and skilful—a master of your profession, that I saw at once. You have talents beyond that profession. Your fortune is before you; shall I show you the way to it?"

"If you will condescend to favor me so much?"

"The Princess Elizabeth requires a physician—that office shall be yours."

"The Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great?"

"Yes. When Elizabeth was offered the throne she refused, and Anne of Courtland was crowned empress. Elizabeth retired to Neuski, where she now resides. There are ever discontented men who seek to foment disturbances. The name of Elizabeth is a strong rallying cry for conspirators. As the daughter of Peter the Great, she is idolized by the people. Anne of Courtland has resigned the throne in favor of her infant son, Prince Ivan, and formed a Council of Regency, consisting of herself, Osterman, Munich and myself. Now we do not know that Elizabeth conspires, but she may. It is therefore, necessary that a strict watch should be kept upon her actions. I send you to her as her physician—you understand?"

"I do—thoroughly."

"You will report to me at stated periods all that takes place at Neuski. Be faithful, and your reward shall be ample, dare to breathe a whisper of your true mission, and Siberia shall be your doom."

"It is colder there than here," returned Lestok, pleasantly; "your excellency knows that it is not a desirable residence, and, therefore, I need not assure you that I shall endeavor to abstain from visiting that extreme portion of the Russian empire."

Goloffkin nodded his head, approvingly.

"You are the very man I need. Be true to me, and rich honors are before you. Take this purse, furnish yourself with all things needful for your new situation. In a fortnight be prepared to depart for Neuski."

"I will be ready."

Goloffkin summoned a serf, and Lestok was conducted from the palace.

"I have found a capital tool for my purpose," mused Goloffkin,

"Be true to him!" exclaimed Lestok, mentally; "I will be true to *myself*. I came to St. Petersburg to win honor and wealth, and the threat of Siberia shall not deter me from my purpose. I have risen one step, let me see what will be the next."

At the expiration of the fortnight, he departed for Neuski, and was installed as physician to the Princess Elizabeth. Time passed on. Lestok had found favor in the eyes of the Princess Elizabeth, and Goloffkin was more than satisfied with him. Let us look in upon him in Castle Neuski. You would hardly recognize him now. His long black hair is combed back from his forehead, powdered, and tied in a cue upon his neck. His shabby, furry coat has been changed to one of velvet, richly embroidered, and his waistcoat and small clothes are of satin. A jewelled sword hangs by his side, more for ornament than use.

He sits at a table, writing. He throws down the pen, and reads aloud what he has written. It is but a line.

"The princess does not conspire!"

"My usual despatch to Goloffkin," says Lestok, communing with his own thoughts. "The princess does not conspire—ay, but she *shall*! It is time to take another step upward. I will sound the princess to-day."

He rang a bell upon the table, and a courier entered the apartment. Lestok folded up the despatch, sealed and directed it, and gave it to the courier, who instantly departed.

Lestok remained at the table absorbed in thought. A distant door opened, and the rustling of silk proclaimed the approach of a female. These sounds were lost upon Lestok—absorbed in meditation he heeded them not.

The lady, for so her dress proclaimed her, approached him cautiously, a mischievous look quivering in her eye. She was a true Muscovite, you could see that at a glance. Petite in figure, with a fair complexion, auburn hair, and light blue eyes. Her age could not have been over twenty. The most casual observer would have pronounced her pretty. She was more than this—she was shrewd, witty and intelligent. Such was Rozetky Potemkin, the favorite maid of honor to the Princess Elizabeth.

The young surgeon, Lestok, could not fail to be attracted by the wit and pleasantry of the sprightly Rozetky. An acquaintance had sprung up between them which soon ripened into a warmer feeling. You will not wonder then that Rozetky rested her plump, dimpled arms upon Lestok's shoulder and peering, mischievously in his face, exclaimed: "Dreaming, in broad daylight, Lestok! Are you in love, or are you conspiring?"

"Both—faith!" cried Lestok, rousing from his abstraction, and with a quick movement catching Rozetky around the waist and forcing her to a seat upon his knee. "You know, Rozetky, that I love you dearly, and I shall even be obliged to conspire to make you mine."

"You have not asked my consent yet," said Rozetky, demurely.

"Nor do I intend to do so, until I have won a title that will make me worthy to claim the heiress of Potemkin."

"Have you ever been to Siberia, Lestok?" asked Rozetky, looking with a mocking expression in his face.

"No. Bah! that cold ghost cannot frighten me. I will be something or nothing. This little hand is one of the prizes I seek. If within six months I become the first man in the empire, shall it be mine?"

He held that fair, plump hand in his own firm grasp as he spoke, and he felt a gentle pressure in answer to his question. He tried to catch Rozetky's eye, but her head was averted and a radiant blush overspread her cheek. She suddenly untwined herself from his embrace and stood before him, placing her hand upon his shoulder and gazing earnestly into his face, saying:

"Be careful, Lestok—O, be careful for my sake!"

"Fear nothing, Rozetky; I have too much at stake to be careless."

A few more words and they parted. The bold schemer went sedulously to work. His eloquent pleadings induced the Princess Elizabeth to make an effort for the throne of her father—that effort was successful, and in the six months that Lestok had given himself, the princess was made czarina, and he, as her prime minister, was, indeed, the "first man in the empire."

He was created a count by the grateful Elizabeth, and, Rozetky gladly shared his coronet.

We have not been dealing in fiction: this is a true chapter from Russian history.



[ORIGINAL.]

## WE MET IN CROWDS.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

We met in crowds! who used to meet so lonely,  
When the sweet twilight softly lit the shade;  
And for the vows we interchanged, now only  
Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid.

We met in crowds! when gaiety was lighting  
The flashing eye, with all a syren's art—  
Where pleasure steeps the soul with smiles inviting;  
My face was happy, but O, not my heart!

We met in crowds! Ah, how unlike the meeting  
Our bosoms knew in hours too quickly gone!  
But once I met thine eyes' reproof, though fleeting,  
It haunts my heart—reproaching and alone.

We met in crowds!—and I, who loved so fondly,  
Deemed fondly, for a while, that I loved not;  
But now thou'rt gone, thine image grows more  
strongly  
Within my bosom—ne'er to be forgot!

We met in crowds! as strangers, coldly, sadly,  
Who ne'er so met, and may not meet again;  
As last we parted!—I had dreamed how gladly,  
But no, O no!—my heart still lives in pain!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FATHER'S DEVOTION.

## A TRUE TALE OF PARISIAN LIFE.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

AT the age of thirty-nine, Francois de Aurillac was left a widower. He was a man of refinement and sensibility; and the wife of such a man may be supposed to have been a kindred spirit. He mourned her as men seldom mourn—with a still, deep intensity of grief that admitted no second love. Henceforth his care and affection settled upon the one dear object which she had left him, and upon which her dying eyes had looked their last. This was a beautiful boy, scarcely eight years of age; the only child. De Aurillac had not been married young. He was fastidious in his tastes; and until he was entering his thirty-first year, he saw no one who held the key to his affections. When he married at last, few would have believed that the sensitive bachelor would have chosen a poor orphan, and without wealth, without beauty, and possessing only ordinary advantages of education. But the charm to him was such as the

world sometimes overlooks. She was a sweet, amiable woman, past her first youth, but rich in gentle and quiet affections—affections which had never been poured forth upon another. She loved him for himself—for until she was married, she knew not that he had any wealth beyond a bare competence.

Almost nine years passed away in a sweet dream. His house, one of the best, though not one of the largest in Paris, was the abode of as perfect happiness as ever falls to the lot of man. The child was born a year after their marriage, inheriting more than his father's beauty of face and figure, and his mother's gentle disposition. People saw in Marie de Aurillac how happiness beautifies even a plain face. They who called her homely before, were now surprised into praise of her soft and delicate beauty.

And, for the little Francois, every one thought him too handsome. Such beautiful children, they said, never fulfilled their promise. It was always an early death, or a blight of some sort that would happen. But these things, although often said in her presence, did not prevent Madame de Aurillac from enjoying the loveliness of her child. Like many persons who have been accustomed to be called plain, she set perhaps too great a value upon beauty, and her son's face was "a thing of joy forever" to her admiring gaze. Yet she was no silly mother, to dress him in showy gauds. The boy was always plainly and neatly attired, and wore his clothes with a grace that was far beyond richness of texture or color.

From the moment of his wife's death, Aurillac devoted himself to this child, becoming mother as well as father. Scarcely ever were the two separated. The father went over all his youthful studies, to enable him to become the teacher of Francois; and the result was, that the boy went even beyond others of his age in learning, while his physical system was kept perfect by athletic sports. At the age of eighteen, he was all that his father had hoped or desired; a pure-minded, whole-souled youth, free from the vices of society, yet not living apart from it like an anchorite; enjoying the companionship of others, but turning to his father as his best beloved companion and friend; warm-hearted and generous, open and frank, yet not so easily imposed on as these last qualities often render their possessor.

It was one of the loveliest days in spring, when Aurillac proposed to his son to visit

Versailles. They were to go and return by railway, as the roads were wet from recent rains, and Aurillac did not like to spoil a new carriage that had been just built for him. They found, unexpectedly, a number of intimate friends travelling also; for there was a grand fete on that day, and an excursion train of carriages was on the point of starting from the station. As was then usual in France, the carriage doors were locked, to prevent people from leaping out at any momentary stopping of the train; and on this day, the party travelling embraced many hundreds.

Half way between Paris and Versailles, a dense smoke was perceived entering the windows; but no one thought of any danger; for as yet, railway travelling was a novelty. It increased momentarily, and soon the terrible cry of fire was heard. The train was moving on rapidly, the wind was high, and soon the miserable travellers became conscious that their lives were endangered, not only by the suffocating smoke, but by actual burning. There was no way of escape until the train could be stopped and the doors unlocked. The windows alone gave them air to breathe, but to attempt to spring from them, even had they been large enough for the purpose, would have been instant death.

Now it was that Aurillac realized the calm and serene depths of his son's character. While many of his young companions were behaving in the most frantic manner, Francois was trying to compose them; not only by soothing and hopeful words, but by his own example. The father was conscious of all the danger, and believed that death was surely at hand. It seemed an age before the train could be stopped; and when at length it was accomplished, the delay was so great that many were already dead; some from fright, others, who were unable to get near the windows, from suffocation, and others again whose faces had been scorched by the contact of the burning wood of the carriages.

Aurillac and his son escaped with life; the father almost uninjured. But alas! for poor Francois! His mother, had she lived, would not have known him. The fair, youthful face was one mass of ruin; crisped, discolored, miserably, hopelessly burned. For a year he lay suffering, no eye looking upon the poor wreck save those of his nurse and physician, and his who had devoted himself body and soul, to ameliorate, if possible, his agonies. Irrecoverably blind, yet feeling keenly when light was introduced into the room; the fair

forehead blackened, the features distorted—no, never should human eye save these rest upon the poor face!

At the close of the year, when Francois began to recover strength, Aurillac sold his beautiful house and retired to a small country seat in the neighborhood of Paris, consecrating himself, his fortune and energies to the sufferer.

Long years have passed since then, but the goodness and mercy of God preserve the devoted parent to watch over his child. Francois knows that his face would strike horror to other eyes, and is content to live alone with his father. Aurillac never suffers him to have a lonely moment. Books and music he can still enjoy from his father's voice and fingers; and to the sweet fragrance of flowers and leaves he is intensely sensitive. The echoes of the outer world come to him in his solitude, softened and subdued; and if he ever longs to mingle again in its scenes, the regret is never expressed. He breathes no sigh—sheds no tear; but a hundred times each day, he gives his father some sweet proof that his self-sacrificing devotion is not wasted upon an unfeeling or ungrateful son.

There are those persons who maintain that these poor bodies of ours will be raised at the last day, in the exact image of the earthly. To such it would seem a fruitless task to oppose any argument to the contrary. Heaven forefend that the wear and tear, the disease and suffering, the wounds and deformities which earth leaves upon us, should be renewed in that fair land where the inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick." Let us console ourselves with the promise that "no evil thing shall enter therein." So may it be!

#### A BOOKSELLER'S ESTIMATE.

A bookseller who had heard of Balzac as a young writer of great promise, resolved to offer him 3000*fr.* for a novel, but on being told that he lived in an obscure street in the old part of Paris, he observed that he must be a plebeian, and that he would offer him but 2000*fr.* On arriving at the house he was told that Balzac lived on the fourth floor. "O. in that case," said the bookseller, "I will offer but 1500*fr.*" But when he entered a poorly-furnished room and saw a young man steeping a penny roll in a glass of water, he offered but 300*fr.*, and for this sum received the manuscript of what was afterward considered a *chef-d'œuvre*—the "*Derniere Fee*."

## The Florist.

I found the flower in a greeny nook,  
Where crept a clear and laughing brook  
The young boughs through:  
And king-cups spangled all the ground.  
And the pale wind-flower there was found,  
And harebells blue.

COURTESY OF BLESSINGTON.

### Work for the Month.

Transplant, in any moist or showery weather this month, the perennial and biennial seedlings to their proper situations, with a ball of earth round their roots. Propagate fibrous-rooted plants. Prepare the spots where you mean to deposit anemone and ranunculus roots any time between the end of this month and the end of October; and dig all beds and borders which are vacant, to prepare them also for receiving roots and plants next month. Transplant peonies, flag irises, monk's-hood, fraxinella, and such like plants, to part their roots and remove each root to its destined position. Transplant evergreens. Plant cuttings of honeysuckles, and other shrubs; plant hyacinth and tulip roots for early spring bloom; plant box by slips or roots. Mow grass lawn and walks. Clear away flower stems, and trim flowering plants. Sow seeds of bulbous flowers, if not done last month.

### Peony.

This interesting genus contains many magnificent flowering plants, embracing at least one hundred varieties and species, all of which are desirable for the border, and perfectly hardy, standing one winter without protection. Most of the genus is herbaceous. *P. Moutan*, and its varieties, are shrubby; their roots are fleshy, but not so distinctly tuberous as most of the herbaceous species. All require nearly the same treatment. The time for dividing the herbaceous sorts is in September or October; the whole stool should be taken up. With a sharp knife it may be divided into as many pieces as there are tubers with buds; it is necessary that a bud be preserved on each tuber. At this season of the year the peony is in a dormant state; the buds are just beginning to show themselves, and, if delayed long after the first of October, the new fibres begin to push, and the plant will be less likely to flower the coming spring. The peony roots should not be disturbed in the spring, unless it be very early, as it does not succeed well when transplanted at that season, without a ball of earth adhering to the roots. The tubers should be planted in a deep, rich, light, garden soil; the crown, or bud, should be placed three inches below the surface. The species of the peony have been so much changed by the florist, that it is difficult to draw the line of botanical distinction with any degree of accuracy; and, for floral purposes, it is not necessary.

The woody peonies may be propagated by seeds, suckers, layers, and by grafting. The common and most simple way is by suckers; these may be

often found growing from old wood, when standing in the open border. The wood is very hard, and will require a sharp, strong knife; a fine saw is often useful in the operation. October is the best time to divide the plants. In the first place, take away the soil carefully from the roots so as to see how the sucker can be taken off to the best advantage, and not injure the old plant, and to give a portion of the root to the young plant. When detached, the sucker may be planted where it is destined to stand, in a rich, mellow loam. When propagated by layers, the outer shoots are bent down into the soil in the spring; but before they are fastened down with a hook or pegs, a longitudinal split should be made in the inner side of the bend; this should be done with great care, as the shoots are extremely liable to be broken off where they bend. It takes two years for a layer of the peony to be sufficiently rooted to be detached. If seed is saved, it should be planted as soon as ripe in autumn. It would appear above ground the next spring, and in the course of a few years produce flowers, and perhaps a new variety. It is best to cover the crowns of all varieties and species in autumn with coarse stable manure; the plants flower stronger for it. With a collection of peonies of the different sorts, the garden will not be without some of the kinds being in bloom from the first of May to the first of July.

### A pleasant Fertilizer for Garden Plants.

Many persons, particularly ladies, dislike to use the ordinary fertilizers from the barn or poultry yard on flowers and other house plants. "One who knows" sends the following to the "Agriculturist," which is good not only to stimulate houseplants, but for outdoor plants of almost every kind. Dissolve one half to three-fourths of an ounce of sulphate of ammonia (obtained cheaply at the druggists) in one gallon of water. Apply it once a week, and then only to growing plants. It may be used with great benefit on beds of strawberries, on peas, on dwarf pears, grape-vines, dahlias, and for all kinds of pot-plants. This mixture increases the size of the foliage of plants, and gives a dark, shining green color. The flowers also are improved in proportion; and, not the least important, this fertilizer will do no harm.

### Snap-Dragon.

This is a curious, as well as an ornamental, genus of plants, mostly perennials or biennials. The flower bears a perfect resemblance to the snout or nose of some animal; by applying the thumb and finger to the side of the corolla, it opens and shuts, as with a spring. The snap-dragon has sported into many varieties, not only purple, but rosy, crimson, yellow, red and yellow, red and white, white striped, mottled, tipped, etc. It is not a perfect perennial, as it is apt to die out every few years. The varieties may be propagated from cuttings or divisions of the root.

## The Housewife.

### Minute Pudding.

Put a pint and a half of milk on the fire. Mix five large tablespoonsful of either wheat or rye flour, smoothly, with half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, and half of a grated nutmeg. When the milk boils, stir in the mixed flour and milk. Let the whole boil for one minute, stirring it constantly; take it from the fire; let it get lukewarm; then add three beaten eggs. Set it back on the fire, and stir it constantly until it thickens; take it from the fire as soon as it boils; serve with sauce.

### Simple Desserts for Summer.

Take six eggs, and beat them separately. With the yolks, a quart of milk, sugar, essence of lemon, or rose-water, make a custard. Beat the whites very stiff; have ready a kettle of boiling water, with a skimmer; dip in slices of the whites just long enough to harden; then lay them on a sieve till cold; put the custard into a dish, and crisp and put the whites lightly over the top. Set on the ice, if convenient, till wanted.

### Cracker Pudding.

Mix ten ounces of finely-pounded crackers with a wineglass of wine, a little salt, and half a nutmeg, three or four tablespoonsful of sugar, and two of melted butter. Beat eight eggs to a froth; mix them with three pints of milk, and turn them on the rest of the ingredients. Let it remain till the crackers soften; then bake it.

### Baked Sweet Potatoes.

Wash them perfectly clean, wipe them dry, and bake in a quick oven, according to their size—half an hour for quite small size, three-quarters for larger, and a full hour for the largest. Let the oven have a good heat, and do not open it, unless it is necessary to turn them, until they are done.

### Boiling Mush.

It is very common to make mush by boiling only a few minutes. This is all wrong. It should be boiled one or two hours, and if longer, will do no harm. It will be necessary to occasionally add some hot water, to keep the mass thin, and prevent burning; and it must be often stirred.

### Apple Tapioca Pudding.

Soak a coffee-cup full of tapioca in a quart of lukewarm water four hours. Pare and slice apples sufficient to nearly fill your dish; put sugar and spice to your taste. Pour over the tapioca, and bake an hour. Serve with sugar and cream.

### Potato Pudding.

One pound of boiled potatoes mashed with a little milk and strained, half a pound of sugar, six eggs, one lemon grated. Bake an hour.

### Diet Bread Cake.

Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, and eight eggs; put your sugar and eggs together into a basin or pan, with half a pint of lukewarm water; beat them all well up with a whisk, the same as for sponge cakes, over a slow fire until quite warm, take them from the fire and whip them until cold; add the grating of one lemon, then mix in the flour lightly, adding some caraway seeds, if they are liked; do not fill your mould; they should be square paper cases, buttered.

### Cheesecakes.

Cut your paste and fill the pans; have ready prepared this mixture—break three yolks of eggs and one white into a basin, a little powdered sugar, a grating of lemon, the juice of a lemon, a few bread crumbs or crumbed stale pound cake, an ounce of clarified butter, and mix all well together; add half a gill of cream; put a spoonful in each tartlet pan; you must press the paste the form of the pan.

### Cinnamon Cakes.

Beat up six eggs with three tablespoonsful of rosewater; put to it a pound of sifted sugar, a dessertspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and enough flour to form it into a paste; roll it out thin, and cut it into any shape you please; place them on paper, and bake them. Remove them from the paper when done. Keep them dry.

### Green Sweet Corn.

Corn is much sweeter to be boiled on the cob. If made into succotash, cut it from the cobs, and boil it with Lima beans, and a few slices of salt pork. It requires boiling from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to its age.

### Boiled Corned Pork.

Take some nice slices of corned pork, broil them quickly. Have ready some butter, pepper and salt, with a spoonful of mixed mustard and a little vinegar; turn it over the pork. Serve hot for breakfast.

### Apples in Batter.

Pare and core several small-sized apples; set them in a deep dish; make a rich batter, and pour it over them; bake in a quick oven for one hour; serve with wine sauce.

### Apple Pudding.

Fill a pudding-dish with acid apples pared and quartered. Cover them with a thick crust, made as directed for soda biscuit, and bake half an hour; serve with sugar and cream.

### Soda Biscuit.

Take one pint of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, a little salt, and flour sufficient to mix the ingredients quite soft. Bake in a quick oven.

## Curious Matters.

### Remarkable Echo.

Mountain echoes are often very grand. "The voices of subterranean demons calling from the bottom of the world," is what the Arabs call them. One of the very grandest exists on the Kening-see, a picturesque lake in the Bavarian Highlands, at a spot where the naked cliff rises on one side to the height of five thousand feet, while the other side is clothed with forest. The report of a pocket pistol fired here is first returned faint and low from the wooded side, and dies away. In a second more it is heard gathering along the cliffs on the other side, like a gradual roll of thunder, increasing in volume until it breaks over your head in deafening crash, louder than the broadside of a ship of the line.

### Golden Balls.

The "three golden balls" used by pawnbrokers, as the sign of their calling, were originally the coat of arms of an Italian cardinal. On the establishment of the Monte di Pieta, at Rome, in the fifteenth century, the cardinal permitted the institution to use his heraldic emblems, that those dealing with it might understand it was directly under his protection and patronage. The institution was established for the purpose of lending money to the poor at a moderate rate of interest, and to counter-vail the exorbitant, usurious practices of the Jews, who formed, at that period, the great money-lenders of Europe.

### A romantic Marriage.

The war abounds in romantic marriages, one of the most recent of which is that of Major Rodman, of the 7th Connecticut regiment, and a Miss Buddington, of Groton. The bride, who is the daughter of Captain Buddington, of Groton, Conn., who brought the ship *Resolute* from the Arctic regions some years since, was in the South when the rebellion broke out, and remained with the rebels until a few weeks since, when she was forwarded under a flag of truce from their lines to Fernandina, for the purpose of returning to her friends at home. There Major Rodman met her, proposed with true military promptness, and the result was an unconditional surrender on the part of the lady, and speedy wedding.

### A new Idea.

A novel mode of lighting has been introduced at a Baptist church, just built at Philadelphia; there is not a gas-burner in the audience room. In the panels of the ceiling are circles of ground glass two feet in diameter. Above each of these, in the loft, is an argand burner and a powerful reflector. The effect is just about the same as if thirty full moons shone on the ceiling. The light is not sharp and intense, but abundant and mellow, and not painful to the eyes.

### Old Times.

The first importation of cattle to Massachusetts was by Mr. Winalow, the agent of the Plymouth colony, in the "Charity," in March, 1623. This same vessel brought over the first ship carpenter ever in New England, as well as the first salt manufacturer. The ship carpenter proved a worthy man; he built two ketches and a lighter, and then fell sick and died. The salt-maker was "ignorant and self-willed," and "his attempts to manufacture salt proved expensive and profitless."

### Singular Circumstance.

A fisherman, belonging to Edgartown, last year hooked a halibut, which he thought weighed about one hundred pounds, and which escaped, carrying off the hook and part of the line. A few weeks since the same person, in the same boat, caught the same fish, with the hook still in its mouth, and, what is very singular, the wound in his mouth had healed, although the hook was rusted. The fish was this time judged to weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds.

### A Curiosity.

The Danville (N. Y.) Herald says there is a smart little German boy in that village, named Lauterborn, who has been provided by nature with a whistle in his nose. It was noticed a few months since, and was supposed to proceed from a cold, but he recovered without losing his whistle, and a little practice will make him a greater curiosity than anything Barnum has got on hand now.

### A social Smoke.

The Utica Herald says some of the collegiates at Clinton College have provided themselves with an enormous bowl, of sufficient capacity to hold half a pound or so of "the weed," from which radiates numerous stems. The bowl is filled, placed on the floor, and the contents lighted, when the smoking fraternity gather round in a circle, apply their mouths to the stems, puff, and have a jolly time.

### Five Hundred Miles in one and a half Hours.

It is said that some of the most distinguished engineers in France have approved a plan for a railway from Paris to Marseilles, by which the journey, which now consumes eighteen hours, may be made in one hour and a half. The distance is five hundred and ten miles. The plan has been submitted to the emperor for his approbation. The hydraulic system, in which sliding is substituted for running on wheels, is that proposed.

### An old Settler.

A turtle was found a few days ago on the farm of William Allen, in Westport, with the initials of Weston Allen, Humphrey Allen and David Allen, cut on its shell. There was one date, 171- (the last figure undecipherable), and one of 1787. The same turtle was found on the same farm about twelve years ago.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### FACTS ABOUT WOMEN.

About women some queer things are said, which only the professed satirists have the hardihood to publish. Everybody remembers Punch's aphorism, that "men want all they can get, and women all they can't get." Starr King said in a lecture, that "whenever three women are walking together, two of them are laughing." We have ourselves remarked that of the men and women whom we meet in a fashionable promenade, the latter, as a general thing, have the more cheerful look. An ill-natured bachelor, to whom we mentioned the fact, said it was owing to their greater pride of apparel. "A well-dressed woman," said the impudent churl, "is always happy." It has been noticed that invariably fat women envy the lean ones, and the lean ones, the fat. A recent writer contributes the following:—"The smaller a lady is, so much the more does she affect sunflower rosettes, enormous flounces, and extra-sized ornaments. Diminutive ladies invariably admire giant-like gentlemen—and *vice versa*. Ladies who are greatly admired by their own sex are very seldom viewed in the same light by gentlemen. If you walk up the street with a bouquet in your hand, nine women out of ten will look attentively at it, while not one man out of ten will notice its existence. It is a curious fact, that those women who have made the most acquaintances during a long course of years, have by far the best memory for faces and persons. Although women are supposed to be the talkative sex, it is not less true that in learning a foreign tongue, men acquire more readily the facility in speaking it, while ladies understand it better and sooner when spoken to."

**A CARPENTER'S BILL.**—The following bill, rendered by a carpenter to a farmer for whom he had worked, seems at least curious:—"To hanging two barn doors and myself seven hours, one dollar and a half."

**JUST SO.**—The man who shows that he is vain of having done us a favor, pays himself, and saves us the trouble.

### IRISH GIRLS.

An American gentleman, travelling in Ireland, writes home the following account of his experience: "Of course we admire the beautiful lasses of Limerick, and a larger number of handsome, and often lovely peasant girls, is nowhere to be seen, even in Ireland. Limerick is quite famous for the beauty of its women—for their bewitching grace, their finely formed features, their dark hair and eyes, their elegance of form and stately carriage—and this is characteristic even of the poorest girls. We spoke of this matter in the hearing of our driver, but he set down the far-famed beauty of the Limerick lasses at a low figure.

"Fine girls! Ay, fine enough till their husbands bate 'em?"

"What, lay hands on a woman—beat 'em?"

"Sure they do, and don't they deserve it, too? A parcel of idle, lazy hussies—thinking of nothing but the boys, and getting them to marry them."

"But the boys are fond of the girls, too."

"Not half so bad as the girls—they won't be aisy sir. They won't let the boys alone! If they did, the boys 'nd never think ov them. I have been in England, sir, and seen the English girls get up in the morning and get their house tidied before breakfast, and make everything snug at home for a poor man—that's the kind of a girl for a wife, sir, not your pretty idle things like thim there?"

**STAG-NATION.**—Quilp, having spoken rather disparagingly of the female sex, in the hearing of a lady friend, was rebuked for his impertinence by the question, what would be the effect upon the men, if all the 'little dears' should perish?"—"Ah," said Quilp, "I acknowledge that the result would be a universal *stag-nation*!"

**GREATNESS.**—To expect to be great without having enemies, is to expect trees to shed their fruit without being "pelted."

**JUST REMEMBER.**—Stones and idle words are things not to be thrown at random.

**ENGLISH PALACES AND PARKS.**

Few of us have any definite idea of the amount of wealth and splendor that surround many of the English nobles in their princely residences. An intelligent American writing from England, describes some of these things.

Earl Spencer's homestead, situated about sixty miles from London, comprises ten thousand acres, tastefully divided into parks, meadows, pastures, woods and gardens. His library, called the finest private library in the world, contains fifty thousand volumes. Extensive and elegant stables, green-houses, and conservatories, game keeper's houses, dog kennels, porter's lodge and farm houses without number, go to complete the establishment. Hundreds of sheep and cattle graze in the parks about the house.

The Duke of Richmond's home farm at Goodwood, sixty miles from London, consists of twenty-three thousand acres, or over thirty-five square miles. And this is in crowded England, which has a population of 16,000,000, an area of only 50,000 square miles, or just 32,000,000 of acres, giving, were the land divided, but two acres to each inhabitant. The residence of the duke is a complete palace. One extensive hall is covered with yellow silk and pictures in the richest and most costly tapestry. The dishes and plates upon the tables are all of porcelain, silver and gold. Twenty-five race horses stand in the stable, each being assigned to the care of a special groom. A grotto near the house, the ladies spent six years in adorning. An aviary is supplied with almost every variety of rare and elegant birds. Large herds of cattle, sheep and deer are spread over the immense lawns.

The Duke of Devonshire's place, at Chatsworth, is said to excel in magnificence any other in the kingdom. The income of the duke is one million of dollars a year, and he is said to spend it all. In the grounds about his house are kept four hundred head of cattle, and fourteen hundred deer. The kitchen garden contains twelve acres, and is filled with almost every species of fruit and vegetables. A vast arboretum connected with the establishment, is designed to contain a sample of every tree that grows. There is also a grass conservatory 387 feet in length, 112 in breadth, 67 in height, covered by 76,000 square feet of glass, and warmed by seven miles of pipe conveying hot water. One plant was obtained from India by a special messenger, and is valued at \$10,000. One of the fountains near

the house plays 276 feet high, said to be the highest jet in the world. Chatsworth contains 3500 acres, but the duke owns 96,000 acres in the county of Derbyshire. Within the entire is one vast scene of paintings, sculpture, mosaic work, carved wainscoting, and all the elegancies and luxuries within the reach of almost boundless wealth and highly refined taste.

**A SMART WOMAN.**

An Irishman who was travelling on foot through an unfrequented part of the country, stopped at the house of a Scotch woman, and seeing no men around, remarked:

"Well, missus, you've some mighty nice hams."

"Nice hams," was the dry response.

"Faix, I think I'll have one, missus!"

"But ye'll no get ane, my man."

Pat, nothing daunted, put his foot upon a stool for the purpose of taking one down from the ceiling, where they hung, and he did so boldly, for he saw no one was in the house but the woman and a child. With a stern face, however, she suddenly stepped before him, and said:

"Did ony body see ye come in here?"

"The devil a one," was answered, defiantly.

"And the devil a ane 'll see ye gang out again. Bring me the axe, lassie."

In a moment the blackguard was out at the door and off, leaving her to enjoy a hearty laugh at the success of her ruse.

**A SPORTING GENT.**—A few days ago, a gentleman in the neighborhood of Cardiff, Wales, went out with his dog and gun. The dog, a pointer, came to "a point," when the "sporting gent," walking up, deliberately kicked the sagacious animal, saying, "You lazy brute, are you banged up already?"

**WHEN TO DRINK.**—It was a solemnly funny joke, that of the *bon vivant* who said there were only two occasions when a gentleman could drink brandy without a sacrifice of dignity and self-respect, viz., "when he has had salt fish for dinner, and when he hasn't!"

**A HUSBAND'S GRIEF.**—A man in New Hampshire had the misfortune recently to lose his wife. Over the grave he caused a stone to be placed, on which, in the depth of his grief he had ordered to be inscribed: "Tears cannot restore her—therefore I weep."



## ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

In the year 1800, and from that time until after Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, England's paper money was enormously extended. Gold was at a premium, and was hoarded with jealous care by those who thought that the country was on the brink of ruin, and that it could never recover from the blows which it had received, at home as well as abroad. Provisions were scarce and dear, and the poorer classes demanded bread or blood, and some of them cheered for Napoleon in the streets of London. Everything was inflated, and those who were in the habit of prophesying and reading the signs of the times, declared that bankruptcy was certain, and that England, as a first-class nation, would be heard of no more. And yet, in those very times, when all were predicting ruin, was laid the foundation of Great Britain's greatness and future prosperity. Singular as it may seem, yet such was the case, for by the extension of paper money men were forced to look around and see how they could invest it in the most profitable manner; and so they hit on factories, iron, steel, cotton, where were manufactured everything, from the size of a penknife to a lace collar, and thus was England's greatness secured; and selfish, brutal, piratical as she is, Great Britain stands to-day more powerful than ever, able to pay the interest on her national debt, large as it is, and willing to contribute millions for the pleasure of committing some fresh outrage on a weak nation, a tribe, or an infant colony.

Now from England let us turn to the United States. Little more than two years ago our national debt was so small that it was insignificant compared to our own resources. We had millions of gold, more than we could use to advantage. It came to us by the ton from California, and each steamer from Europe added to the general fund for the purpose of paying for stocks, which the rich men of England and Germany invested in because the rates of interest were higher here than at home. But as soon as our present war commenced, the stocks held by foreigners, or those who were timid, were sold, and the proceeds were remitted to Europe in gold, and then commenced a drain of our precious metal; and that fact, in connection with speculative movements, sent gold up to a large premium, and it will remain at a premium, more or less, according to our successes or failures, until peace is restored.

Greenbacks and postal currency have taken the place of gold. Every article of consumption is sold at inflated prices, just as it happened in England sixty years ago, but the country is not ruined, nor is it likely to be, as long as the internal taxes are collected, for they are guarantees that the debt which we are contracting will be paid. In fact, every man who pays a dollar in the shape of taxation endorses a greenback which passes for a dollar, and this is strengthening to the country; for we have no foreign loans, and as long as people have confidence in the government, we want none, so that we cannot see why the United States should not come out of the war in as good condition as England, did after twenty years of bloodshed.

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**SKILL IN FARMING.**—Skill adds more to the profits of farming than hard work. In the article of butter, for instance, the same outlay is required, or nearly the same, to make a hundred pounds of poor butter as would be required to make a hundred pounds of that which is good. But when the two articles are marketed, there may be five or six dollars of clear extra profit in the pocket of the skillful dairyman. The importance of scientific farming is realized by those who have found such benefit as is noted above in nearly every department of their labor.

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**TASTES OF DIFFERENT PEOPLE.**—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment "in a bite of guano." The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties. The South Sea Islanders differ from all these, their fancy dish being broiled clergymen, while they never get hold of a grass-colored umbrella without boiling it up for greens.

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**FEELING.**—Nothing moves the mass more than the exhibition of deep feeling. It speaks a language which the very humblest can understand, and challenges a response which not even the most callous are disposed to withhold.

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**TALL.**—There is a clearing out West where young ladies grow so tall that they stand on tip-toe and pick off the chestnuts from the loftiest trees.

## HANDSOME MEN.

Some young lady, who, probably has been slighted by a good-looking man, writes in the following style respecting masculine beauty. There is much truth in her observations: "What a very rare thing is a handsome man. He is an absolute Phoenix—a black swan. When we look round among our friends and acquaintance, or upon the crowds we encounter in our dally walks, what a very small quantity of 'fine, classical features' do we meet with. How rare are 'high and lofty foreheads, and 'finely-chiselled' nostrils. On the contrary, what numbers of snipe and snub noses, of high cheek bones and hollow cheeks, of extensive mouths, *sans* teeth, of dull and sunken eyes, of cadaverous complexions, encounter us at every turn. How many are short and fat, how many long and lanky, and nearly all how awkward! In fact, a very handsome man ought to be taken hold of and put in a show. It is not fitting that he be allowed to go at large. What is he but a reproach to his fellow-creatures—an odious comparison—a walking insult! Let him be confined or tattooed. It may not be new, but it is very true, that most things are valued in proportion to their rarity. Men are valuer of personal beauty than women, and far less skillful in concealing their vanity; consequently, a handsome man is a decided impertinence—a thorough-bred Narcissus. He is of opinion that the business of the world stands still in order to give the people engaged therein leisure to contemplate him. When he appears, he thinks that all thoughts and emotions in the breast of every one present are suspended and obliterated in order to make room for an intense feeling of admiration. He feels quite certain that every woman who looks upon him loves him, and that her peace of mind is from thenceforth sacrificed; and he has even the egregious folly to suppose that he is admired by those of his own sex! Poor, deluded mortal! Little does he dream that men of sense never bestow a thought upon his pretty face, and that those who are not overburdened with that quality, feel a very strong desire, indeed, to kick him."

**PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.**—A New York merchant imported four thousand dollars worth of gin on which he paid lately fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars duty to the government. That lot of gin has certainly contributed its share towards the defence of government.

## CLASSIFICATION OF KISSES.

An ingenious writer, who has bestowed years of intense reflection and active research upon the subject, has completed the following highly scientific classification: "I have found," he says, "that there are only three regular kisses (properly so-called), and these may be denominated the kiss negative; the kiss positive; and the kiss superlative. The first, or negative, consists in kissing a lady's hand. The second, or positive, consists in kissing her cheek. And the third, or superlative, consists in kissing her lips. There are, besides, two auxiliary kisses, viz., the kiss passive, such as is inflicted by old maiden aunts, nurses and grandmothers; and the kiss active in use, principally, on the Gretna Green road *per gliamanti novelli sposio*. The first, the kiss passive, is generally declined by the kissee, whilst the latter, the kiss active, kisser and kissee in number as well as in gender. Independent of the preceding regular and auxiliary kisses, there are, for the convenience of society, a few supernumerary or irregular ones, such as, the incidental, or stage kiss; the petty larceny, or stolen kiss; the mutual, or reciprocity kiss; the sly, or "don't tell" kiss; the cooing, or *a la tourterelle* kiss; the honey-moon, or bridal kiss; the mute, or sighing kiss; the merry, or laughing-gas kiss; the echo, or percussion kiss; the semi-angry, or pouting kiss; the hysteric, or humbug kiss; the wheedling, or *chegne* kiss; and the barley-sugar *en papillate*; which two kisses are successfully practised by youngish wives on oldish husbands, in order to raise the requisite ("ruination") supplies. The latter one, by the way, is very rarely committed during the season of adolescence or mullebrity, being tolerated chiefly by young gentlemen in their earliest teens, and exceedingly juvenile misses who have not quite outgrown their bit."

**VISITING A HAREM.**—The Princess Clotilde visited the imperial harem while in Alexandria, took dinner with the ladies there, saw them dance, had a very nice time indeed, and promised to look in again and bring her knitting.

**AN INGLORIOUS DEATH.**—An Englishman, a captain in the British army, was recently killed in Virginia. He had entered the Confederate service, and turned bushwhacker. In an encounter with our cavalry he was wounded and died a few days afterwards.

**PARISIAN THIEVES.**

"The thieves of Paris," said an enthusiastic Frenchman, during a discussion with an Englishman respecting the merits of the two countries, "are the most adroit in the world."

"And the burglars of London," responded the Englishman, with British grit, "are as bold as lions, and cannot be excelled in their profession."

Both parties were right, for while the London cracksman is bold and persevering, the Paris thief is sly and adroit. The latter often dress like literary gentlemen, wearing spectacles, in order to give rise to the supposition that they are short-sighted—a supposition indispensable to the successful pursuit of their vocation, which is neither more nor less than a peculiar and ingenious species of theft. They enter the shop of a dealer in precious stones, and ask to be shown an assortment of small diamonds or pearls. These diminutive gems are ordinarily displayed to the purchaser upon a piece of white paper, and as the visitor pretends to be extremely short-sighted, he stoops close to the paper, and manages, without much risk of discovery, to pick up, with his tongue, a number of diamonds, which are not missed until the thief has made good his escape. A chevalier d'industrie of this description has just been detected, under the following circumstances: A jeweller in the Palais Royal, who had been victimized in the mode above described, related his mishap to a confre, giving, at the same time, an exact description of the thief. Only a day or two afterward, the fellow called upon the second jeweller, and was immediately recognized. Assurance in this respect became doubly sure, when he asked to be shown some small pearls. The tradesman replied that he had none at the moment, but expected to receive a large quantity that very day, and invited the customer to call the next morning. Meantime, notice was given to the police, and at the proper time a detective concealed himself in the shop. By his directions the jeweller impregnated his pearl card with a bitter drug, and awaited the arrival of the man in spectacles, who was punctual to his appointment. At the propitious moment he "imbibed" a number of pearls, but the bitter taste of the paper threw him off his guard, and he involuntarily betrayed himself by rejecting his plunder. The detective then emerged from beneath the counter and seized his unresisting prey.

An English cracksman would not have been discomposed by the drug. He would have stifled all evidence of disgust, though he had choked in the attempt. But he would never have thought of stealing precious stones by the aid of his tongue.

**A FEW PLAIN FACTS.**

A bar of iron valued at five dollars, worked into horseshoes, is worth ten dollars and fifty cents; needles, three hundred and fifty-five dollars; penknife blades, three thousand two hundred and eighty-five dollars; shirt buttons, twenty-nine thousand four hundred and eighty dollars; balance springs of watches, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Thirty-one pounds of iron have been made into wire upwards of one hundred and eleven miles in length, and so fine was the fabric that a part of it was converted, in lieu of horse hair, into a barrister's wig. Yet there are three things to which "improving" is of no use: Dirty water will quench fire as well as clean water; a plain wife is as good for a blind man as a pretty one; and a wooden sword, for a coward, is as well as a better tempered one!

**AN EXPENSIVE LAP DOG.**—The lap dog of the Empress Eugenie is thus described: "Her hair (it's a she) is fully eight inches long, and of snowy whiteness and silky fineness. The body is very small, as is also the head, but the tail appears an enormous fleece, and the ears of proportionate size. Coquette lives in a glass house, on the floor of which is a Persian carpet. She lies upon a cushion covered with crimson silk, and seems a very dainty being. Her food and the water which she drinks are placed in a corner of the aforesaid glass house on a porcelain plate and in a silver cup which she won for her late proprietor."

**A BLACK-BALLED ALDERMAN.**—An alderman of the city of London, desirous of being elected a member of the "City Club," has been rejected by seventy black balls, because he was a tradesman.

**A NEW PLAYTHING.**—The Empress Eugenie's newest plaything is a real Venetian gondoller and a gondola—both very handsome.

**MODESTY.**—Unaffected modesty is the sweetest charm of female excellence—the richest gem in the diadem of their honor.

## A DUKE AND HIS DIAMONDS.

In Paris the Duke of Brunswick, a near relative of the Queen of England, lives in a hotel of a peculiar architecture, painted a brick-dust-pink all over, situated not very far from the Champs Elysees on the Boulevard Beaujon. The duke is more than 70 years old; but to meet him as he drives along in state, in his elegant open carriage, you would say there is a very happy man of about 40, in the very prime of life. He is gotten up every day most elaborately by his valet, who paints his cheeks, his lips and his eyebrows artistically. His hair cannot be dyed, for, alas! it has departed. But he had the habit in former days of having his hair cut every month; he has thirty-one wigs, each one in the exact state of growth his hair would have been if it had remained—so that it would be impossible to say that he has not the natural ornament of his head. His dress is elaborately elegant, and he lives in state and grandeur. But he has “the skeleton in his closet” (more than one, the world says, having had a wild youth)—the dread of being robbed. He resides in a house which is built less for comfort than for safety. It is proof against fire or thieves. It is surrounded by a lofty, thick wall, on the top of which is a *chevaux de frise*, so arranged that, if a strange hand should touch one of the spikes, a bell immediately begins ringing. This defence cost the duke no less than \$10,000, owing to its complicated arrangements. The duke has an extraordinary collection of diamonds, valued at \$2,250,000. He has caused to be printed a catalogue of these gems, giving the history of each one of them—the whole forming a pamphlet of 268 quarto pages. One came from a Turkish sabre, and, after many adventures, became the property of a Jew in Europe; another once sparkled in a royal diadem; a third glittered on the breast of a German emperor; a fourth fastened the plume in the hat of an archduke. A black diamond, obtained from the treasury of a nabob, served for centuries in India as the eye of an idol. A wondrously fine pink brilliant once belonged to the jewels of the Emperor Baba, at Agra, and is said to be invaluable. A set of twelve studs was once worn by the Emperor Pedro of Brazil as waistcoat buttons. A diamond ring of the purest water belonged to Maria Stuart, and has her arms and “M. S.” engraved upon it. A pair of diamond ear-rings were once the property of Marie Antoinette. The duke has a large number of diamonds valued at \$15,000,

\$20,000, and \$30,000; two at \$45,000; three at \$52,000, and one at \$60,000. Notwithstanding these valuable possessions, he is now bargaining for two others, estimated at \$177,500 and \$487,500. The possessor of all these treasures is their slave. He dares not leave his stronghold, even for a single night, lest he may be robbed. The jewels are kept in a safe set into a wall, and the duke's bedstead before it, so that no thief can break in without either waking him, or by first putting him out of the way. If this safe should be broken forcibly, four guns would be discharged, and the burglar would have little chance of escape with his life. The discharge of the guns causes an alarm bell to ring in every room in the house. The bed-room has only one small window. The bolt and lock on this door are of the stoutest iron, and can be opened only by a man who knows the secret. A case containing twelve loaded revolvers stands by the side of the bed. Besides this every window in the house is provided with a secret apparatus which sets a regular chime of bells to ringing if any sacrilegious hand should touch them from the outside. His story, with all his countless treasure, is like those of misers in all time—he is tortured by riches.

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**ELECTRIC CLOCKS.**—Electric clocks have become very general in France within the last few years, several of the chief lines of railway, as well as a number of public buildings in Paris being “timed” in this manner. It is now proposed to erect small clock towers, simple columns, with dials on all sides, in the main thoroughfares of Paris. The hands of the whole of the dials will be put in movement by an electric current from the observatory.

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**A NEW DRINK.**—A new temperance drink is described by the San Francisco Herald, composed of “three parts of root beer and two of water gruel, thickened with soft squash, and strained through a cane-bottom chair.”

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**REMEMBER.**—A dollar in the hand looks larger than ten dollars seen through the perspective of a sixty-day due bill. Cash is practical, while credit takes horribly to taste and romance.

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**WITTY.**—“My son,” said a man of doubtful morals, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, “I believe Satan has got hold of you.” “I believe so, too,” was the reply.

## Facts and Fancies.

### A SOLDIER'S YARN.

A dozen of the officers of the Army of the Potomac had dined together, and one of them who had served in the Mexican war, suddenly exclaimed:

"I saw the thing myself, I tell you!"

He had been telling a yarn, and D. doubted it.

"What's that, Charley?" cried half a dozen voices.

"Why, here's D. making wry faces at a short story I told him about the Mexican war."

"Let's have it. Come, story or death?" was the general exclamation.

"Because, you see, when a man doubts my veracity, gentleman—"

"Come, Charley, no nonsense. The story."

"Well, if you will have it, your sins be on your own heads."

"I was going up with an escort of dragoons from Vera Cruz to Jalapa. Among the party was a greenhorn from the West, who was remarkable only for an extraordinary fondness for eggs. At every stopping-place along the road, the first thing he did was to search the peasants' huts and their environs for a supply of his favorite edible. To such a degree was his mania carried, that some of us hinted to him one day that 'the only feather he would ever have in his cap,' would be a chicken feather."

"Things went on quietly enough, and we went on in the same manner. 'Eggs,' as we unanimously named our friend, getting on, too, famously, and causing a fit of astonishment in every one of our Mexican hosts and hostesses by the unvarying display of his peculiar passion."

"At length our journey approached its end. The last night we spent on the road was at a ranchero's habitation. 'Eggs,' after ransacking, managed to procure a couple of dozen specimens of his favorite esculent. He had one dozen cooked for his supper, devoured them, and placed the other dozen in a bit of carpet by his blanket-bed, reserving them for his breakfast. Soon every man of us, except the sentries, were fast asleep. I was thrown near our greenhorn, and during the night was frequently disturbed by strange sounds coming from his neighborhood. Suddenly I felt my arm shaken, and a hoarse whisper in my ear awoke me. Day was breaking; it was sufficiently light to distinguish objects clearly. A sign to keep silent restrained my exclamation of surprise as I beheld all my comrades sitting up, each on his own blanket, and all looking towards 'Eggs.' He was still fast asleep. And what do you think we saw? Why, two old hens were industriously engaged in smashing 'Eggs's' reserved eggs, whilst a dozen more were squatted all over his stomach trying to hatch those he had swallowed at supper!"

Just then the drums beat for the dress parade, and the company separated.

### MINCE PIES VS. TRACTS.

A good story is related by a German who was confined in one of the hospitals at Nashville, which serves conclusively that sick soldiers appreciate food for the stomach more than food for the mind. He said that a rebel lady visited the hospital one morning with a negro servant, who carried a large basket on his arm covered with a white linen cloth. She approached our German friend and accosted him thus:

"Are you a good Union man?"

"I lah dat," was the laconic reply of the German, at the same time casting a hopeful glance at the aforesaid basket.

"That is all I wanted to know," replied the lady; and beckoning to the negro to follow, she passed to the opposite side of the room, where a rebel soldier lay, and asked him the same question, to which he very promptly replied, "Not by a great sight!" The lady thereupon uncovered the basket and laid out a bottle of wine, mince pies, pound cake, and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured in the presence of the Union soldiers, who felt somewhat indignant. On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance with a large covered basket, and she accosted our Union man. "Fish, I no care what you got. I bese Union." The lady then set her basket on the table, and our German friend thought that the truth availed in this case, if it did not in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow's face when the lady uncovered her basket and presented him with about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head dolefully, and said:

"I no read English, and peside, dat rebel no de noter side o' de house need dem so more as me."

The lady distributed them and left. Not long afterwards along came another richly-dressed lady, who propounded the same question again to our German friend. He stood gazing at the basket, apparently at a loss for a reply. At length he answered her, in Yankee style, as follows:

"Yoa no got me dis time! Vat you got mit de basket?"

The lady required an unequivocal answer to her question, and was about to move on, when our German friend shouted out:

"If you got tracts, I bese Union; but if you got mince pie, mit pound cake unt vine, I bese secesh like ter tuyvel."

### A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

A gentleman was once arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped.

"I tell you what, ma'am," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction."

"Not open to conviction, sir!" was the indignant reply. "I scorn the imputation, sir. I am open to conviction. But," she added, after a pause, "show me the man that can convince me."

## A SCOTCH WIDOW.

The clerk of a large parish not five miles from Bridgenoth, Scotland, perceiving a female crossing a churchyard in a widow's garb, with a watering can and bundle, had the curiosity to follow her, and he discovered her to be Mrs. Smith, whose husband had not long been interred. The following conversation took place:

"Ah, Mrs. Smith, what are you doing with your watering can?"

"Why, Mr. Prince, I have begged a few hay-seeds, which I have in a bundle, and am going to sow them upon my poor husband's grave, and have brought a little water with me to make them spring."

"You have no occasion to do that, as the grass will soon grow upon it," replied the clerk.

"Ah, Mr. Prince, that may be—but do you not know my husband, who now lies here, made me promise him, on his death-bed, I would never marry again till the grass had grown over his grave, and having a good offer made me, I ~~dona~~ wish to break my word, or be kept as I am."

## A COOL THIEF.

An infirm old gentleman was found by a rogue moaning sadly for something lost.

"What is the matter, sir?" said the fellow.

"O, sir, a villain has just stolen my hat from my head, and ran away with it!"

"Why don't you run after him?" asked the rogue.

"Bless your heart, sir, I can't run at all! I can hardly walk."

"The deuce you can't!" said the rogue. "And he stole your hat?"

"Yes, he did, sir."

"And you can't run?"

"Not I."

"Nor catch him?"

"No."

"Then here goes for your wig!" and accordingly, pulling off the thatch from his head, the fellow went off like a shot from a skillet, and the old gentleman was left as bald as a coot.

## THE REASON WHY.

In a country town, somewhere in Vermont, a well-known farmer stepped into a doctor's office, and asked the boy, who was in attendance:

"Mungo, is the doctor in?"

"No, sir."

"O Lord! and I'm nearly dead with the tooth-ache."

"But I'll draw the tooth for you, if you wish it drawn."

"You cannot. Did you ever draw any teeth afore?"

"Yes, I have, sir."

"Faith, I'll rather come back again and see the doctor than trust you."

The old gentleman went off, and ere long he returned with the old question:

"Mungo, my man, is the doctor in now?"

"No, sir; he's not come yet."

"What am I to do? "I'm nearly dead with the pain. Mungo, are you perfectly downright sure you've drawn teeth before this?"

"I really have, sir," said the boy.

"Then get the nippers, and take out mine. Now mind!—take care—be canny."

The youth extracted the tooth, and after the old gentleman got over the shock it caused, and found himself relieved, he complimented him on the skill he had shown, and then asked him how many teeth he had drawn before operating on himself.

"Only thirty-two," said Mungo.

"Thirty-two! Faith, I think it's a *only*! Where in the world did all the folk come from?"

"O, I took them all out of one man's mouth?"

"That was dreadful! I wonder the man let you pull them."

"He couldn't prevent me?"

"How?"

"Because he was dead."

The old gentleman sprung from his seat, ejaculated, "Mercy on us," and hurriedly left the shop.

## "THRYIN' TO THE BASTE."

A Hibernian, fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart (the latter a kind probably he never saw before), went to work on a public road. Being directed by the overseer to move a lot of stones near by and deposit them in a gully on the other side of the road, he forthwith loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing off his load by hand, when the "boss" told him that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load at once. Paddy replied that he would know better next time. After loading again, he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder to the wheel, and upset the cart, horse and all into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking rather doubtful at his horse below him, he observed, "Bedad, it's a mighty expeditious way, but it must be thryin' to the baste!"

## AN ADDRESS TO THE JURY.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer, "you are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I had a brief. The defendant, being a stout, able-bodied man, rushed like an assassin upon my client, who is a frail young widow; and, why did not the thunders of heavens blast him, when he stooped towards her, stretched forth his arms like the forked lightnings of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the mouth?"

Give us not poverty nor riches, but a two-story house "all by ourselves."

## SLEEPING IN THE CARS.

A great many funny things happen, and any quantity of amusing stories are told of occurrences that take place on railroads. A little incident transpired on the road between Buffalo and Rochester that is really about as good of its kind as anything we have heard lately, and proves conclusively that the longest way round is the shortest way home.

A gentleman having business to transact at Syracuse took the evening train from Buffalo at 7 o'clock, and departed on his journey. Having been laboriously engaged during the whole day, and being considerably fatigued, he fell sound asleep just the other side of Attica, and only stirred from his position when the conductor came about to collect the tickets. At Rochester passengers are transferred to another train, which takes them East, and those who had come from the West had arranged themselves comfortably in the other train—all except our friend. He was so sound asleep that nothing waked him. The consequence was that the cars started at their time and he was left.

The train from the east arrived just as the other was leaving, and the passengers for Buffalo left the cars in which they had been riding, and stepped into the same train in which the sleeper came to Rochester. Another conductor was in charge of the train, and was obliged to wake the gentleman to obtain his fare.

"Do you go through, sir?" asked the conductor.

"Y-e-s," replied the sleepy head.

"I'll take your fare."

"How much?"

"Eleven shillings."

"Well, that's cheap," supposing that he was paying from Rochester to Auburn—and forking over the amount, subsided into his former position to finish his snooze.

At Attica he was again shaken unmercifully by the conductor and his fare again demanded.

"By George, I've slept like a book all the way—never had a better bed in the cars in my life. What's the fare?"

"Ninety-three cents."

"Well, that's cheap—cheaper than I have ever paid before," and he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

By-and-by the cars arrived at the depot in Buffalo; the noise and confusion here effectually awakened our traveller, and he left the cars with the rest of the passengers. On alighting he stops short, stared about, rubbed his eyes, stared again, looked at the lamps, then at the conductor, and finally exclaimed:

"Well, by thunder!"

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the conductor.

"Where am I?"

"Why, in Buffalo, to be sure. You can't go any further west on this road."

"Well, this is pretty business! Last night I took the cars here to go to Syracuse, and now find

myself at five o'clock in the morning at Buffalo. If I aint an ass, there never was one!"

And off he went, muttering and swearing to and at himself, the swearing being done up in language nervous but very malignant—strong but very unsentimental, such as would be highly improper to ears polite.

## EXTRAORDINARY SOPORIFIC.

"O, dear, dear, dear, what shall I do, Mrs. Jenkins?" asked a heart-stricken wife of her friend the other day. "Here's my poor husband, with his nerves all unstrung, a wanting sleep, and can't get it. He's laid awake for twenty-seven days. Mrs. Jenkins, if he's laid awake an hour—twenty-seven everlasting days and nights—and can't get a wink. What shall I do to put him to sleep?"

"Poor emaciated critter!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins. "Poor soul, I'm afeared you will have to give him up and let him go. Husbands must die, you know, Mrs. Moggs. It is ordered so by nature."

"Eh, what's that? I thought I heard him speak," said Mrs. Moggs, going towards the bedroom. The sufferer was turning over in bed.

"Molly!" said he, feebly.

"What, my dear?"

"Have you tried everything that will put people to sleep?"

"Yes, my dear, the Lord knows, and Mrs. Jenkins, too, that I have tried everything in this world that puts folks to sleep, and it's no use." And the afflicted woman sobbed violently.

"Then, if I must, I must!" said Mr. Moggs.

"Must what?" asked his wife, in terror.

"Must have Rev. Mr. Yawney called," gasped he.

"Bless me, he's dying!" cried the two women; and in ten minutes the clergyman was at his bedside. A haggard smile flitted across the face of the restless Mr. Moggs, and while the worthy gentleman was solemnly addressing him, he closed his eyes.

"O, he's dead! he's dead!" screamed the frightened Mrs. Moggs.

"Hush your nonsense, Molly!" exclaimed the sufferer, opening his eyes, "and let him go on with his remarks. I shall be asleep in a few minutes."

And it proved so. In three days Moggs was well.

## AN INDIGNANT MAN.

Sammy Usher fell off the dock at Bristol, and was fished out by a man whom of all others he disliked. He was fast sinking, and his cries, growing fainter, fortunately reached the ear of Parker Borden, who jumped in and fished up the drowning man, just in time to save his life. Sammy shook off the water, and turned to thank his deliverer, when he saw in the uncertain light that it was no other than his ancient foe. The gratitude depicted in his face changed at once to indignation and disgust. "What sort of a place is this town of Bristol," said he, "that when a gentleman falls into the dock, there is nobody but Parker Borden to help him out?"



# Mr. Jollypaunch and his Fishing Excursion.



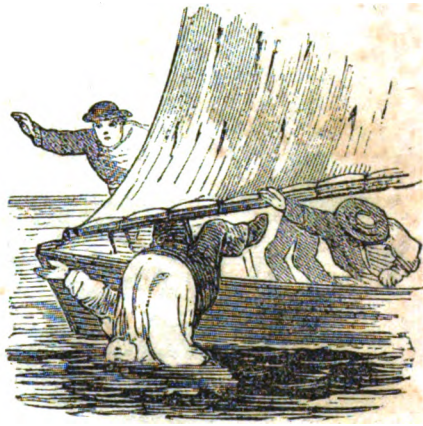
Mr. Jollypaunch and his friends bargain for a boat and supplies.



A sweeping haul.



Crushing friendship on the part of Mr. Jollypaunch.



Mr. Jollypaunch takes an involuntary bath—consternation of his friends.



Mr. Jollypaunch is rammed down.



The rescue.

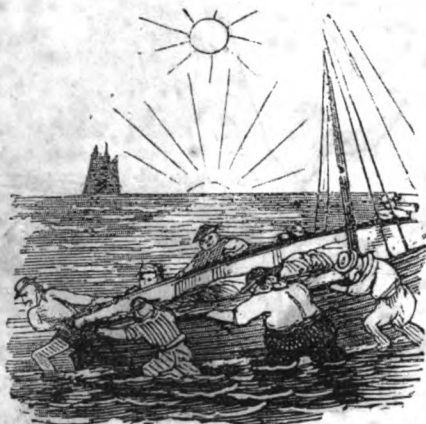
**THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Congratulations.



High and very dry.



Striking out for deep water.



Mr. Jollypaunch is first hook.



The first fish. Panic of the fishers.



The return—water above and below.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 4.

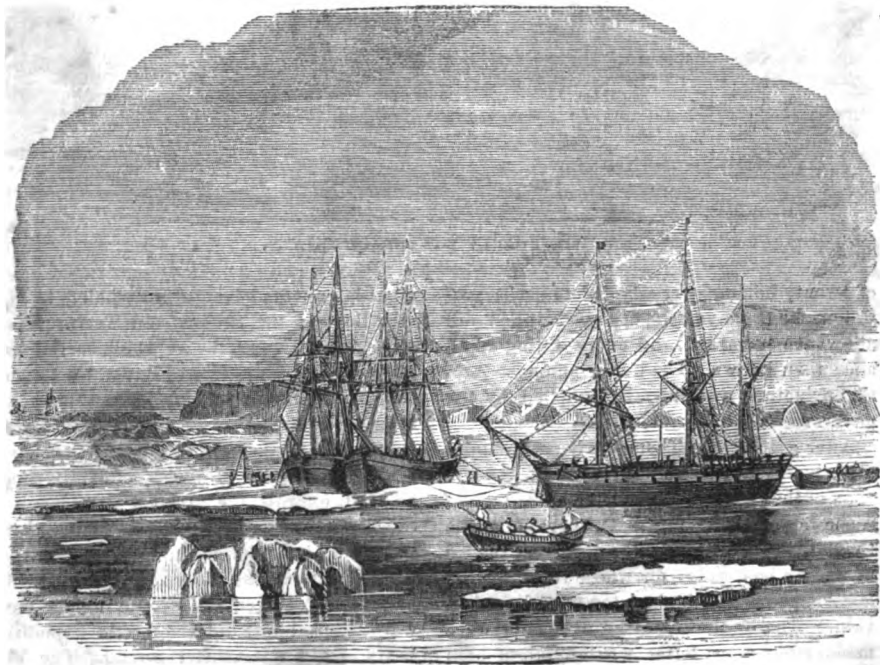
BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1863.

WHOLE No. 106.

## SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

Next summer, renewed efforts are to be made to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men; therefore we need offer no apologies to the readers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** for publishing the following engravings of arctic scenes, and a brief narrative of Sir John and his last expedition, and the one sent out in search of him, equipped and despatched through the energy of Lady Franklin, who, even to this late day, has not lost all hope of once more meeting her husband on earth. In the search for Sir John Franklin,

Americans have taken a prominent part. Private individuals have contributed money and vessels, and brave men have perilled their lives, but beyond a few relics, a number of confused Esquimaux legends, the American expeditions have returned without accomplishing any great result, and the English expeditions can be classed with the American, as far as discovering the fate of Sir John Franklin is concerned. In the spring of 1845, England sent forth two stout, well-formed ships of the Royal Navy, the *Erebus* and *Ter-*

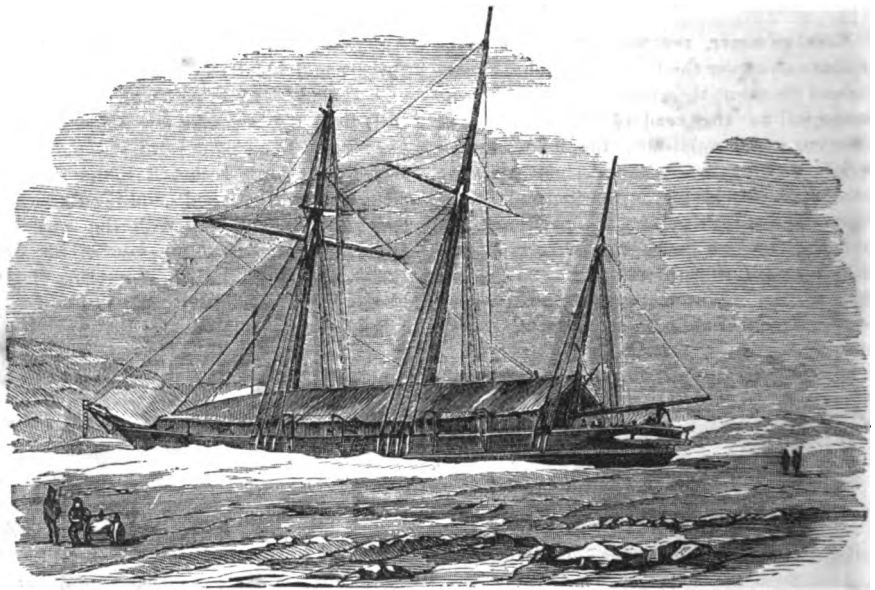


THE WHALERS' LAST VIEW OF FRANKLIN'S SHIPS.

ror, under Captain Sir John Franklin, to seek "a northwest passage" to the Pacific from the Atlantic ocean. Sir John Franklin selected as his second in command Captain F. R. M. Crozier, a well-tried explorer like himself, and who had only recently returned from the successful Antarctic voyage of Sir James Ross. Franklin hoisted his pennant in the Erebus, Crozier in the Terror, and, out of the hundreds of gallant officers and men who thronged to share in the glorious enterprise, one hundred and thirty-seven were chosen, the pick of the royal and mercantile navies of England. The screw propeller, then a great novelty, was fitted to both vessels; engines

purpose and noble enthusiasm—and thence, on the 8th of June, they put to sea, steering for the extreme of Greenland, appropriately enough named Cape Farewell.

A month later we looked down upon them at anchor in the middle of a rocky congeries of islets on the east side of Baffin's Bay. The crews of the Erebus and Terror are zealously employed loading, ay, even piling the decks up with provisions, stores and coals from a store-ship which accompanied them from England to complete them fully with every requisite up to the latest minute. This done on the night (for night was then as light as day) of July 12th, 1845, they put to sea. A fort-



THE FOX IN WINTER QUARTERS.

of twenty horse-power adapted to each; provisions for three years (until 1848) upon full allowance embarked, and every fitting appliance then known to be useful amongst Arctic navigators was liberally supplied by the government.

After quitting the Thames, where the equipment had been carried out, the first rendezvous of the two ships was at the anchorage of "The Long Hope," in the Orkneys—a name touchingly suggestive of the departure thence of many a bold sailor, for whose return hearts had long hoped, and, alas! too often hoped in vain. There the last arrangements were made, many a last letter written, full of high

night later some adventurous whalers in Melville Bay saw the Erebus and Terror struggling manfully with the ice which barred their progress across the Bay of Baffin to Lancaster Sound. Seven officers man a boat and drag her over the ice to visit the whalers—one of those officers is Fitzjames—they go on board the Prince of Wales, of Hull, report all well, express the greatest confidence in the success of their expedition, bid the hearty skipper a kind good-by, and return to their ships. That evening, July 26th, the ice, which had hitherto barred their route to the westward, opened out, and the Arctic expedition bears away for Lancaster Sound. The bold





THE CAIRN.

cliffs of Cape York, the vast dome-like masses of cold, glistening glacier which smothers the mainland of Greenland fade away in the eastern horizon, stupendous icebergs, rich in fretwork of icicle and gorgeous with coloring, surround the pigmy craft and the great hearts embarked in them; all is strange and wonderful. Well might they halt to inspect the wonders of Nature's great northern laboratory. No, they proudly hope to carve for their countrymen a new highway to the West. The black sky seen in that direction, tells their anxious leader that an open sea of water lies at the mouth of Lancaster Sound—they must not tarry—the topsail sheets fly home, the ice-anchors are got in, all sail set, and away they speed to fulfil their mission, or fall like men in its accomplishment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two long years elapsed. No tidings came to England of the Erebus and Terror. In the words of an American writer, "expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread." And when the first two attempts to solve the mystery under Sir James Ross and Sir John

Richardson failed to throw any light upon their fate, many in England gave themselves up to despair, and those who from their official position carried much weight with their opinions, were the first to declare farther search for the missing expedition a fruitless task. The better feelings, however, of the nation came to the rescue, and public sympathy was encouraged and directed by the clever and energetic wife of Franklin, aided and advised by many who really understood the subject.

The English government did not believe that it was humane to send an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; but at last public opinion, and a wife's entreaties, prevailed, and a vessel was sent out, and returned unsuccessful; and then all eyes were turned to the American expeditions. They made some discoveries, but it remained for the Fox, Captain M'Clintock, a small schooner, purchased by Lady Franklin, and through the aid of some friends fitted out, to find important relics. Captain M'Clintock had been constantly employed in the Arctic service, and to his skill and industry the perfect equipment of modern arctic expeditions is mainly due. He gallantly stepped forward as the leader, waiving both rank and emolument; all he sought was the means to carry out what conviction told him were the just conclusions of Lady Franklin. The Fox sailed in 1857, but the season was a bad one in Baffin's Bay; the disruption of the Polar ice had been unusually great, and those narrow seas were choked with its broken masses. The Fox was somewhat late, owing to Lady Franklin having delayed her equipment until the last minute in the anxious expectation of the government undertaking the final search, and the



THE GRAVES.

consequence was, that after Captain M'Clintock had sailed up and down the seaward edge of the packed ice in Melville Bay without finding a promising passage through the *middle ice*, he was obliged to enter it at all risk, under a well-known headland, called the Devil's Thumb, situated on the Greenland coast, nearly opposite the entrance of Lancaster Sound. Here commenced on the 6th of August, 1857, the struggle of the gallant yacht Fox and her crew of twenty-five persons with the ice of the Polar Sea. Early in September, M'Clintock saw that his craft was assuredly imprisoned for a winter's drift, and made preparations accordingly. The vessel was not released from the ice until May 8th, 1858,

and Point Herschel nothing of any great importance was discovered. At this half-way station, however, the top of a piece of wood was seen by Lieutenant Hobson sticking out of the snow, and on digging round it, a boat was discovered. She was standing on a very heavy sledge, and within her were two skeletons. The one in the bottom of the stern-sheets was covered with a great quantity of thrown-off clothing, the other one in the bows appeared to have been that of some poor fellow who had crept there to look out, and in that position fallen into his long last sleep. A couple of guns, loaded and ready cocked, stood upright to hand, as if they had been placed there ready for use against wild ani-



DISCOVERING ONE OF FRANKLIN'S BOATS.

when M'Clintock pushed across Lancaster Sound, entered Barrow's Straits, found a depot of provisions at Beechy Island, continued on to the westward part of Cape Notham and Griffith's Island, and then commenced searching in the regions of the Great Fish River, and ultimately wintered in Bellot Channel, from which place the crew made long expeditions on foot in search of some trace of Franklin's expedition. They were successful in finding a cairn, erected by Franklin's men, and four graves, with the names of the deceased, and the ships to which they belonged, carved on the boards at the head of the graves. Around the cairn lay strewed about a vast quantity of articles. From this spot to a point about half-way between Point Victory

males. Around this boat was another accumulation of cast-off articles, and Captain M'Clintock believes that the party who placed her there were returning to the ships as if they discovered their strength unequal to the terrible journey before them, and this hypothesis seems perfectly rational, though we believe that the stronger portion of the crews still pushed on with another boat, and that some reached Montreal Island and ascended the Great Fish River. No other discoveries of importance were made, and as soon as the ice opened, the little Fox ran for home, reaching England in safety, but carrying no cheering news for Lady Franklin, who still mourns and still hopes, but it is a hope that never will be realized.



ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.





## THE STEP-MOTHER.

The word "step-mother" grates harshly on the ear. Step-mothers, as a class, are generally detested, and the possibility of one doing her duty never enters the brain of most persons. I was very forcibly struck, a few days ago, in calling on a lady friend of mine who had married a widower. She was the eldest daughter of a widowed mother, and the chief support of her and her youngest sisters, who had, one by one, left their mother's humble home and gone to comfortable abodes of their own, until but two remained. Sarah Woodward was sixteen, and Agnes twenty-eight at the time of her marriage.

Agnes Woodward was truly refined, and no one for a moment would hesitate to pronounce her a perfect lady, although before her marriage to Mr. Vernon, the rich widower, she worked from Monday morning until Saturday night at Mr. Wilcox's book-bindery; she, therefore, had but few advantages.

Many were astonished when Mr. Vernon married her; his friends thought he ought to have chosen one in his own circle. But Mrs. Vernon's unassuming manners soon won the respect and admiration of her husband's friends.

At the time of Mr. Vernon's marriage with Agnes Woodward, he was the father of two beautiful daughters, Mary and Emma, of the respective ages of ten and eight. Their mother had been dead four years. From the time of her death they had resided with their grandmother, Mrs. Harper, a proud, fashionable woman, who petted and spoiled her deceased daughter's children after the most approved manner.

Mrs. Harper was very indignant when Mr. Vernon came to remove his daughters to their paternal mansion. She wept bitterly to think her grandchildren should be under the control of a step-mother, and one who, in Mrs. Harper's eyes, was far from possessing any of the attributes of a lady.

On the afternoon I visited Mrs. Vernon I could not but admire the love little Emma Vernon openly showed for her step-mother, and I remarked to Mrs. Vernon, "Your little daughter appears to love you very much."

"Yes, I believe Emma does, and I could not love her more if she was my own child."

I did not doubt she spoke the truth, for the tears of genuine sympathy stood in her eyes, and she drew the little head, that rested on her bosom, closer to her.

"But," she added, "the first time I ever saw Mr. Vernon's children I was afraid that

I was going to prove a step-mother indeed to his daughters. Ah! I shall never forget the day that Mr. Vernon ordered his carriage to be got ready, and drove to Mrs. Harper's for his children, how impatiently I awaited his return. After two hours' absence he came, leading his two little daughters by the hand, and said, 'Agnes, you will be a mother to my little girls for my sake.' I told him I should try to be as good a one as I possibly could be. I then kissed Mary, who lovingly returned my embrace; but Emma would not allow me to kiss her. Mr. Vernon exclaimed, 'Come, Emma, kiss your new mama, there's a good girl.'

"No, I will not kiss her," spoke the little pouting mouth, 'for she's not my mama. Grandma says my beautiful mama is in heaven.'

"I felt the little heart was closed against me. I suppose some women would have told Mr. Vernon to send her to the nursery, but I wept from disappointment, for I thought my husband's child would not have refused my offered love. Mary, who had not yet spoken to me, came and kissed me again, saying, 'Mama, please do not mind what Emma says.'

"Emma, when she saw her sister so kind, kissed me also, and burst into tears. It was thus that my husband's children and I became friends; but I do not give myself any credit for winning their love, or even treating them kindly; perhaps if they had treated me differently I should have lost my patience with, and would have been a severe mother to them; but they were affectionate children. I try to correct their faults, and I tell them unless they are obedient and good, God will not love them. Besides, would I not be the most ungrateful of human beings if I did not be kind to them? For Mr. Vernon has been father and husband to me and my family; he has sent my sister Sarah to a good boarding-school, and my dear mother has found a home to spend her old age in with me."

I took my departure from Mrs. Vernon's with the conviction there were some step-mothers who supplied the place of the lost wife and mother with the same loving care and tenderness.

## ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

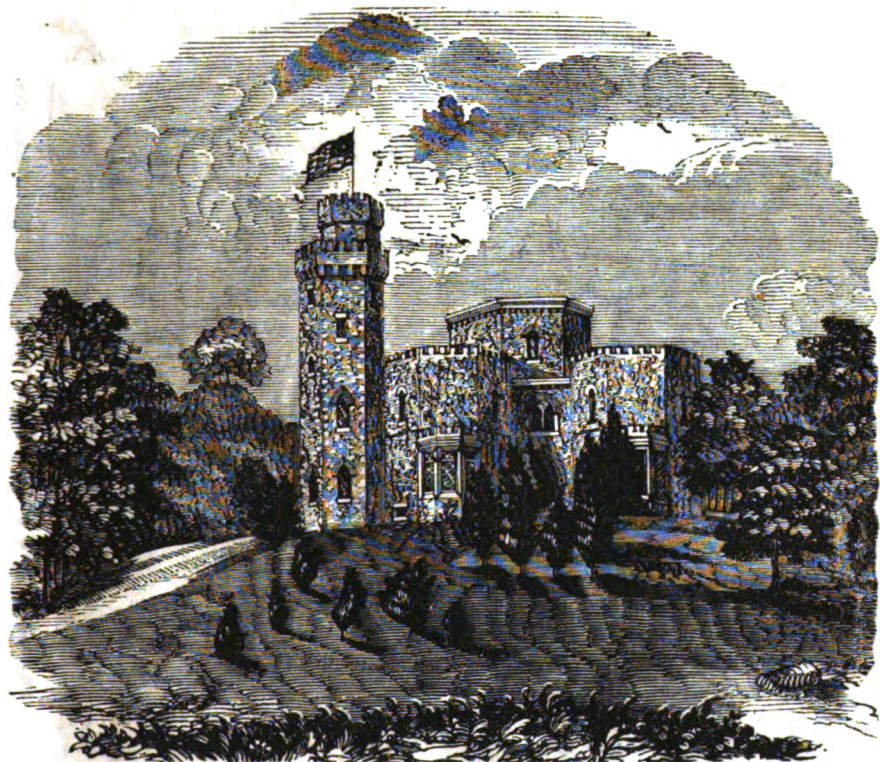
The engraving on page 261 represents St. John's Gate, Quebec, through which one is compelled to pass to reach the Plains of Abraham, celebrated as the battle-field which cost Wolfe and Montcalm their lives, and destroyed the power of the French in the North.

**FORREST CASTLE.**

The engraving on this page is an excellent view of Forrest Castle, built, and at one time occupied, by Mr. Edwin Forrest, the tragedian. It is on the banks of the Hudson River, about a mile south of Yonkers, and is situated on rising ground, and is accessible from the railroad track or nearest landing by a romantic winding path. Its style of architecture is half Norman, half Tudor, turret rising above turret, as represented in our engraving, and its base surrounded by a wild growth of

**KIND WORDS.**

They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of one mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own souls; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them wrathful. There is such a



FORREST CASTLE, YONKERS, N. Y.

luxuriant underwood, and flowers, and cedars. Some years since, Mr. Forrest sold the house and lands to the Sisters of Charity, and it is now used by them—the ladies devoting their lives to the care of orphan children. They must be happy in such a spot.

**A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.**—A strong-minded mother in Illinois wont allow young men to visit her daughters, on the ground that the place for all young men is in the army. It is not stated what the girls think of the arrangement.

rush of all other kinds of words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.





SVEABORG AND HELSINGFORS, WITH THEIR FORTIFICATIONS.



**RUSSIAN FORTRESSES.**

The bird's eye view on page 264 represents the fortifications of Sweaborg, in Russian Finland, about which so much was said during the late Russian war, and the town of Helsingfors (seen in the distance), which they protect. The steep rocks which rise out of Finland, immediately to the southeast of Helsingfors, are, as our engraving shows, so many Gibraltars. Wherever the precipices are not them-

ulation of 16,000. It has a fine harbor, a noble town-hall, and is the seat of a university removed from Abo, in 1827, with a library of 50,000 volumes and various museums. It is the see of the Lutheran archbishop of Finland, and has an active trade in Baltic produce. It was nearly burnt down in the wars with Sweden, but since 1815, has been rebuilt with great regularity. It has both a romantic and a formidable aspect.



GEN. PRESCOTT'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEWPORT.

selves sufficient fortifications, many-angled walls, mounted with the heaviest cannon, bid defiance to hostile force. The town of Sweaborg occupies seven islands, in the Gulf of Finland, and has a population estimated at 7500. Its military works and arsenal are world-renowned. The Russians took it in 1787, and these works are due to their engineering skill. Helsingfors, since 1819, has been the capital of Russian Finland. It has a pop-

**GENERAL PRESCOTT'S QUARTERS.**

During the Revolutionary War, the English army, quartered at Rhode Island, was commanded by General Prescott, a mean-spirited wretch, who had his head-quarters at Newport, a view of which is given on this page. Prescott was captured by a bold dash of the Americans. The plan was conceived and matured by Colonel Barton, of Providence. Prescott was quartered about five miles

from Newport, where the main body of the British army was stationed. Almost in front of this mansion, and between the island and the main land where the Americans were posted, lay three British frigates with their guard boats, while just back of the house was a squadron of troops, and on the front, at a short distance, was a guard house. On the night of July 10th, 1777, Colonel Barton, with a party of forty officers and men, embarked from Warwick Point in four whale boats, with muffled oars, and crossed over to Rhode Island, passing so close to the frigates, as to hear the "All's well," of the sentry on deck, and landed in the mouth of a cove formed at the mouth of the little stream in the picture where it empties into Narragansett Bay. Dividing his men into several squads, and assigning each its duty, they advanced with the strictest order and profound silence towards the house. The main body went between the guard house and the troopers' quarters, while the remainder was to make a circuitous route and approach from the rear and secure the doors. As Barton and his men neared the gate, a sentry hailed them twice, and demanded the countersign. "We have no countersign to give," exclaimed Barton, and quickly added, "have you seen any deserters here to-night?" The sentinel was deceived by the question, and supposed them to be friends, until his musket was seized and himself bound, and threatened with instant death if he made the slightest noise. The doors had been secured by a division from the rear, and Barton entered the front passage boldly. Mr. Overton sat alone, reading, the rest of the family being in bed. Barton inquired for General Prescott's room. Overton pointed upward; Barton, with five strong men, ascended the stairs and gently tried the door. It was locked, but was quickly burst open. The general sprang from his bed; Barton placed his hand gently upon his shoulder, told him he was his prisoner, and that perfect silence was now his only safety. Prescott begged time to dress, but it being a hot July night, and time precious, Barton refused. Throwing his cloak around him, and placing him between two armed men, the prisoner was hurried ashore. Major Barrington, Prescott's aid, hearing the noise in the general's room, leaped from a window to escape, but was captured. At about midnight captors and prisoners landed at Warwick Point, where General Prescott first broke the silence by saying to Colonel Barton, "Sir,

you have made a bold push to-night."—"We have been fortunate," coolly replied Barton. Captain Elliot was there with a coach, to convey the prisoners to Providence, where they arrived at sunrise. Prescott was kindly treated by General Spencer and other officers, and in the course of a few days he was sent to the head-quarters of Washington, at New Windsor, on the Hudson. He was exchanged for General Charles Lee in April following, and soon afterwards resumed the command of the British troops on Long Island. Congress subsequently voted Colonel Barton an elegant sword on account of the daring bravery displayed by him on this occasion.

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#### SCENE ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

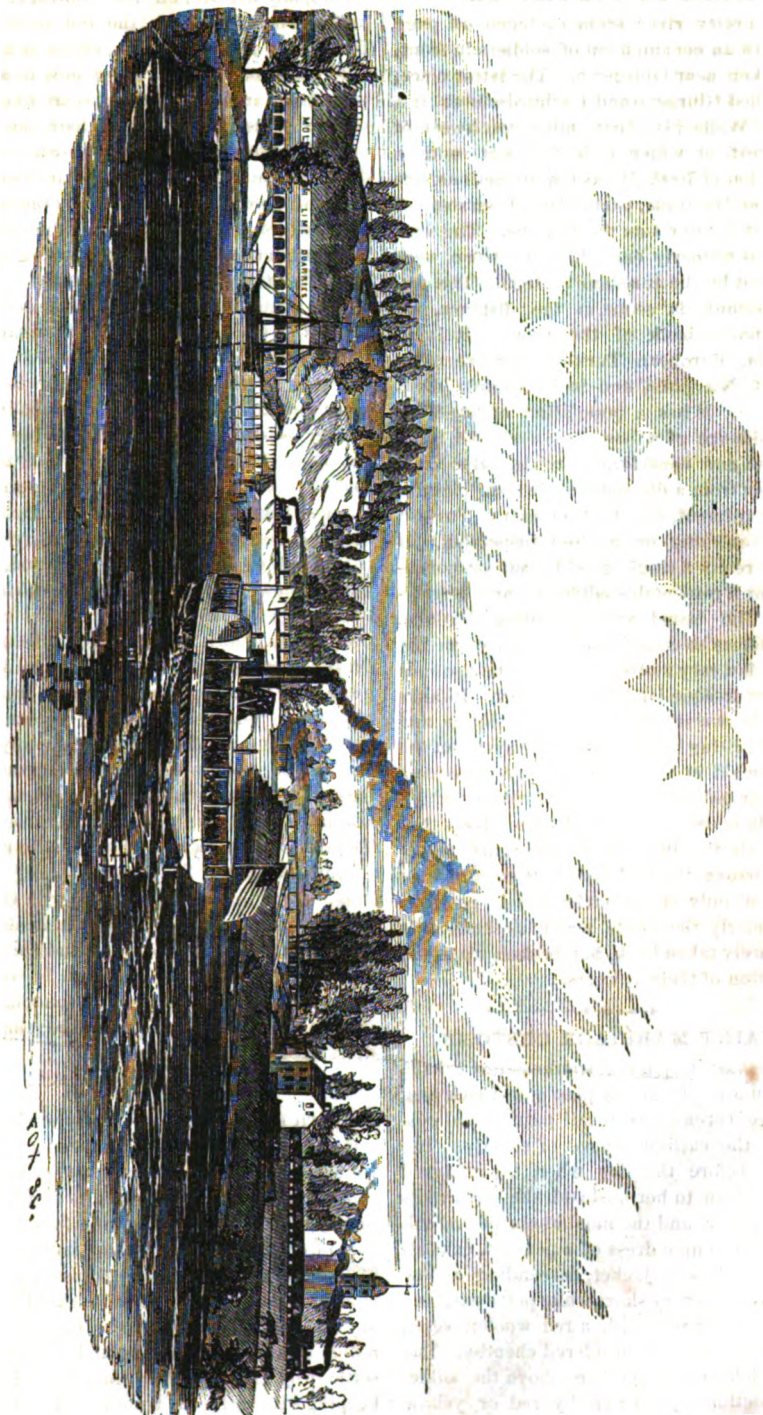
The charming scene which is represented on page 267 is a correct view of the Schuylkill River, a few miles below Norristown, Pennsylvania. The view, looking down the river, embraces a portion of the tow-path of the navigation company, with a canal-boat on its way, and a passenger train on the Norristown Railroad. A full-freighted steamer enlivens the foreground of the picture. The coal trade on the Schuylkill commenced about forty years ago, and for upwards of twenty years coal was carried from that region to the Philadelphia market exclusively, by a chartered company, under the title of the Schuylkill Navigation Company, by the way of a canal constructed by them. About twenty-three years since the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad was completed and entered into competition for the carrying trade. The distance from the coal region to the company's depot at Port Richmond is about one hundred miles, and having a down grade all the way, they are enabled to draw as many loaded cars down as they can take empty ones up to the coal region, and it is frequently the case that a train of over one hundred cars may be seen on this downward trip heavily laden with the valuable fuel.

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A COSTLY SERVICE.—A dessert service made in London for the Pacha of Egypt, consists of twelve gold plates, richly inlaid with diamonds, costing 60,000 francs each; six champagne glasses, costing 30,000 francs each; six small wineglasses at 18,000 francs each, and a dozen spoons and forks at 6000 francs each. The plates and champagne glasses each contain more than a thousand diamonds. The pacha must squeeze his subjects, or he could not afford such extravagance.



SCHUYLKILL RIVER, BELOW NORRISTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.



## SCENE ON THE DANUBE.

The pretty river scene sketched on page 269, with an encampment of soldiers in front, was taken near Giurgewo. The latter place, also called Giurgevo and Dschurdschowa, is a town of Wallachia, forty miles southwest of Bucharest, of which it is the port, with a population of 7000. It has few attractions, but has an active trade, particularly from some of the Austrian ports on the Danube. The fortifications formerly encircling the town were destroyed by the Russians in 1829. The city of Rustchuk is seen in the distance, on the opposite bank of the river. It is in Bulgaria, European Turkey, fifty-five miles east of Nicopolis, and is a strongly fortified place. It has a population of 30,000, is the residence of a bey, has a citadel, some mosques, and considerable trade. But it is best seen from a distance, as in our picture, its enchantment, like that of many Turkish towns, vanishing on a close inspection. It has not really a single good bazaar or coffee-house, or a respectable edifice of any description. The broad and brimming Danube, which forms so conspicuous an object in the picture, is a very interesting river, and abounds with picturesque landscape scenery. It takes its rise in two small streams, the Brege and Brigach, rising on the eastern declivity of the Schwazwald in the grand duchy of Baden. Sixty navigable rivers swell its volume, which is nearly equal to that of all other rivers that empty into the Black Sea. In many places above Orsova, the rapidity of its current is so great that only steam navigation is possible, and formerly the boats which descended it were rarely taken back, but broken up at the completion of their voyages.

## QUAINT MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

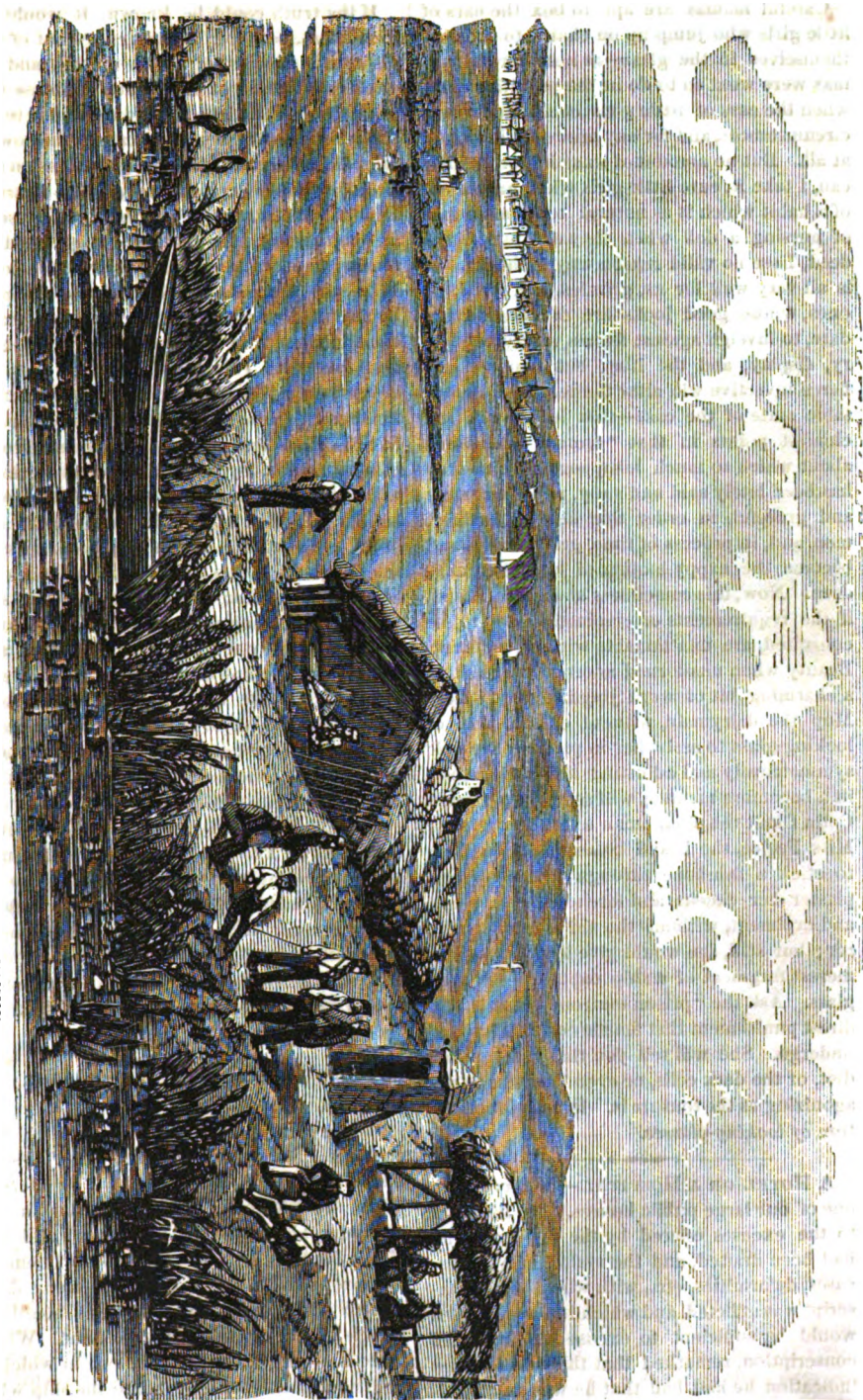
In the vast steppes of southeastern Russia, on the shores of the Caspian and Black Sea, marriage ceremonies recall patriarchal customs of the earliest stages of society. The evening before the day when the affianced bride is given to her husband, she pays visits to her master and the inhabitants of the village, in the simple dress of a peasant, consisting of a red cloth jacket, descending as low as the knees, a very short white petticoat, fastened at the waist with a red woollen scarf, above which is an embroidered chemise. The legs, which are always bare above the ankle, are sometimes protected by red or yellow morocco boots. The girls of the village who

accompany her are, on the contrary, attired in their best, recalling the old paintings of Byzantine art, where the virgin is adorned with a coronal. They know how to arrange with great art the leaves and scarlet berries of various kinds of trees in their hair, the tresses of which are plaited as a crown, or hang down on the shoulders. A necklace of pearls or coral is wound at least a dozen times round the neck, on which they hang religious medals, with enamel paintings imitating mosaic. At each house the betrothed throws herself on her knees before the head of it, and kisses his feet as she begs his pardon; the fair penitent is immediately raised and kissed, receiving some small present, whilst she in return gives a small roll of bread, of a symbolic form. On her return home all her beautiful hair is cut off, as henceforth she must wear the *platoke*, or turban, a woollen or linen shawl which is rolled round the head—the only distinction between the married and the unmarried. It is invariably presented by the husband, as the Indian shawl among ourselves; which, however, we have withdrawn from its original destination, which ought only to be a head-dress. The despoiled bride expresses her regrets with touching grace, in one of their simple songs: "O, my curls, my fair golden curls! Not for one only, not for two years only, have I arranged you—every Saturday you were bathed, every Sunday you were ornamented, and to-day, in a single hour, I must lose you!" The old woman whose duty it is to roll the turban round the brow, wishing her happiness, says: "I cover your head with the *platoke*, my sister, and I wish you health and happiness. Be pure as water, and fruitful as the earth." When the marriage is over the husband takes his wife to the inhabitants of the village, and shows them the change of dress effected the night before.

JUSTICE IN HAVANA.—A few weeks since a man in Havana, in debt to a woman, gave a lottery ticket in pledge, with the privilege of redemption. He soon returned with the money, but the woman, having found out in the interim that the ticket had drawn a \$30,000 prize, refused to surrender, and was summoned before the alcalde. That functionary said that the ownership of the ticket was a difficult matter to decide, and so he would settle it by giving each of the parties \$10,000, keeping \$10,000 for his trouble. And actually in this way the affair was settled.



SCENE ON THE DANUBE, NEAR GIURGENVO, OPPOSITE RUSTCHUK.



## THE PHILOSOPHY OF YOURSELF.

Careful mamas are apt to box the ears of little girls who jump up on chairs to look at themselves in the glass—at least careful mamas were wont so to do in the primitive ages, when the ears of little girls could, under any circumstances, and for any misdeeds, be boxed at all. But no amount of smarting or smiting can, I take it, cure little girls when grown up, of a habit which is as natural to them as that of nursing a doll when they are little. Indeed, I see no valid reason why it should. It is all very well for us, grizzled and wrinkled ones, whose good looks are of antediluvian date, to inveigh against female vanity, coquetry, display, and the like; but none of our fierce invective will alter the real and immutable state of the case—that it is one of the chiefest points in that “woman’s mission” about which so much insupportable clap-trap has been lately said and sung, to look comely and graceful, in order that she may attract men, and, in process of time, get married, and become the happy mother of blooming children. Now, this comeliness and gracefulness, if the requirements of civilization are to be consulted, are unattainable without a mirror. Beauty when unadorned adorned the most, is a charming bit of word jingling; but Cicely Mop the dairymaid, without even a scrap of looking-glass to assist her in parting her hair symmetrically and adjusting her neck-ribbon in a becoming manner, will scarcely persuade Colin Clout the ploughman to ask her to wed. Miss Feejee, the island beauty, may contrive to stick a fish-bone through her nose, and plaster her cheeks and forehead with ochre and orpiment, without the aid of a toilet-mirror; but still, she would give her ears for the merest fragment of a ship captain’s shaving-glass. Ask the “prison matron” what is the direst punishment that female convicts have to undergo. She will tell you that it is not low diet, or the dark cells, or even hair-cutting—agonizing as the tonsure is. It is the *deprivation of looking-glasses*.

A HOTEL OR A HOSPITAL.—A servant in one of our large public houses, after listening to the excuses offered by the residents who had been drafted, and the multiplicity of diseases, deformities, etc., with which each conscript was afflicted, and which it was supposed would be sufficient to excuse him from the conscription, remarked that this was the first indication he had had that he was an attendant in a hospital!

## THE WILL AND THE HEALTH.

If the truth could be known, it would be found that, perhaps, in eight cases out of ten, disorder is brought on by the morbid and excited imagination of the victim. Intense fear of disease is sufficient to produce it, and in the sickly seasons of the year we cannot too powerfully exert our will to banish apprehension and keep our minds perfectly easy. The learned Feuchtersleben says: “The principal cause of an habitual unhealthy state is exaggerated attention to everything that concerns the body. It is pitiful to see narrow minds, occupied by an intense care for their physical existence, and wearing themselves away by habitual anxiety. The physician, whom they are never weary of consulting, only feels contempt for them. These people die of the desire to live!” The effect produced on most people of weak minds, by reading medical works in which different maladies are described, is well known. It often happens in studying diseases of the eye that, the fear of amaurosis striking the imagination, the sight finally becomes affected by that fear alone. An English servant, after reading an account of a frightful death, caused by the bite of a mad dog, was seized with symptoms of hydrophobia, and only owed his life to the most careful treatment. Goethe says: “During an epidemic fever which raged around me, I was exposed to inevitable contagion, and felt the first attacks, but succeeded in saving myself (I am convinced of it) solely by the exercise of a strong will. The power of will at such moments is almost incredible; it expands, so to speak, throughout the whole body, which it places in a condition of activity to repel injurious influences. Fear is a condition of indolent weakness, which surrenders us defenceless to the victorious attacks of the enemy.”

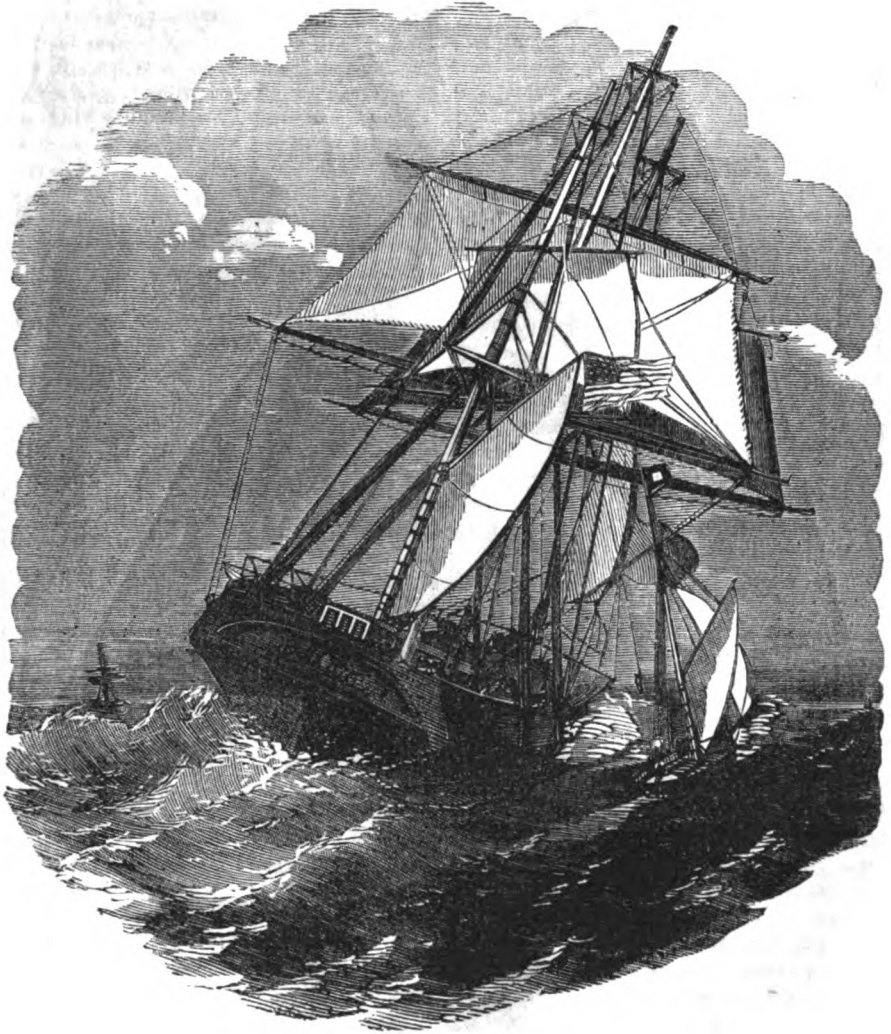
## TAKING A PILOT ON BOARD.

The spirited engraving on page 271 represents the manner in which pilots are hoisted on board ships in bad weather. The Boston pilots and the New York and New Jersey pilots are on their several stations in all weathers, blow high or blow low; and the pilot’s life is an arduous one, and extremely dangerous at times. One of the many dangers to which they are subject is boarding vessels in a heavy sea with the punt. When there is a very heavy sea on, one in which a punt could not live, they board the ship with the big boat, which is done in this manner:

The pilot boat approaches the ship on the lee side within a yard or two, or as near as she dare; a line is then passed from the deck of the ship through a block on the lower yard arm, and made fast to the pilot's body, who, watching the opportunity, either jumps or is

#### **SURF AND BELL BOAT.**

The surf and bell boat, which is given on page 272, is an ingenious invention designed to save life and property. It is called a surf and bell boat; the bell is intended to warn mariners that danger is near, and every motion of



**TAKING A PILOT ON BOARD.**

swung on board. Great is the joy on board of a homeward bound ship when a pilot reaches the deck. He is a hero in the estimation of passengers and crew, and enjoys his authority until the ship touches the wharf, and then he vanishes and his dignity goes with him.

the boat sounds an alarm; the boat is rigged with braces and stays for shipwrecked sailors to cling to. The boat is built of boiler iron, is hollow and air tight. There are several of them on our coast, and they are warmly commended by seamen, who are so often in great peril on coming toward our land.





SURF AND BELL BOAT.

[ORIGINAL.]

## IN THOUGHT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The west winds down the purple heights,  
Where Nature sits at prayer,  
Sail perfume laden through the calms,  
And stir the summer air;  
The rippling river's fretted hem  
Touches the reedy brink,  
And where the pebbles gleam milk white,  
A lamb has stooped to drink;  
There is a quietude abroad,  
Disposing me to think.

The tender grace of this rare day  
My needy life draws in;  
Who, when the skies are like these skies,  
Could give heart room to sin?  
Who, in this baptismal of light  
Poured forth from heaven's own door,  
Could be unmindful of the joys  
Of yon celestial shore?  
Who would not wish to enter in,  
And dwell forevermore?

Ah, God is good, and earth is fair,  
And life is passing sweet;  
There's sunshine for the winter's cold,  
And shade for summer's heat.  
A careful forethought has ordained  
For our best good all things;  
And though each swiftly-gliding year  
Its own afflictions brings,  
Shall we not take them, undismayed,  
As God's own offerings?

Knowing that from the fire and flood,  
And from the storm's rude blast,  
The good will surely come to us—  
The royal good at last.  
No chastening falls unless we need  
Its austere influence;  
The sundering of these worldly ties  
Draws our affections hence;  
But trust the Father, it shall be  
A kingly recompense.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MISS PRIMROSE AND HER PROTEGE.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I AM sorry to confess it, and I am aware that I shall check your gushing sympathies, and transform your affectionate interest into unmitigated disgust, but it is of no use attempting concealment—the fact would peep out unawares in spite of me—Miss Polly Primrose was an old maid.

Bear with me a little longer while I explain somewhat. You must know that according to the popular notion there are two varieties of old maids. One is the positive, repellent, domineering, strong-minded kind, full of electrical fire and surcharged with vital force, combative, self-assertive, abounding in the utilities, and disagreeable to the last degree.

The other variety is the negative of this, an insipid, sad-faced creature, prematurely faded, patient and meek, and supposed to hide somewhere in her heart an unforgotten image of the youthful Orlando who feloniously and most wickedly did win and blight her early affections. Orlando may have developed into the red-faced butcher over the way, or have reached his natural goal, the State prison, but not the less is Matilda true to her youthful ideal.

The two classes shade into each other at all points, and sometimes it isn't quite easy to see what was the original type, but popular opinion demands inexorably that they shall be classified in one division or the other. I have often read that no notion prevails widely which has not some foundation in truth. "*Vox populi, vox dei.*" But I'm inclined to think there may be an admixture of error. Else how came these two specimens of womanhood to stand forth as types of the race?

It must be that some one of our sagacious brothers, in that benighted past when there were no missions, no woman's rights, no contrabands and no Kindergartens to employ her superfluous energies, had the misfortune to be tyrannized over by some unwedded Polly, or, if cast in a softer mould, and having no books, nor lyceums, nor sensible friends, some love-lorn damsel faded into the acidulated, phantom-like Matilda aforesaid; and no wonder, poor thing! "*Ergo,*" says our sagacious brother, "all old maids are just like Aunt Polly, or Aunt Matilda."

Now you know with what pertinacity man is prone to cling to an idea once conceived. It is, might I venture to say, a slight defect in his mental constitution. It had like to cost Galilee his life to declare that the world is round, and even in the nineteenth century mankind continue to wear stove-pipe hats. So we may hope that in the golden cycles of time lesser absurdities will be exploded.

Miss Polly Primrose did not trouble herself with theories. People might think what they pleased. If she was bent by their opinion she kept it to herself. Though Miss Primrose was an old maid now, she had not always been—

one. It was only a question of time, to use a modern phrase. Time was when she was young and fresh; not blooming, unfortunately, for there had always been too much care and work for Polly to allow of her cultivating roses, except in her garden. And if any hygienist tells you that gardening brings roses to the cheeks, don't believe him. I know it doesn't. *Vide* Polly Primrose.

But for all that Polly was pretty—most young girls are—and light-hearted, as all young things should be. I don't know exactly how it happened that Polly always had so much care, unless it was that people naturally slipped off their burdens upon one so cheerful and willing. Her broad, healthy shoulders bore them lightly, and her buoyant spirits danced under the weight.

As years went by, however, Miss Primrose grew older, as did every one else, for that matter, and it was not to be expected that she should be as pretty and fresh, and heartsome at thirty as at eighteen. Especially, considering what a life she had led.

First there was her father, Squire Primrose. Everybody agreed that he was a great trial. Splenetic, invalid, miserly and cross. Then there was Mrs. Primrose. If it was possible for anybody to be a greater trial than Squire Primrose, Mrs. Primrose was so.

But Polly dutifully waited upon and petted them both, looked after the farm, transacted law business and aired handkerchiefs for her father, and did up caps and doctored her mother's rheumatism; grew old, and gray, and disheartened; saw all her young friends married and moved away, and found herself so worn down and crushed that she had no wish or capacity for a different life, and just as this was accomplished, Squire Primrose and Mrs. Primrose died. This, to say the least, was inconsiderate in them, but I have often noticed similar instances.

The day after the funeral Miss Polly Primrose sits by the fire in the large sitting-room. It is a terribly gloomy November. It rained yesterday, wetting the long train of mourners; it played a dead march on the roof all night, and still it rains. Patches of dirty snow lie by the fences; forlorn and bedraggled chickens gather disconsolate under the shed; the stately peacock retires from public life in disgust.

There is a fire on Miss Primrose's hearth, and she sits beside it—not alone. Her brother, William Primrose, is there. He is a merchant from the nearest city. As he lounges,

ill at ease, in the large chair where his father sat helpless for ten years, or stands at the window with his hands in his pockets, gazing vacantly out, you would not think him likely to be a comfort to Miss Polly. It is plain that this forced absence from his business is exceedingly annoying. If it had happened any other time he wouldn't have minded it, but just as he was particularly anxious to watch the stock-market! Why, he might lose ten thousand dollars!

Miss Polly, sitting sober and sad, her neat black dress making her pale face look still more colorless, is trying to make allowances for him. He did not see, as she did, the last, great, awful change creep over the face which had looked up to her in pain and querulousness for so many years. The coffin and the funeral pageant were not so terrible to him with his strong nerves as to her with her weak ones.

And, besides, men could not be expected to feel like women. Not that this was an original thought with Miss Polly. She had heard coarse women, who judged all men by their coarser-minded husbands, retail the lie, and how could she know it for such? So it was no more than she expected when William said:

"I must go to-morrow, rain or not. I suppose you won't mind it, you're so used to being alone. And you won't need me to settle things; father looked after that."

It was more in deprecation of the tone than of the words that she said:

"Don't speak so, William!"

"I'm not blaming you; but I think father might have remembered that he had a son."

William Primrose had scarcely remembered his father these ten years past; but that did not occur to him.

"I am willing you should have the farm, William. I don't want you to feel hard about it," trembled Miss Polly, with her womanish forgetfulness of her own rights.

"Much you can do about it now. If you'd talked to father—but it's no use talking about that. The farm is left to you, and I get the personal estate, a precious portion. It would have been proper for me to have had the farm, then I should have taken care of you, of course. It's a brother's duty to take care of his sister." And Mr. William grew pompous. "As it is, you're independent of me."

Miss Primrose could scarcely have sorrowed over that fact, for one would hardly like to be dependent upon such a man as William Prim-

rose. The neighbors were accustomed to say that he "took after his father," and you already know Squire Primrose.

The next day Mr. Primrose went back to the city, and his beloved business, and his pale-faced sister was left by herself. There was the maid in the kitchen, and the hired man. Then there were neighbors to come in; but Miss Primrose had been so long isolated from the world that she could not at once adapt herself to its ways or be interested in its affairs. She did not know what to do with her freedom. It was so strange to do as she liked, to consult her own wishes instead of another's, to sleep uninterruptedly at night, to eat her dinner in quietness. It would take time to adjust herself to her new relations.

While this adjustment was yet incomplete, winter lapsed into spring. The robin came back and built in the woodbine, and Miss Polly's roses began to put out leaves. Those who saw her in the garden said that Miss Primrose was already beginning to look more like other people, and that, after all, to be an old maid with a large property was not so bad.

To Miss Primrose's self, however, things looked quite differently. To her the distance between herself and others seemed immeasurably great, and after each new attempt to span it, she withdrew quite hopeless, still farther within herself. Her timidity and awkwardness seemed unconquerable. She watched the children on their way to school through the closed blinds. She would have liked to go out and gather whole handfuls of roses and give them; but she would not have dared to do it for her life. She would have run like Atalanta if any one had caught her peeping.

Alas for Miss Primrose! What should she do save make butter and cheese. But Nancy was a perfect housekeeper, and put Miss Polly to shame; so she was fain to fill some of her leisure hours with out-of-door rambling. To be sure she never ventured beyond the precincts of her own farm. One day went on just like another.

At last it was mid-July, and haying time. Miss Primrose, by an heroic effort, brought herself up to the point of carrying the hay-makers their luncheon. She got away as quickly as possible, and came home. She went through the wide hall on her way to the sitting-room, thinking to rest there. But what was this? Something small and white,

with little circles of golden hair clustering all over its head. There it sat in the open doorway, a straw hat clasped by the brim in two fat, white hands, a handful of grass and roses on the floor beside her. The creature curiously surveyed Miss Polly with a pair of blue eyes. Then triumphantly gathering up the scattered blossoms, spoke, not English, indeed, but a dialect easily understood by the initiated.

"*Stehe, die Blumen!*"

Miss Polly stood still in amazement. This day had begun just like all other days. Who would have dreamed that it would be so distinguished? Finally, said Miss Primrose, not without some misgivings that she was taking a liberty:

"Whose little girl are you?"

Never a word in reply.

"Gracious goodness, who's this?" demanded Nancy, coming from the kitchen.

"That is what I'm trying to find out. I've asked her, but she won't tell me," said Miss Primrose, meekly.

Miss Primrose stood in awe of Nancy's executive abilities, and was in the habit of being snubbed by her.

"I guess I'll make her tell me!" ejaculated Nancy. So taking the child by the arm she shouted, as if speaking to a deaf person, "What's your name?"

Whereupon little Miss Incognito set up a loud scream, and breaking away from Nancy, ran and hid her face in Miss Polly's gown.

"Dear me!" said Miss Polly, quite frightened, "what shall I do?"

"Do!" returned Nancy, in great contempt; but she volunteered no suggestion.

Now it is not very pleasant to be sneered at by people who can't help you out of your difficulty. It is, indeed, rather aggravating. Miss Polly's resentment arose, and with it her courage. She put one arm caressingly round the child, and said, gently:

"Don't cry, dear, nobody shall hurt you. Nancy, go and get one of those nice cookies you made this morning. Perhaps that will please her."

Miss Polly's artful measure had its effect. The little one yielded at once, ate the cookie, and grew sleepy. Whereupon Miss Polly took her up in her arms, and carrying her into the parlor, laid her on the sofa.

There she still slept when, an hour after, Miss Polly, having eaten her dinner, stood looking at her with admiration. And it was no wonder, for it was a perfect picture of child beauty, fair and sweet as a lily. Little



round arms, none of your fat, chubby, shapeless things, such as the most commonplace baby has, but perfectly sculptured, dainty, delicate and lovely. And such tiny fingers, such an exquisitely-moulded chin and throat! It was a marvel to Miss Polly. Already she was reluctant to let her go. She imagined all manner of strange things.

"Perhaps this fairy-like creature had been left at her door by some unnatural parent, and she might keep it forever. How she would love her; how—"

But Miss Polly's visions were rudely dissipated. The front door was ajar, and just now a hand pushed it open, and Miss Polly, looking into the hall, saw a man, a queer figure, coming in unceremoniously. He looked around, over, but not at her, glanced in at the open parlor door, and instantly rushed forward. "*Mein kind! mein kind!*"

Scream from Miss Incognito. And why not, indeed? It ruffles older people to be wakened suddenly; and what if one were caught up and lifted to the ceiling, and then vigorously danced up and down, and shaken and tumbled about promiscuously? That was the little one's case. But when she was fairly awake, she recognized her father, and fell to cooling and kissing very charmingly.

"She fled away, *mein kind. Ich danke ihnen*. Very much kind. *Ich danke ihnen*," said the father, bowing and smiling.

And Miss Polly, in great mystification, bowed and smiled too, under a dim impression that it was proper to do so.

"I found her in the entry. Did she run away, sir?"

"*Ich nicht verstehe, mein Fraulein*," said the gentleman, looking puzzled in his turn, and retreating towards the door.

When he reached it, he again bowed and gesticulated, confounding Miss Polly more than ever. The child, too, added a string of unintelligible, unmusical words, and then the two departed.

Miss Polly gazed at the gate by which they disappeared full five minutes, and then went into the parlor and sat down. Nancy, who had watched the whole scene, presently came running in.

"He's gone over to the hotel."

"How do you know?"

"How do I know? Why, by using my eyes, of course. If I'd stood like a statue, instead o' running round to the back gate where I can see over to the hotel, I shouldn't been none the wiser, nor you either."

"Who do you suppose he is, Nancy?"

"Why, a furriner, it's likely. You see he talked some kind of outlandish gibberish; some jewelry pedler, or hand-organ man like enough."

O, dear, such a coming down! Miss Polly had been thinking it might be Kossuth himself. Meanwhile the rest of the village were wondering also. The stranger had taken rooms at the hotel the day before. There he staid and took a morning and afternoon walk, accompanied by the little girl, apparently totally unconscious that he was the object of so much speculation.

Some said he was a political exile; others were of the opinion that he was a convict escaped from the State prison. This belief gained ground when it became known that he brought with him a quantity of mechanical contrivances of odd shape. His statement that they were merely inventions of his own with which he had been accustomed to amuse himself was considered a mere pretence.

The excitement grew daily. But when a month had passed, and the stranger had been regularly to church every Sunday, when the parson had called upon him, and reported that he discovered no symptoms of unsoundness, and the landlord affirmed that the gentleman paid his board in advance, and kept good hours, the public feeling became more favorable, and by-and-by was positively friendly. But Herr Kruger was not social. He did return the minister's call, but no other. A quiet, dreamy, kind sort of personage, he seemed, using his limited English very pleasantly, and gaining a little on the language every day.

Little Frederika must have been a sad hindrance to him if he was studiously inclined. Probably it was in order to amuse her that he took long walks every day. Now it had often happened that when they passed Miss Primrose's door Frederika would dart away from her father's side and run in to see Miss Primrose. Herr Kruger would follow, of course, and thus it came about that a kind of acquaintance grew up between the two; not very affluent in talk, were they. Miss Primrose's timidity and Herr Kruger's ignorance of English prevented this. But one day Herr Kruger asked Miss Polly if she could be good enough to teach little Frederika English. It would put him under lasting obligations, and then he added a few complimentary words that brought roses to Miss Polly's pale cheek. So Miss Polly taught Frederika Eng-

lish, and Frederika taught it to her father. —Now I would not have you fancy that Herr Kruger appeared in the character of lover to Miss Primrose. On the contrary, it is doubtful if he had ever thought of such a thing, and I can testify that Frederika was not more innocent and unsophisticated than Miss Polly. She was as angry as it was in her heart to be, when Mr. William, coming down to spend Sunday, accused her of designs upon Herr Kruger.

Miss Polly cried grievously, and William begged pardon, and retracted, the more readily that he had come to ask a favor, nothing less than a loan of a thousand or two, to be raised by a mortgage upon the farm. Miss Primrose readily assented, for was he not her brother, and did he not give her his own note of hand? To be sure she had to raise the money by a mortgage on the estate.

In three months more Mr. William came again on a similar errand. He was in a "tight place," he said, and again Miss Polly obliged him. And, by the way, he supposed she had made her will. Miss Primrose confessed it. Mr. William's gray eyes sparkled triumphantly. He must have been anxious to see the document, for that night when Miss Primrose was asleep, he went down stairs softly and searched her private drawer. Holding the candle cautiously close to the papers, he examined one after another. This was not it, nor this. Where, too, were the notes he had given her a little while before?

"Confound it!" he muttered. "I saw her put 'em here with my own eyes. Confound 'em!" He went on rummaging. "Now if I can't find those notes the deuce will be to pay with Plunkett. I thought she kept some spare cash locked up here, too, and that would have been quite convenient just now. A pretty time I shall have if the scheme falls through now, confound it." The small hour of two struck. Mr. William started guiltily at the sound. "Well, it's no matter now," he soliloquized. "I shall be down again in a month or two, and can try again. She may have put 'em somewhere else," and he retired to his chamber.

A month or two passed away, and one day Miss Primrose was putting things in order; that is, turning all things topey-turvy, and then putting them back precisely as they were before. She was singing at her work quite blithely. It was evident that Miss Polly was growing cheerful and content.

But see! Suddenly the sweet psalm tune

stops, her face grows pale, her lips quiver. Looking over the private drawer she thought she would just peep into the corner where lay the hoarded money, kept for generous uses—Miss Polly was not a miser—the notes given her by her brother, and the treasured will, all done up in a neat little package, after the manner of old maids, and tied with a broad piece of blue ribbon. She knew just how it looked, and putting in her hand to see if all was safe, started in surprise and distress to find the corner empty. Had it been mislaid? It was Miss Polly's turn to search the drawer. She did it much more thoroughly than William had done. In the first place she took out each article separately, then shook each separately, then repeated the process, and then, in despair, sat down and cried heartily.

It was of no use to look anywhere else. She *knew* she put them there. After thinking the whole matter over, Miss Primrose sat down and wrote to William after this wise, rather stiffly, for Miss Polly was not used to the pen:

"DEAR BROTHER:—I sit down to let you know that I have been so unfortunate as to lose the notes which you gave me, and also four hundred and fifty dollars which I was keeping against the first payment that became due on the mortgage. It occurs to me now that you may have taken them because you did not think them safe with me. If you did not, I cannot think what can have become of them, unless they have been accidentally thrown away for waste paper. What shall I do?

Yours, in great distress,

"PAULINE PRIMROSE."

Having despatched this missive, Miss Primrose grew calmer. With a woman's faith in man, she trusted that William would somehow help her out of the difficulty. And then perhaps the precious package was safe in his care.

William chuckled audibly over this letter. He was sitting in his counting-room when he read it. At another desk was Plunkett. Plunkett was his chief clerk. Plunkett executed the villany which his employer planned. William was the master mind, but Plunkett's was the more adroit hand. William turned the letter over to Plunkett. That worthy read it through, and remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "Things are coming to a crisis!"

"Yes. I guess I'll leave you to answer the letter, while I take a run over the water. You can make such terms as you like for me; don't dare to venture in my absence without

substantial surety, and so forth. She'll be glad to put the estate into my hands to get rid of the trouble."

"Very well. But what do you suppose she has done with the papers?"

"Burnt them, likely enough, as she suggests. By the way, there's a foreigner staying there whom she takes to altogether more kindly than I like. Might throw suspicion in that direction."

"Ah, I see," responded Plunkett, with alacrity, and he returned to the desk to concoct his answer.

Miss Primrose waited in calm confidence for her brother's letter. Herr Kruger happened to be there when it came. One of the English lessons was just finished, and Frederika was exhibiting her new acquirements. While she chattered Miss Primrose read her letter. It ran as follows:

"MISS PAULINE PRIMROSE,—*Madam*.—Yours of the 8th is received. In reply, have to state that Mr. W. Primrose went to England by the last steamer; not expected to return under six months. Have no knowledge of any notes, etc., referred to in letter. Should not feel justified in absence of principal in advancing money or becoming otherwise responsible, except upon real estate security. At the same time should be happy to serve Miss Primrose. Y'r ob't serv't,

"JONAS PLUNKETT.

"P. S. Have heard that a foreigner is hanging about your town without any ostensible means of livelihood. Probably the thief. J. P."

Miss Primrose read and burst into tears. Instantly Herr Kruger was at her side.

"What is it, *meine liebe miss*?" he demanded, with the greatest solicitude.

"I've lost my money," sobbed Miss Polly, "and my house is mortgaged, and I shall be turned out of doors."

Herr Kruger seized his hat and departed. Miss Polly added amazement to grief.

"He must be crazy; he cannot be such a villain!"

But before she had time for much speculation, Herr Kruger returned, bringing in his hand a small trunk.

"I will pay your debt, Miss Primrose! I have money enough here, in this trunk. If this is not enough I go to my banker. You shall not be turned out of doors. Don't weep; *meine liebe*."

But Miss Primrose, innocently ignorant, wept from gratitude. Herr Kruger eagerly thrust a key into its socket, the lock flew back.

"There, take what you want;" and he threw back the lid. O, horror!

The next instant he was exclaiming with ashen lips, "Mein Gott! Mein gute Gott!"

There lay the lost package tied with blue ribbon, on the top of sundry bags and papers. Miss Primrose was speechless. She did not attempt to reclaim her property. At length Herr Kruger said, slowly:

"Miss Primrose, do you think me a villain?"

Miss Primrose looked at him a moment, and then said, "No!"

You must excuse her. She could not appreciate the weight of circumstantial evidence, but trusted in her intuitions.

Presently Frederika came near, and standing upon tip-toe looked into the trunk. Suddenly she cried out:

"Auntie's ribbon!" and seizing the packet held it out toward Miss Primrose. But that lady did not lift her hand. Light was dawning upon her—memory was at work. In a moment she said:

"Go and put it where you took it from, Frederika."

The child crossed the room, climbed into a chair, and began tugging at the knob of the bureau drawer. "Can't open it, auntie."

Miss Primrose opened it, and Frederika tucked the packet carefully away into its own corner.

"You see how it is, Herr Kruger," cried Miss Polly, joyfully. "I remember that Frederika was playing around me one morning when I had the drawer open."

"Yes, I see! And you did not believe it of me when the evidence was so strong."

"No," said Miss Primrose again.

Herr Kruger's blue eyes softened strangely.

"Miss Primrose." He came a step nearer.

"You are true and good, and I love you. *Weir du sein meine frau?*"

He did not need to translate, as Miss Polly's blushes testified.

Before Mr. William's return from England they were married, greatly to his disgust. All the village gossips now averred that they always knew it would be so—had known it from the first. But the wife, who had not foreseen or suspected it in the least, took her new happiness with an innocence and gentleness that softened envious comment and reconciled calumny.

### WHY

Down by the lonely shore we strayed,  
Down by the shore, when the day was old,  
O, the wild dashing waters, what music they made,  
And the sorrowful wind, what strange stories it told.

Then the moon wandered up and looked down on the sea,  
And a lonely white cloud blew across her sweet face—

O, why comes this memory back to me,  
As I sit at the board in a pauper's place?

As I sit at the board, in a pauper's seat,  
And gnaw like a wolf at my pauper fare,  
With the thorns of the way in my blood-stained feet,  
And the dust of the road in my matted hair?

O, why comes this memory back to me,  
Through the dismal gloom of a pauper's place?  
What brings the wild dash of the sounding sea,  
And the cloud blowing over the moon's sweet face?

[ORIGINAL.]

## MORAIMA.

### A TALE OF THE CRUSADES.

BY ERNEST VANE.

WE hear—in these days—of *chivalry*; and the word is so often misapplied, that we almost sicken at the sound. That there are chivalric spirits—heroes in heart, who only wait the trumpet call, to prove themselves brave and heroic, who can doubt? As true heroes as they whose hearts beat to join the Crusades. But, after all, our imaginations linger the longest with the Crusaders than with any of the gallant warriors who have lived since. We read, and read on—unwearied with the noble theme—of gallant knights and gentle women who joined the heroic bands; and their star *never sets*! From the far depths of the past, the old, old story that comes to us of Long Ago, brings up the forms of kings and warriors—of lovely queens and ladies—of glorious knights, *sans peur, sans reproche*; and like those pictures of the old masters, which are restored, after ages have passed over them and are brought out, fair and bright and fresh, as if painted for immortality, so does the glory of those old Christian warriors, battling for the Cross, gleam upon us in these latter years, undimmed by that which overshadows all other things. We see

the bright hues of that unfaded sunset, and weave them into the likeness of belted knights with crimson scarfs and bright plumed helmets. So let their memory rest with us, until we too join the immortal band of conquerors—for have we not all to prove ourselves heroes?

Leon de Chatillon was one of the bravest and worthiest of these Christian warriors. No stain, save one, had ever rested on the house of Chatillon. Bernard de Chatillon, better known as the Lion Chief, had a son who joined the army of the Crusaders. When he returned from the war, he brought with him a wife from among the Infidels. A deed so shocking required the utmost secrecy in concealing; and Bernard hid her in the castle, from those who would have sacrificed the beautiful Paynim to their vengeance, had she been discovered. Again the Infidels charged upon the city of the Cross; and the savage old hero, indignant that his son did not go forth to subdue them, wreaked his rage upon the little beauty. Drawing his sword, he sought her in her chamber; and when Leon went thither, all that remained to him of her for whom he had become a traitor, was a lifeless corpse. The scene of this terrible deed was an old tower, around which was soon flung a cloud of mystery. When night threw her shadows over the tower, strange sounds frightened the inmates of the castle; and a woman's voice seemed to breathe forth a deep cry. They who dared ascend to its lonely solitude, declared that the stains of blood were still upon the floor, although centuries had elapsed since the deed was done, and that they had deepened to an ebony hue.

To this story of the past, the two young sons of Leon de Chatillon often listened, from their father's lips. So impressively did he tell it, and so earnestly did he charge their young minds with the terrible stain—not of blood by the Lion Chief—but by the son, in wedding one of the Saracen's daughters—that the youths had learned to regard it with unmingled awe and horror.

Again the trumpet sounded which called the Chatillon to rally around the standard of the Holy Cross. The father, still active and brave as in early youth, made ready to answer its summons. But what delight and surprise lighted up the face of the gallant knight, when his two fair boys, scarcely beyond the age of childhood, knelt at his feet, and begged to accompany him! Tears, such as he had never before shed, lay upon his cheek. He stroked back the long, light hair

that lay upon Rainer's brow, and wound Aymer's dark curls around his finger, with almost womanly tenderness, as he gave his consent.

Year after year, father and sons remained at Palestine, fighting under the holy banner, until the youths had attained to full and noble manhood. Nor did they shame that manhood; for constant deeds of bravery marked their course. Nor less did the youths preserve all the beautiful home virtues for which, as well as knightly deeds, the family of de Chatillon were distinguished. Dearly had the brothers loved each other, and both were fondly attached to the father who had led them forth to the field for which their young hearts had panted.

Fiercely the conflict waged. Phalanx after phalanx had fallen on both sides; and now, when the sun was going down upon a sea of blood, the victory lay with the Christian host. Two young and handsome warriors were still battling, hand-to-hand. For a time, it seemed doubtful whether the Cross or the Crescent would prevail; but at length the latter gave way before the powerful arm of the young Christian knight. The Saracen was conquered; and, wounded and sore, was taken to the camp of the Christian, a captive.

It was Aymer de Chatillon's good sword that triumphed; and the conquered prisoner was the son of the Saracen, Emir Melech. It was evident that the youth's days were numbered; but Christian kindness and sympathy were freely bestowed upon him.

Just as the midnight hour arrived, Aymer and Rainer de Chatillon entered the tent where lay the dying captive. They led in a weeping maiden who had been captured and brought to the camp, quite early in the progress of the fight. The half-closed eyes of the young man opened suddenly, as her sobs met his ear. He stretched out his arms toward her with a glad cry that seemed to bring back the life that had so nearly retreated. He uttered a single word, "Moraima." The girl flew to the couch where he lay, and covered the pallid face with her kisses.

"Brother, dear brother! is it thus that I behold the 'flower of Islam!'" she exclaimed.

The pale hands were lifted, as if to wipe away her tears. She dried them quickly, and turning with a proud look at the captors, she said:

"Christians, you have killed my brother.

You will, at least, allow me to stay by him until—until—" She could say no more.

The brothers left her to the sad task of soothing his last moments; but kindly watched until morning at the door of the tent, in order to be near the beautiful stranger, if help were needed. At dawn, a piercing shriek announced that all was over. Aymer went in, and with gentle force, separated her from the dead and bore her to his own tent, until the Christian soldiers had arrayed her brother for the grave.

His gentle care struck her as strange in a foe who had destroyed her brother; but it was too sweet to her wounded heart, not to be gratefully accepted. Long before the dead brother was committed to the grave, two hearts were given up to as mad love as that which swayed the son of the Lion Chief and his Paynim maiden. All—all was forgotten, save the new delight of being beloved.

The trumpet sounded forth to the battle of another day. Aymer heard it not, while listening to the grief of the beautiful captive; and Moraima, forgetting that it was the same hand that held hers, that had sent her brother to his death, was listening to words of wild love from his conqueror. Had she thought of her father then, it would have turned back the current of that blood that was now flushing her cheek to crimson. Allah! had Emir Melech but looked upon his daughter then, as she lay in the arms of a Christian! the slayer, too, of his only beloved son! save the youthful Kaled.

Hark! What mournful dirge fills the air with its sad notes? What is that tramping sound, as if armies were slowly moving to the warlike, yet melancholy music. The sound struck upon Aymer's heart, like a prophecy of evil. Such a dirge as that was meet for the noblest of Christian warriors. Instinctively he rushed to the door, giving one look back to the couch of the sad maiden. She had fainted. It was all too recent, after her brother's death. That mournful dirge had brought back all her woe. Could he leave her then? No, he turned back and laid the sweet face upon his bosom, and applied a powerful Turkish perfume so freely that it soon awoke her from that deathlike trance. Its pungency had exhausted her, however, and soon she slept, calmly, with only the trace of tears upon her cheek.

He went out quietly; but with a heavy foreboding still at his heart, for which he could not account. At the door of the tent,

a sight met his eye, that almost stilled the beatings of his heart. It was a funeral procession; and foremost in the mournful pageant came Rainer de Chatillon, his mourning plume overshadowing a brow like marble. As the latter caught sight of Aymer, his look changed to one of proud scorn and contempt.

"Away, parricide!" he exclaimed. "Let not my eyes behold one who has brought a father to the grave."

"Rainer! this to me? What have I done?"

"Done! nothing! When our trumpet sounded to arms *who* was missing? *Who*, when father and brother were in the thickest of the fight, lay ingloriously in the arms of a Paynim girl? Ah! I have seen you half-mad with rage, when the story of shame was told. you of our ancestor. You are doing your best now, it seems, to copy the deed that stains the annals of our race."

"Does my father bid you say this?" asked Aymer, calmly.

A wild cry issued from Rainer's lips.

"Did I not tell you, Aymer, that we have no father! No, I am alone in the world now. No father, no brother! What a tale it will be to carry back to the halls of Chatillon! Of a father murdered by his son—of a brother so lost to shame as to take to his bosom the vile daughter of the Saracen."

"On your life, not a word against her. She is as pure as innocence itself."

"Yet you could forget, in her arms, to fight for the Cross—could dally away the precious moments of your father's life by her side—"

"Tell me your meaning, Rainer! Is my father dead?"

"By heaven, yes! Dead and buried! Do you hear, Aymer? And his death was caused, not by his wound, received in battle, with only one son by his side; but by the tale of shame that reached his dying ear and broke the great heart that never drooped before. Are you satisfied?"

"No, I will not believe it. My father, if he had retained his senses, would have sent for me. He loved me better than he did you, Rainer, and you were meanly jealous of his preference. I doubt your whole tale."

"So be it. You can go back to your oriental paramour, and forget that you ever had a father or brother. I, too, can forget. God knows the remembrance is bitter enough. I tell you, Aymer, our father died last night. No messenger could find you, for who would have thought of seeking the son of Leon de

Chatillon in the arms of a Paynim mistress? Yet the tale was brought to him ere he died, and it finished the work which the enemy's spear had only begun. God may forgive you, Aymer, but I cannot!"

An hour later, and Aymer stood beside Moraima, with all his armor on, as if ready for the field. She looked up surprised.

"Why is this, Aymer?"

"I go to the battle-field, Moraima, to avenge my father's death. Farewell, till I return, victorious."

"Victorious over whom? Aymer, go not to-day, of all days, for on this very morning, Kaled has sworn to take the life of him who killed my brother."

"Kaled!" He dimly remembered the name as that of a Saracen chief, who was to lead the battle that day. And was Kaled her lover? He asked the question in a storm of jealous passion. No, it was her brother—the last of all her father's sons.

Aymer went not to the field; but Rainer, true to his purposed vengeance for his father's death—true to his hatred for the enemies of the Cross, was there, and the blood upon his sword was that of Moraima's last brother. After his return, he sought the beautiful captive. Her beauty almost awed him. Never had he seen anything so glorious as that face! Could he wonder that his young brother's impressible heart had knelt before so perfect a shrine? He told her of the grand old chief who had immolated his son's Paynim bride. He said that, as Aymer had copied the son, so he must copy the father. She must die by his hand!

Moraima was no weak, tearful child. All that is noble, self-sacrificing or brave in the heart of woman, was with her in this hour of desolation.

"Your family has cost me two brothers," she answered, proudly. "I, too, can die, another victim; the last my father can lose. Strike, Rainer de Chatillon! I am ready!"

There was something so grand in this self-sacrifice that Rainer's heart was touched. He left her presence, and bade the soldiers take her to her father's camp and receive the offered ransom. He knew not, then, that a price had been set upon his own head, as the murderer of the two sons of Melech. But on the second day after Moraima's return, he was taken captive and carried to her father's camp. In vain Moraima pleaded for his life. The emir's decree had gone forth, and not



even his daughter's entreaties could move his stern purpose.

The maiden's once light heart was worn down with its accumulated sorrows. Aymer, where was he, who alone could soothe them? Alas! not even his absence had such crushing power as the approaching death of his brother. Loving Aymer as she truly did, she saw, with a woman's perception, that Rainer was the nobler character. She learned to appreciate the bravery that had made him conceive the idea of offering her a sacrifice to the manes of his parent—a rebuke to his brother's defection. She prized, too, the sweetness and nobleness that made him abandon that project when he saw her rising superior to death. And, in her inmost soul, she vowed to deliver him if possible.

The sun was just setting over the grand old square where the marshalled hosts of her father were stationed, for the night previous to that determined on for the death of Rainer de Chatillon. Moralma, sitting at her window, gazed at them with a deep pain at her heart, which the crimson drapery of the sunset clouds only served to strengthen.

In the bitterness of her soul, she cried out the beloved name of Aymer; as if, in that name, there was a spell that would lift from her that heavy burden of woe. And, as if in answer to that despairing cry, a figure was at that moment seen by her among the troops that bore his resemblance. It must be Aymer. She watched him earnestly, as he passed through the multitude, in his unwon tunic.

"Selim," she said to a little page who was awaiting her commands in the next room; "do you see that figure, walking with such a noble air? Go to him, privately, and say that the Princess Moralma will see him at midnight, in the little pavilion. Be secret, Selim for life and death wait upon your fidelity."

The page bent his knee and kissed her proffered hand. She saw him as the gray twilight came on, moving among the troops, who all had a word or a caress for the petted favorite. Then she watched him as he drew near Aymer, and saw the start of surprise with which he heard his whisper. Hope sprang anew in her heart and brightened her pale cheek.

At midnight, there was a hurried meeting at the pavilion where she and Selim were watching; and then three figures stole softly from the place toward the prison of the captive knight. He woke to see, as he deemed,

one of the guards who were to bear him to his death. One brief thought of her who was to have been his bride, in his far away home, and then he roused up enough to proclaim his readiness. Even in death, Rainer's brave heart upbore itself nobly. He would not shrink even then. But what soft touch is this? Not surely that of rude and savage Infidels! No; but a maiden's hand is loosing the heavy chain. Two Moorish slaves raise him gently, and bear him down a sloping pathway, where he hears the sound of water. They place him in a barge with silken curtains, bedecked like Cleopatra's; and then, the turbaned figure, with its robes pressed tightly around it, came forward and the brothers were once more face to face. It was the last time they met. Even in that hour, Rainer shrank with scorn from the garments which Aymer wore. Aymer felt the mute scorn, and answered it by a proud look.

"This is my promised bride, Rainer! Dearest than country, home and friends. My love for her is stronger than any tie that holds me, stronger than in death. It was born in the hour of her grief for him whom I slew. I sacrificed the life of her brother—she restores that of mine. Farewell, Rainer. When you clasp your Christian bride to your heart, remember that mine is as dear to me. Bear with you one vow from my lips—I will never bear a weapon against the Christians. Be content with this—and now depart in peace."

He bent his head for a moment, to kiss once more the lips he had loved to press in his boyhood; and Rainer, melted from his sternness, gave a brief caress to each. Moralma was weeping, as she lay upon Aymer's breast. A moment more, and the waters lay between Rainer and his preservers. They never met again on earth.

Again was heard the thrilling war-cry for the Cross, and Rainer met his death, nobly battling for the sacred emblem. His last word was of the brother who was idling ingloriously in the enemy's camp, while kindred and friends bit the dust at the Saracen's feet.

"O happy in their homes, the noble dead!  
The seal is set in their majestic flame.  
Earth has drunk deep the generous blood they shed,  
Fate has no power to dim their stainless name.  
They may not, in one bitter moment, shame  
Long glorious years; from many a lofty stem  
Fall graceful flowers, and eagle hearts grow tame,  
And stars drop, fading, from the diadem;  
But the bright past is theirs—there is no change for them!"

# MY BOY.

There is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid.—Hoon.

One more new claimant for  
Human fraternity,  
Swelling the flood that sweeps  
On to eternity.  
I who have filled the cup,  
Tremble to think of it;  
For be it what it may,  
I must yet drink of it.

Room for him into the  
Ranks of humanity;  
Give him a place in your  
Kingdom of vanity!  
Welcome the stranger with  
Kindly affection;  
Hopefully, trustfully,  
Not with dejection.

See, in his waywardness,  
How his fist doubles;  
Thus pugilistical,  
Daring life's troubles.  
Strange that the ueophyte  
Enters existence  
In such an attitude,  
Feigning resistance.

Could he but have a glimpse  
Into futurity,  
Well might he fight against  
Future maturity;  
Yet does it seem to me  
As if his purity  
Were against sinfulness  
Ample security.

Incomprehensible,  
Budding immortal,  
Trust all amazedly  
Under life's portal;  
Born to a destiny  
Clouded in mystery,  
Wisdom itself cannot  
Guess at its history.

Something too much of this  
Timon-like creaking;  
See his face wrinkle now,  
Laughter-provoking.  
Now he cries lustily—  
Bravo, my hearty one!  
Lungs like an orator  
Cheering his party on.

Look how his merry eyes  
Turn to me pleadingly!  
Can we help loving him—  
Loving exceedingly?  
Partly with hopefulness,  
Partly with fears;

Mine, as I look at him,  
Moisten with tears.

Now then to find a name—  
Where shall we search for it?  
Turn to his ancestry,  
Or to the church for it?  
Shall we endow him with  
Title heroic,  
After some warrior,  
Poet, or stoic?

One aunt says he will  
Soon "lisp in numbers,"  
Turning his thoughts to rhyme,  
E'en in his slumbers;  
Watts rhymed in babyhood,  
No blemish spots his fame—  
Christen even so;  
Young Mr. Watts 's his name.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TWICE WON.

### A STORY FOR LOVERS.

BY EMMA AUGUSTA HAWTHORN.

It was a charming face, framed in shadowy waves of dark hair, with deep, tender eyes, just the color of the curls, smiling red lips, and delicately tinted cheeks—just such a face as one loves to look down upon in a softly lighted room, pleasant and cosy, while the storm rages without—so fair and serene it was. Harvey Aldrich glanced over the top of his newspaper to look at it as often as he dared without the fear of being detected, and with every stolen glance his appreciation of its loveliness became deeper and more decided. Once, he lost himself in a sea of thoughts while gazing longer than usual, and the winsome face was suddenly raised from the mysterious crochet, which the fair fingers busied themselves so pertinaciously about, the brown eyes drooped shyly as they met the thoughtful, tender ones opposite, while the quickly rising blood reddened the pink cheeks to crimson.

That blush completed the mischief already begun in Harvey Aldrich's heart. A moment later the crochet fluttered neglected to the floor, while two little trembling hands hid a sweet, confused face that was drawn tenderly to the heart that promised to be its rest through life.

And thus it was that Harvey Aldrich and Maude Ashby were betrothed. Harvey was not rich, but he had a fair income, which, ju-

disiciously applied, would enable them to live very prettily, even elegantly. He smiled quietly to himself when, sitting alone in his room somewhat later, he found himself thinking over these things with the practical calculation of a man about to invest in stocks. In his early dreams about marrying—and men do dream about these things as well as women—he never fancied himself falling in love in this quiet sort of way at all. If he could have seen it in perspective he would have regarded it as decidedly humdrum, and voted it insipid. However, dreams and realities are ever at variance. 'Tis true he felt a very complacent satisfaction when he contemplated the prospect of wandering through this hilly path of life with so sweet a guide, so gentle a companion as fair Maude Ashby, and surely this was better than the dreams of feverish love in which he had, perhaps, too frequently indulged for the benefit of his after experience of real life.

But he loved Maude, she became his pet, his darling, and his sympathizer. He had come summer boarder to Mrs. Ashby's house on outskirts of the pleasant village of M——. Maude was the village school-teacher. Every night since their betrothal Harry had ridden down the lane to meet her, and on the way back they planned the fair future which they were to spend together.

It was near the close of a sultry afternoon in July, that Harvey Aldrich and his fair betrothed walked slowly homeward through the cool shadows of the woods that lined either side of the road, and in many places the leaf-laden boughs met overhead, so that the sunshine only quivered through in trembling flecks of gold. Maude was weary with her close confinement within the heated school-room, weary of the continued drill of A B C into ears that would keep bending towards the open doorway, listening to the cackling of hens and the tinkling of cowbells, instead of the patient teacher's instructions. When four o'clock sounded forth from the little time-piece on the wall, and Maude saw the last of her restless charge depart, it was with lightness in her heart, if not in her step, that she commenced her long walk through the beautiful road that led to her home; and all the while her brown eyes wandered as far as her vision could reach, searching for one whom her heart told her would be somewhere in the distance, hastening to meet her.

And on this July afternoon Maude and her lover, the former a good deal tired from her

walk, had seated themselves to rest on a grassy knoll under the trees by the roadside. A little brook bubbled at their feet, following the bend of the road for more than a mile. On its tiny strand Maude had gathered the early violets ever since she could remember.

She had thrown aside her bonnet and was laying her brow with the cool brook water, and brushing the damp, dark curls far away from her temples, so that the faint breeze that came murmurously through the trees might fan them. Harvey watched her fondly, and admiringly, and in truth she was a pretty picture, and we cannot blame the gentleman if he experienced a very decided pleasure in the thought that it was his, wholly and solely.

Presently the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard in the distance. Maude started from her seat, and Harvey's encircling arm, with a conscious blush crimsoning the delicate rose in her cheek, while Harvey waited, leaning carelessly against a tree, for the rider to appear. Maude gave a little scream of delight as a young girl came flashing toward them on a jetty horse, whose spirited course she guided with a skilled and daring hand. She gave a glance of pleased surprise at Maude and her handsome, self-possessed looking companion, and reined in her horse; in a moment Maude was beside her, calling her "dear Cousin Clarice," asking when she arrived, and the thousand and one questions that women always ask in one breath after a parting. Then recollecting herself, Maude introduced her friend to her cousin, Miss Clarice May.

As Harvey raised his eyes to those bent above him to his face, he met a glance that thrilled him as Maude's never had, yet he had fancied himself supremely blest when her tender brown orbs had showered their whole wealth of love-light upon him; there was something in this gaze that flattered him.

Clarice May was very, very beautiful, and she had wondrously beautiful eyes—large, black, and with a peculiar softness, notwithstanding the starry reliance that gleamed from them; soft, black ringlets swept away from her crimson cheeks and floated over her shoulders; and the drooping plume in her hat mingled in their dusky waves. There was an enchanting sweetness in her smile, and yet as the tiny white teeth flashed for an instant between the parted ruby lips, a shudder, a dread of she knew not what, ran through Maude's slight frame. What was there in that clear, musical laugh of Clarice that made Maude's heart throb with sudden fear? What in the

momentary glance she bent upon Harvey that made her wish she had eyes like her cousin, for her life Maude could not have told, neither did she know that she was jealous.

They pursued their way slowly toward Maude's home; she in silence, Clarice doing the talking, and Harvey very attentive and admiring, in spite of his efforts to appear indifferent.

"You see what a thoughtful cousin I am, you ungrateful little school-marm! I only reached home this morning, and was hardly rested when I started on my three miles' ride to see you and your precious mama. I've had a glorious time, Maude; brought lots of love from Aunt Clara. She says you must come to New York next winter, sure; you may depend upon it, she will not forgive another refusal."

"I am very sorry," answered Maude; "I really should be obliged to refuse again, even under pain of her relentless displeasure."

She spoke somewhat sarcastically; Clarice laughed as she said:

"O, well, she might receive you into favor some time in the future; but it takes ten years for her to forget a trivial offence, and as for a great one, a life time would not be sufficient to wipe out the remembrance of it. For instance, if you have been guilty of the enormous presumption of accepting a partner for life without appealing to her august advice and judgment, you can consider yourself out of favor forever. But, of course, my dear Maude, I do not for a moment suspect you."

She shot a merry glance from beneath her drooping black lashes as she ceased speaking, first at Harry and then at Maude. The former looked slightly vexed, but he returned the look with a flash of defiance, which was quenched in admiration, Clarice was so very, very beautiful, alas!

Maude blushed rosy red, and sought in vain to conceal her embarrassment, which she saw, or imagined she saw, vexed her more self-possessioned lover. And Clarice's rosy lip curved with a quiet smile as she mentally observed:

"They are engaged; I thought so at first, now I am certain of it. Maude is too good for him, or in fact for most any other man; she would make a nice little nun; but she is too quiet to keep him always true—he will tire of her—she had better go to New York and let Aunt Clara pick out a minister for her."

Clarice was so busily thinking, that they reached her aunt's house almost before she

was aware of it. If there was one tender spot in the girl's heart, it was her love for this place, the home of her childhood, where she and Maude had played and romped together in the care-free happiness that never comes in maturer years. Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, which only made her more bewitching than ever; looking up suddenly, she met the fixed gaze of Harvey Aldrich, and with a slight blush she turned away, the city belle knowing well that that gaze told of faithlessness to her cousin.

For that evening Clarice really tried hard to eschew all inclination to flirt with Harvey Aldrich; and she succeeded tolerably well, though for the life of her she could not help bestowing upon him two or three of her magnetic glances, and one or two of her enchanting smiles. The habit had become so natural to her that it was not to be given up at a moment's notice.

Weeks passed, and lengthened into months. Scarcely a day went by but horse-back rides, sails on the adjacent lake, or excursions to some one of the numerous places of interest in the neighborhood, were planned by the fertile brain of the restless Clarice. Sometimes Maude formed one of the party, but frequently not, especially on their equestrian excursions, for she was by no means a practised rider, and Harvey and Clarice could never accommodate themselves to her slow pace, and by-and-by she declined going at all, alleging as an excuse that she was too weary after school hours, which was the only time she could get.

Not one word of reproach did she utter when she saw her recreant lover hovering about her brilliant cousin, listening eagerly to every word that fell from her beautiful lips, and bowing resistlessly before her power. But Maude grew pale and silent, and the large, brown, dreamy eyes looked larger, darker, and more dreamy than ever, with the dark shadows beneath them. Perhaps Clarice did not see the mischief she had wrought. The habit of flirting was a method of her own for "killing time," which would else have hung wearily on her idle hands in their quiet country town. And, really, it was so delightful to witness the entire devotion to herself of this handsome, talented, engaged young gentleman. In the midst of her triumphs at his openly displayed partiality, she would sometimes steal a glance at Maude, wondering what the latter could think of all this. But not caring, for her own conscience's sake, to

look through the sad eyes of her cousin, down into the weary, sorrowing heart, she could not explain to herself the meaning of Maude's lost roses and waning cheerfulness.

And so the remainder of the summer time went by, the trees flushed beneath the kiss of autumn, and dropped with a shiver and a sigh to the ground, and still Harvey Aldrich lingered, unable to leave the enchantress who every day wound her delicious spells more closely about his heart. In the meantime came a pressing invitation for Maude to spend the winter with her Aunt Clara in New York, and glad of anything that would bring change of scene, and rest, she accepted it. Accordingly she soon found herself on her way to that vast city, accompanied by her mother, and by Harvey, who could no longer urge excuses for the further delay of his return to the city. Clarice always spent her winters in town, with her aunt, and was to follow in a few weeks.

"And I may see you, then—you will allow me to call on you?" was Harvey's eager request as he held the hand which the beautiful syren gave him at parting.

"Indeed, if you did not, I would not forgive you," was the low reply, with a thrilling glance that gave triple force to the words.

Maude heard the request and the answer, and saw the earnest glance of the beautiful eyes that so suddenly grew tender, and she thought, "How dares she look at him in that manner!"

For the first time, perhaps, she felt a keen resentment towards them both, and on the journey she received Harvey's attentions with a chilling politeness which surprised him—Maude had hitherto seemed so gentle. But he had presumed too much on her forbearance; the inherent pride of her nature rose in her defence, and suggested most distinctly that if he could so soon forget her for another, he was totally unworthy her regret; on the contrary she ought to be grateful to the circumstances which had revealed the fickleness of his nature. Not that she had ceased to love him, only her trust was gone; her woman's faith in the uprightness of his heart, the heart of him who had vowed to cherish her always.

Harvey watched her countenance anxiously while these thoughts were passing through the young girl's mind. Her suddenly roused indignation had called a vivid crimson to her cheek, and an angry sparkle to her dark eye. Harvey thought:

"How could I ever have thought Clarice's eyes more beautiful than Maude's? I am sure they are not. My poor, wronged Maude! O, can it be possible that she hates me? I wish sincerely that I had never seen that bewildering girl; she has caused all this mischief. After all, Maude would not suffer in comparison with her so far as mere beauty goes; but Clarice is so changeable and spirited; continually astonishing and delighting one with some new phase in her demeanor. The fascinating Circe! what evil genius brought her to M——?"

And then the young man's heart smote him as he thought of the true heart he had neglected, and so from one thing to another his mind alternated until they arrived in New York, when he separated from Mrs. Ashby and her daughter, with mingled feelings of relief and regret; which was uppermost it would be difficult to say.

Aunt Clara had sent the carriage for the expected ones, and Maude had new subjects to occupy her attention as they were whirled through the brilliantly lighted streets; the life she would lead at her aunt's home, the crowds of people she would meet, the late hours she would be obliged to keep, and in short the total change in her mode of life; but her thoughts were cut short by their arrival at the stately home of Mrs. Brenton. This lady was a younger sister of Maude's mother, Clarice being her brother's child. She had married a man of great wealth, who died in a few years, leaving her childless, and bequeathing to her the greater portion of his immense property. She had a splendid residence furnished in the most luxurious as well as tasteful manner, kept an array of servants, had her carriage and horses, wore diamonds when she chose, gave elegant parties and *recherche* little suppers to her choicest friends, and in short had nothing to regret, nothing indeed to wish for but her vanished youth.

However, she did not waste much breath in unavailing sighs for what could not be recalled, but consoled herself as far as she was able by making matches for her young friends, the youthful belles who had glided on the waves of time, into the position she had occupied in the days of her wifehood and early widowhood, when she was in the palm of her beauty, and sought after sufficiently to gratify the most exacting vanity. She was still graceful, charming, and, her beauty not wholly faded, a favorite with young and old. Maude

confessed that she liked her Aunt Clara far better than she had expected.

One day, about a fortnight after Maude's arrival, and a few days subsequent to her mother's return home, she was requested to attend her aunt in her boudoir.

"Come here and sit by me, my dear," she said, as Maude entered the room, pointing to a low ottoman beside the lounge on which she half sat and half reclined in luxurious ease. "I want to talk to you this morning, my dear Maude. Can you imagine what it is about?"

"Indeed, I cannot," answered the girl, "unless it be the party you propose giving to launch me into society." Maude looked in her aunt's face with an inquiring smile.

"It is not that. The truth is, Maude," and Mrs. Brenton spoke very seriously, "you are not quite happy—something has gone wrong with you—and as the guardian of your welfare and happiness, while you are with me, I think that you really ought to confide your trouble, whatever it may be, with me, and perhaps I can help you. Has my fair niece a love affair in which the usual quarrel has occurred, and the usual reconciliation not yet taken place? Believe me, I have reconciled many a pair of foolish lovers who else would have been guilty of wasting a great amount of time in assumed indifference, flirtation with others, and a great many other absurdities that young people resort to in such extremities."

Maude's little fingers played nervously with the pink tassels of her pretty morning robe, and the color ebbed and flowed in her cheek confusedly, Aunt Clara watching her meanwhile, thinking how lovely she was, and congratulating herself upon her tact in guessing so readily the meaning of her niece's rare smiles and half sad expression; at the same time regretting that she had already "thrown herself away" on some worthless fellow, probably, who could never appreciate her.

Her perseverance at length prevailed over the young girl's reluctance, and she soon had the whole story of her niece's engagement, the visit of the brilliant Clarice, and the estrangement between herself and Harvey. After she had finished Mrs. Brenton said:

"I know the gentleman, but not intimately; his mother, however, was a school-mate, and a dear friend of mine, and I have heard the son spoken highly of. His mother was a very brilliant woman, fond of gaiety and display which she always had about her, and Harvey

was accustomed to nothing else until she died. Now, my dear Maude, if you had taken the trouble to inform me of your intentions of accepting as your future husband a young man of whose tastes and pursuits you know nothing, or what little you could learn during your short acquaintance with him in the country, I could have told you that Harvey Aldrich, brought up as he had been, would never be a suitable companion for such a quiet little mouse as you, or rather you would not be a suitable companion for him. Why, child, what do you think young Howard said of you when we came across him on the street the other day? and I assure you he has very good taste and excellent judgment."

Maude declared she could not think, and begged to know what it was.

"He said my niece was 'lovely as an houri, but what a pity it was that she had not more sprightliness.' You see, my dear, it is not so much mere beauty of feature and complexion that go to make a charming woman; these please for awhile, but must eventually give place to others, not more perfectly beautiful, perhaps, but more pleasing for their variety. Perpetual quiet and perpetual good temper in a woman soon become insipid. I assure you a man relishes a little display of spirit occasionally, far more. I'll warrant me, when Clarice appeared on the scene, you stepped quietly back into the second place, giving her the whole advantage of her own go-a-head principle and your timidity and backwardness—is it not so?"

"Indeed, Aunt Clara, what could I do? Clarice was so brilliant I could never think of rivalling her."

"Nonsense, child! You have better talents than she—your education has been as good as hers, and there is no reason in the world why you should have permitted her to supplant you. Clarice is not wholly heartless, but she has a perfect passion for flirting, and I suppose will indulge it more than ever since her liberty to do so is of short duration, for she is to be married this winter."

"Clarice engaged to be married!" exclaimed Maude, astonished. "If—if Harvey loves her it will break his heart."

Mrs. Brenton smiled. "Pooh, my dear, I will warrant his heart not to be so brittle. Did yours break when you saw him deserting you for Clarice? Judging others by ourselves is righteous judgment, you know."

Maude laughed, for the first time since she came to New York, a clear, ringing laugh.



"Aunt Clara, you have inspired me; and I thank you from my heart for showing me what I can do. Now that I am rid of that tiresome school, I shall have nothing to wear and worry me, and I mean never to be dull again if I can help it. You have done me a world of good already;" and the warm-hearted girl threw her arms around her aunt's neck, and kissed her affectionately.

"And now, my dear, prepare yourself to go out with me; you know we are to examine those paintings I spoke of at breakfast, and we shall meet a good many people at the gallery, so I charge you look your best in every respect."

Maude understood the emphasis, and when she was in readiness Mrs. Brenton noted with no less satisfaction the radiant look of pleasure and interest on her niece's fair face than her exquisitely tasteful and becoming attire.

A few weeks passed without particular event. Clarice arrived, but the girls went but little into society, it being Mrs. Brenton's desire that Maude should not do so until she had been regularly and fairly introduced into the world, it being her intention to give a brilliant party for that purpose.

Harvey Aldrich had called a few times, and then he and Maude met, and he wondered to see her looking so bright and happy, all her lost roses blooming again more brilliantly than ever, her lips wreathed with smiles, her dark eyes dazzling with light. And then he noted how self-possessed she was becoming; not dazzling and off-hand like Clarice, but simply unembarrassed, dignified and graceful. He doubted not that she considered their engagement virtually cancelled, although no word had passed between them on the subject, and he began to think himself a fool, a brute; anything, in short, but a clear-sighted, reasonable and honorable man. Clarice no longer dazzled him, while he felt a returning passion for Maude very unlike his former regard for her, which had indeed been more of the calm tenderness of a brother; and when the thought suggested itself that perhaps he had forfeited her love forever, he experienced a miserable and dreary sense of loneliness and loss.

December came with its whirling snows, sleigh-bells and gay parties. And now Mrs. Brenton's household was occupied in preparations for the grand event to which Clarice had looked forward with impatience, and exultant anticipation. The vanity that ever found place within her heart, was piqued by

the late growing indifference of the handsome Harvey, and she resolved that on this occasion she would win him back, dazzle him as when he first knew her, and compel him to acknowledge her supremacy. It is true she was somewhat afraid of Maude. The latter, freed from the dull and wearisome routine of school duties, the toil that wears woman's spirits and patience to shadows, was very different from the Maude of other days. Yet she had never complained then; she was cheerful, but never lively. Now, however, under different influences, her spirits rose, and a gentle gaiety sparkled in her eyes and shone in her smile. She had ready thoughts and quick, impulsive ideas, but hitherto a feeling of retiring modesty had prevented her giving utterance to them. But now, brought forward and encouraged by her aunt, she showed both intelligence and wit.

The evening of the party arrived. Mrs. Brenton was in her element. She floated through her magnificent rooms in her rich brocade, welcoming her guests, searching out shy, neglected girls, and with a graceful tact giving them confidence in themselves, and placing them in such positions as would ensure them attention.

In the midst of all this, Clarice May, beautiful, sparkling, and queenly, shone radiant; her brilliant brunette complexion charmingly set off by her dress of wine-colored silk, with rubies glowing on her beautiful neck and arms, and burning redly out from her black curling hair. She came to greet Harvey Aldrich with a tender light shining in her black eyes, and her lips all tremulous with smiles. For a moment the old sweet spell she had woven about his heart in the golden summer time, came back to him; if there had not been a fair-faced girl with luxurious brown eyes looking wistfully out to him through the memory of that same golden summer, Clarice might have made him her slave; as it was, he was only, what all men must be, her admirer.

Some one claimed her attention, and he went on with the throng to the room where dancing had just commenced. As he passed through the doorway he heard Clarice's name mentioned, and turning to his left saw two of his acquaintances and joined them.

"I was just saying," remarked one of them to Harvey, after a few moments, "that Miss May has a rival in the field to-night, and she bids fair to prove a powerful one. Have you seen this opposing star, Aldrich?"

"No; where is she? She must be beautiful indeed to prove a dangerous rival to one so fair as Miss May."

"O, we know you are decidedly partial to the queenly belle, and will probably view her cousin through a mist; but you had better look after your heart before it is lost beyond recovery, for Miss May is to be married this winter, so report says, to one of the richest men in the city. He is now in England, and the wedding will probably take place immediately on his return. As for this rival cousin of hers, I hear that she is also engaged, to Frank Howard. It will make a fine match, if it is so, for he has wealth, and she has beauty, and I suspect nothing would suit Mrs. Brenton more. If a girl has only a fashionable aunt, she never need fear living in single blessedness long; I never saw a city aunt yet but was a match-maker."

Harvey looked, but he did not give utterance to the surprise he felt. He abhorred anything like a want of principle in a woman, and he viewed Clarice's conduct toward himself, under the circumstances, as unprincipled. But this was not the most painful revelation that his friend's words had conveyed. The possibility that Maude, his Maude, was actually engaged to another, overwhelmed him with a sense of misery. A little while he reflected, and then he resolved to go to his wronged love, throw himself upon her compassion, and win her forgiveness, and perhaps her favor, once more. It might be that she was not really engaged to young Howard; such idle reports frequently get about. And so he went forward into the *salon* in search of his lost love.

A quadrille had just ended, and Maude, somewhat flushed, but as she said, in reply to the anxious inquiries of her companion, "not in the least tired," was led to a seat at the upper end of the apartment. Frank Howard stood by her chair fanning her, and with his head bent to catch the low, sweet tones of her voice. A gay group soon gathered about them, and Maude, the quiet, undemonstrative, serene Maude, actually became brilliant. She handled repartees with the witty, answered the grave with modest wisdom, and talked of the moon to the sentimental. In short, Maude, under city influences, had acquired tact, without which her native talent had, as has been shown, hitherto availed her nought, and probably never would have.

Harvey could scarcely believe his senses when he approached and saw her the centre

and cynosure of the group assembled around her chair. She was indeed a powerful rival to Clarice, he thought, as he thus beheld her, flushed, animated and happy. "And that handsome, devoted-looking wretch of a Howard—I could annihilate him!" muttered the wrathful gentleman in his heart, and casting a withering look on the said "wretch," he made his way to Maude, paid his respects and asked her to waltz with him, a few couples having just taken places on the floor.

The young girl's heart throbbed as once more she stood encircled by that arm which had in times past so often been fondly placed around her. She, too, had looked forward to this night, not with exultation, but with hope, and prayer; and looking into Harvey's eyes in one earnest but momentary glance, she thought she read the prayers answered and hopes fulfilled. Once, as they glided past Clarice, the latter looked with eyes of fire at her successful rival; but Maude only glanced back a calm indifference. The waltz ended, and Harvey led his unresisting companion into a room, which to his joy he found quite deserted.

He found it far more difficult to woo this second time than he had on that evening in Mrs. Ashby's cosy little parlor, with Maude's face hidden in her hands, and the crochet fluttering unmindful to the floor. Now it was so different, months of estrangement lay like a gulf between them. Maude's fingers trembled among the flowers in a vase on a table near her, and her color went and came in her cheeks with every breath.

"O," thought Harvey, "let me but win her back to me this time, and may I break my heart entirely if ever I am false to her again! My darling Maude!"

Now Harvey spoke these last three words aloud, unconsciously indeed, but very fortunately, for it "broke the ice." He took both her hands in his, and with a voice full of sorrowful repentance, and anxiety, he murmured gently:

"May I call you 'my Maude' still? O, do not tell me that you have ceased to care for me. I know I am unworthy, but Maude, my heart cries out for your forgiveness. You will not refuse it?"

He held her hands tightly in his, and compelled her to meet his gaze.

"How can I?" said she, archly; and then more gravely she added, "I have nothing to forgive, Harvey."

He covered the little hands with kisses.

"And you are not engaged, Maude? I heard to-night that you were."

"Yes I am, to you."

"My darling, all my own once more!" Harvey did not kiss her hands this time; but the rosy mouth, that immediately after chided him for his boldness.

The reconciliation alone did not quite satisfy Harvey. He pleaded with Maude to name an early day for their marriage; but this she strenuously resisted, declaring that he must wait a year; she would not abate a week, and he was forced to submit *volens volens*.

Mrs. Brenton was glad for her niece's sake that all had ended so happily, but wished that Harvey was richer.

"However," she thought, "he has brilliant talents, and is rapidly rising in his profession, and if he lives will some time be famous."

Clarice married during the winter, but is as fond of flirtation as ever, much to the annoyance of her husband, who sometimes indulges the private idea that he has got a bad bargain.

Harvey and Maude reside in the city, and their house is frequented by as learned and brilliant people as in his mother's time. He is proud of his wife, and loves her devotedly, while she does not fail in her gratitude to Aunt Clara, through whose instrumentality all her happiness, she avers, was brought about.

#### WHAT HAS BEEN SAID OF WOMEN.

Among the countless things good and bad, which have been said concerning the "fair sex," we quote a few uttered modestly by French authors. *Mme. de Maintenon*, in speaking of feminine correspondence, said: "In everything that women write, there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men." *J. J. Rousseau*, the author of that beautiful "Dream," entitled "Days of Absence," declared that: "Men can better philosophise on the human heart, but women can read it better." *Alphonso Kerr* says: "Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add that she is beautiful, and be assured that she will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but—very homely, and she will never forgive you in her life. She has a forehead of ivory, eyes of sapphire, eyebrows and hair of ebony, cheeks of damask roses, coral lips, and teeth of pearl. Such a description, and it is frequently made, might tempt a

thief but not an honest man." And the more woman-reverencing and, consequently, better man, *Octave Feuilliti*, utters the following: "Providence has so ordained it, that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man; his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion." *Duclos* said: "Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love."

#### DIDN'T KNOW HIS OWN BABY.

A citizen of Jamaica Plains, L. I., went to answer a ring at the door, at the request of his wife, where he found nothing but a basket. On removing the covering a beautiful little child appeared some five months old. The lady screamed, one of the lady visitors took up the baby and found a note pinned to its dress, which charged the gentleman of the house with being its father, and implored him to support it. A rich scene ensued between the injured wife and indignant husband, the latter utterly denying all knowledge of the little one, and asserting his innocence. The friends interfered, and at last the wife was induced to forgive the husband, though he still stuck to it like a Trojan that he had always been a faithful husband. Finally, the lady very roguishly told her husband that it was strange that he should not know his own child, for it was their mutual offspring, which had just been taken from its cradle by the nurse for the very purpose of playing the joke.

#### LOVE.

The question is sometimes suggested, who loves the deepest, man or woman? It is difficult to say, a rule either way would be marked by so many exceptions. But there is no doubt that love is the great leading activity of a woman's life. Man has other things to divide his attention; the cares and anxieties of the world—the struggle for fame, or wealth, or power—press more closely upon him; but love is to a woman the grand reality—she lives in an atmosphere of love.

Of all the Percy family, the noblest is Percy Vere (persevere); and the most cruel, Percy Cute (persecute).

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

BY ROBERT O. OLD.

Our flag, our flag, the ensign bright  
 Of liberty, of manly right,  
 Long may it float upon the breeze  
 From our stout balwarks on the seas!  
 Its stars shine o'er a favored land,  
 Filled by a firm, devoted band,  
 Where tyranny, that cunning fox,  
 Is ousted by the ballot box;  
 And though it sticks in Croesus's throat,  
 The poor man has a right to vote,  
 And he may feel that he is free,  
 Great, though in "honest poverty!"  
 Long may its stripes a terror prove  
 To those who base oppression love,  
 And teach the lesson bold and clear,  
 That man should no injustice fear;  
 That in our Union all may find  
 The law of order well defined;  
 A home where virtue is secure,  
 A refuge for the friendless poor,  
 Where labor meets no niggard stint  
 From the taskmaster's heart of flint.  
 Hail, flag of hope, boast of the free and brave,  
 Long may'st thou bravely o'er our country wave!

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY TWO.

BY ELLEN MALVIN.

"The heroes of our land and time—  
 The self-forgetful ones, who stake  
 Home, name and life, for freedom's sake."

I WAS looking like a fright; my hair all brushed back of my ears into a net, my sleeves rolled up, and a long blue apron tied over my dress, mother's apron, and it came almost to my feet, I was so little. I was perched upon a high stool, washing the upper sash of the east window. We live in an old farm house, and the windows don't come out so easy.

The sash wanted drawing that spring; the paint was all worn off. It would have been done if Robert had been at home. He used to see to everything about the house. Now we missed him every day of our lives.

We were talking of him that morning. Indeed, it seems to me we talked of him all the time, in those days, mother and I. I think there was hardly an hour in the day that we were not saying to each other, "shall we have a letter to-night?" or "where do you suppose Robert is to-day?" or were saying

over in our own hearts his brave and tender words, while we were shuddering. Once he had written, "If I should fall, never think my life was wasted. It will count one among the thousands, and freedom is worth them all."

We used to read such words in silence, with wet eyes, and hearts swelling with pride in the worthiness of our soldier. But he seldom wrote grave letters. They were generally full of merry stories, bright words, and the pleasant little adventures and incidents of camp life. That was in '61, and his regiment had done little fighting.

But the night before we had received a letter which had been two weeks in reaching us. He had been wounded in a skirmish; a slight wound which would disable him from duty only a short time he hoped. He mentioned it carelessly at the end of his letter, which was full of an account of the fight. A brilliant little affair he called it. We had taken quite a number of prisoners; only one of our men killed, several wounded, his friend George Grayson among the rest. We knew George, though we had never seen him. But he and Robert had shared the same tent, and had been fast friends from the first. He had no mother nor sister, and I had thought of him a great deal, as I thought a great deal of everything that Robert wrote. What else had we to think of, mother and I, shut up in this quiet house, the rooms all so still when Robert was gone?

So we talked of our boy that morning while I washed the windows and mother was stirring the jelly over the fire. It was coming warm suddenly, and the preserves had all to be scalded over that week. I was looking like a fright, as I said, but I hadn't thought of it. Mother's eyes were red with crying, and I was working mechanically, with a weight at my heart.

"Poor Robert. I guess he would like some of mother's jelly. We must send them a box of things now, Annabel."

"Yes," I thought, but before I answered, my thoughts went off to the dainties I would make, and the things I would write to go with them. Sending a box was the only pleasurable excitement in our monotonous life, and I liked to make the most of it.

A shadow fell on the sunshine in the open doorway, and a voice, a little unsteady with a tremor of joy, cried:

"I will take the jelly this morning, if you please, mother."

Mother dropped the spoon with a cry.

"Robert my boy," and stood with her hands clasped till he sat her down, half-laughing and half-crying in the arm chair, kissing her a dozen times. He always loved his mother so.

The jelly, forgotten a moment, was foaming up to the brim of the kettle. Robert saw that of course. He was always a better house-keeper than I. It would have been all over the stove before I noticed it, but Robert lifted it off carefully, as if he had thought of nothing but preserves all the morning, looked for the hook of the accustomed nail, found it lying on the hearth, covered the stove, saying in his quiet way, "You must want your boy to do housework, don't you?" then turned to look for me.

All this time I had been perched on my stool devouring the picture with my eyes. I held out my arms and he lifted me down, kissing me first, then holding me off to see how I looked.

"You little mouselet, why haven't you been growing all these months? A young lady of eighteen ought to be taller than this."

"Nonsense, I'm not eighteen."

"Not eighteen? What day is it, pray?"

"The twenty-fifth; and I hadn't once thought it was my birthday."

"Forgotten her own birthday! What was the child thinking of?"

"Of you, Robert," I whispered, and he kissed me again.

I saw another shadow in the door, and Robert said "Come in, George." To us, "You have a welcome for another soldier, I know. Mr. Grayson, my mother, my sister Annabel," looking down fondly at me, nestling under his arm. "She isn't much to look at, this morning, but she isn't a bad kind of a sister for a fellow to have, after all."

The loving, teasing ways. There is no one to tease me now; people speak gently to me, and I feel the pity in their eyes, but there is no one now to toss my light words back, to play fanciful tricks with my name, to hold me close and smile to see the color leap into my cheeks when the teasing is too sharp. No more of that.

I am not comfortless, God be thanked, though my life is swept so bare. But the joyous, abounding love that makes a play of loving so rich and sure, it can afford to wear a mask and contradict itself. That comes no more. And now I know the worth of it. That day it set me blushing in sweet vexation, remembering for the first time, under the eyes of Robert's friend, that I was anything but tidy.

I made my escape very soon, ran up stairs brushed my hair into the curls that Robert always would insist on, and made me pretty as I could, saying to myself "ten happy days." I had stayed to hear so much before I left the room. "We will do nothing but be glad for ten whole days. I am glad Mr. Grayson came with him. How handsome he is. His left arm was in a sling. But Robert looks well. He couldn't have been hurt very much."

That evening when his box had been brought from the station, we gathered round to see it opened, but then I didn't think of its being my birthday, till he laid a package in my lap, "for the young lady who had forgotten to be eighteen."

I untied and unfolded till I came to a thick oblong package of note paper, smooth and white, "to be all spoiled in the next year, writing to soldiers," was Robert's comment. A box of steel pens, snowy envelopes in abundance, and then the prettiest portfolio that ever you saw, at least the prettiest that ever I saw, and inside that, something wrapped in soft white paper. Robert said as I undid it:

"I am not responsible for that—some of George's nonsense. I give only sensible presents."

I was in a tumult of curiosity and surprise as I took off the paper and reached the daintiest pearl paper-cutter, with delicate sprays of lily of the valley cut in the handle.

It was so pretty I cried out with delight, and Robert spoke quickly, "Yes, children like such toys; I am afraid you are a baby, yet, Annabel."

Then he took something else from his box to show us, and kept us so occupied, looking and listening, that I lost the right moment for saying "I thank you." But near bedtime Robert carried his things up stairs, and mother, who couldn't lose him out of sight a moment, had gone with him. Then I went up to the window where Mr. Grayson sat, his little gift in my hand.

"Robert didn't give me a chance to thank you—"

I stopped, for he looked down at me, and it went through my mind like a flash, "He thinks me pretty." My cheeks went suddenly red and burning. I was so angry with myself for thinking it. He must have seen my confusion, for he said quickly:

"My sister would have been eighteen last month, if she had lived."

I forgot myself then, and drawing a chair nearer, said:

"Will you tell me about your sister?"

"She was a little blue-eyed child, only ten when I was sixteen. What she was to me you can guess, perhaps, and how I clung to her, when I had nothing else to call mine. You know the less we have, the closer we clasp it."

"I know," I responded, with a gush of sympathy. Our feet touch many paths in recognition that we never tread in experience. I saw in a swift flash of insight the rugged road this man had walked. The face was almost feminine in its gentleness, the eyes dreamy now, but I knew they held latent lightning in them. He was more than a dreamer; a man to do; a woman to endure, and hidden somewhere underneath it all, a child asking pity, protection, love. I heard it wail, a low, inarticulate cry, breaking through the smooth tones, trained to calmness. I have heard the same piteous cry from other lips; walling out from the weary hearts of sinners and of sufferers; from women who could speak unwomanly words, from men smiling patiently up from hospital beds. We women know it, and the mother in our hearts springs up to answer, as it did in mine that night.

Instinctively I sought to "hum the tune of comfort in his ear," in simple, soothing words, the mother's lullaby, whatever the utterance be. We were talking still, when the others came in, and I did not thank him after all. But I loved my little gift, given because I was Robert's sister. His sister! What did girls do who had no brothers? A sudden pang, a black shadow across the sunshine, as if the wing of some bird of ill omen had brushed me, flying past. I shook it off, saying to myself:

"This week we will be happy."

So I put away the future, and happy enough we were. In these pleasant breathing places, brief pauses in the thick of hurried lives, souls expand, and friendships ripen fast. We lived a year of joy in a day. To them it was a golden play-time, to us a bright respite from long, slow days of anxiety and suspense that had almost become a habit.

The days flitted along to the second Wednesday, and on Thursday they were going. We were sitting in the twilight, I at Robert's knee, listening, hungry for every syllable; laying up brave and tender and noble words to feed upon in memory when they were gone. But at last a silence fell on us.

There are times when we carry our sorrows lightly. God is in heaven, and his sunlight

round us. We cannot sit in darkness often, nor long. But there come hours when our grief confronts us face to face, when we measure its height and depth, when it touches on every nerve, and presses in on every sense. So the pain of this parting pressed on me that night.

I knew if I stayed I should be sobbing aloud. I let go the hand I held, and slipped out unnoticed, as I thought, into the darkness. I hurried down the path, and leaning against the fence, let my sobs come as they would, anxious only to have my crying done, and go back to Robert's knee.

But thoughts of the morrow, and of all the dreary morrows that were coming. I knew that they would be knowing what the past months had been. They might be worse. And the week had been so bright. Next week they would both be gone—both. I thought I was crying only for Robert. But it seemed so much harder than when he first went. Some one leaned beside me. I had heard no step, for my sobbing. Some one had missed me. The sweet consciousness stole in on the ache and weariness. He said:

"Annabel, I came to tell you something. It cannot be wrong to tell you. These are not the days for common words of love. They are days for giving, not asking. I knew when I gave myself to my country I gave up all. There was little room left for dreams—dreams of wife and home, that keep a man's life holy. Facing the risks of the next two years, I have no right to say to any woman, love me, wait for me; if I die, mourn for me. I have nothing to ask, I only come to throw my soul down at your feet before I go. I would not lay the weight of a finger on your life to sadden it. If another love should bring you a better happiness, take it, use it. Mine shall never touch you with harm." His voice shook with strong emotion. "Such terrible chances hang over all our heads, if any should fall on you, darling, you may be comforted, then, to know that somewhere, in one of the worlds, is a heart that belongs to you—yours wholly."

Did he know that his unselfish words were stronger than any pleading? that, asking nothing, he gained all? that I was as utterly his as he was mine?

A beautiful woman hears love named many times in her life it may be, named falsely, lightly, till she learns to weigh, and estimate, and too often to despise. But words like these, wrung out of the depths of pain, love named only in proud renunciation, a woman

hears but once in a lifetime. Hearing reverently, she walks in sanctity henceforth.

I heard and lifted up my face; kisses sprinkled my forehead with baptismal dew. No plea had crossed his lips, no promise mine, yet life nor death could not break our plighted troth.

They were gone, and the flood tides ebbed swiftly back to the old level. It was a different summer from the previous one. There were other letters to look for and to answer, two names now, that might strike us, sharper than sword thrusts, out of the fatal list; another weight to carry; yet a strange sweetness in bearing it.

From both there came week by week cheerful, heartsome words. They were well and hopeful, ever side by side, brothers in heart, as brothers in arms, Robert wrote.

So the months went by, and another year brought me another birthday, but no boys home from the war. Then the summer of '62. I look back on it as one long agony of suspense and sickening dread. The days before Richmond; and one September night, Robert's name! "Killed!" No other word. No more for weeks. You think I can tell the story of that protracted agony? Other women in northern and southern homes have suffered it too—have borne it all to the last bitter pang, and survived. They know.

A letter at last in a strange hand, telling in briefest language that George Grayson had been wounded, taken prisoner, exchanged, and was lying ill in the hospital in Philadelphia. He had seen my brother fall early in the fight, shot dead at his side. Underneath, faintly traced in pencil, "I am dying, Annabel, come to me."

I went and put the letter in mother's hand, and laid my head in her lap, crying silently, while she read. By-and-by she gently raised my head and looked in my face as if a new pity had awakened in her heart.

"My poor child. I had almost forgotten you, thinking of Robert. You shall go."

She went at once about the preparations, the thoughtful, busy, careful mother that she used to be before her troubles came. Her only care was to help and comfort me, as in those sad weeks past I had tried to help and comfort her. But only mothers know the perfect motherly way.

I went down the ward between the rows of straight white beds, searching for the one face

I had come to see. The pale, waiting face brightened with a smile, and I bent to catch the words I had come so far to hear.

"Annabel, darling."

I sat beside him all the days of that golden October week, trying to crowd into those brief hours a love that might have filled a lifetime. His years had been so barren and loveless, his soul so cheated, I must fill it now with loving words, caressing hands, and kissing lips. I tried to give it utterance, expression. One night as I turned to go he called me back with a whisper:

"One more, Annabel; one to keep with me through the night."

I pressed it on his lips. He kept it. The memory of it was on them when I came next morning and found him with shut lids, hands that gave back no pressure.

"And a smile on his lips over-tender,  
For any mere soldier's dead mouth."

I am twenty; and if love and suffering make women of us I am a woman to-day. Before me lies the letter Robert wrote long ago.

"If I fall, never think my life was wasted. It will count one among the thousands, and liberty is worth them all."

The nation he died for is drifting towards freedom. And I—sometime I shall die, though I am only twenty to-day.

"Go not far in the land of light;  
A little while by the golden gate  
Lest that I lose you out of sight,  
Wait, my darling, wait."

#### SINGULAR EFFECT OF FOOD.

A man informs us that for many weeks past he has been sadly afflicted with drowsiness, and a desire to sleep, even before the god of day has gone down. For a long time he was unable to discover the cause, but he did so at last satisfactorily. He says for several months he has been in the habit of taking with his breakfast hens' eggs served up in various forms—fried, boiled and raw—until he is convinced that they have so entered his system that it becomes necessary for him to retire when the hens go to roost! If it also has the effect to arouse him in the morning at the hour the hens are abroad, we think the result will be beneficial in the end.

The retainers of a Norman monastery fought, and hated one another, during a hundred and forty years, for the right of hunting rabbits.



[ORIGINAL.]  
CLOUD LAND.

~~~~~  
BY HENRY MAT.
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O, deep are the valleys in the far-away land,  
And broad are the streams that go laboring by;  
Like the swift-rushing waves of the river of death,  
Are the currents wild of the streamlets on high.

And away, far away in the clear azure space,  
Float pennons of silver, of crimson and gold,  
When the day-king in garments of rainbow-like  
dyes

Walks down in his course to the chambers of old.

O, high are the mountains of the phantom-like  
world

That rise in their glory o'er dwellings of earth;  
And the white, snowy mantle of heavenly air  
Is thrown o'er the tops of the fabrics at birth.

For the summits of hills in that shadowy land  
Point upward to regions of vision-like bliss,  
When the loves and the joys of the purest of souls  
Ne'er visit so cheerless an earth as is this.

O, sweet are the visions that wander in freedom  
O'er the wide, cloudless space of that mystic land;  
All robed in the garments of radiant beauty,  
They float on the sephyras that wing from the  
strand.

And fluttering wildly is my spirit whenever  
They sail in their lightness along the blue skies;  
For they tell me so low, in the softest of whispers,  
Of the world, the bright world, where pure souls  
arise.

O, bright are the shadows that fleet in their swift-  
ness,

Through the long, narrow aisles of o'erpend-  
ing clouds,

That hang in the dim, airlike, steep precipices,  
All wrapt in snow mantles, like funeral shrouds.

There are fountains that play with a soft, soothing  
sound;

There are giants of clouds in a mystical band;  
There are arbors o'er-ruin with the vapors of heaven:  
O, a glorious place is the gorgeous cloud land!

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[ORIGINAL.]

MRS. GREY'S STORY.

~~~~~  
BY L. J. DUNLAP.  
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WE were hovering over the library fire, one
raw, blustering morning in the early part of
March, enjoying one of those interminable
confidences which are so often interchanged
by those unfortunates who are "worried to

death" by that trio of grievances—servants,
husbands and babies! Mrs. Grey was mine
especial friend. She had been recommended
to me by Herbert when he first brought me to
New York.

"I do not, as a general thing, approve of
strong intimacies between women," he said,
with true manish impertinence, "but you can-
not be too intimate with Mrs. Grey; you will
get nothing but good from her."

And so I had found it. It was to her that
I went with all the trials and tribulations in-
cident to the inexperience with which I un-
dertook the duties of housekeeping, and she
proved a faithful friend, a trusty adviser and
confidant. She it was who in the second year
of my marriage received into her motherly
arms my little new-born baby, hushed its
wailing cries, kissed its little wrinkled, dis-
torted countenance, comforting my doubting
heart with the promise of future fairness and
beauty. She it was who counselled and ad-
vised me anew, guiding me safely through the
undreamed of quicksands of colic, croup and
teething, until my tiny bud blossomed into a
fair and beautiful flower. And then the
canker struck it at the heart. And as its
bloom faded, slowly but surely, it was upon
her loving bosom that it rested, and in her
loving hands its little life at length died out.
My flower, my flower! And when the cold
earth had closed above it, and nought but
memory remained to tell of the bliss which its
brief blossoming had given, it was her gentle
arms that upheld me, her tender voice that
told of a clime where my transplanted blossom
should bloom in new beauty, and pointed me
to the kind Shepherd who was bearing it as a
little lamb upon his bosom, until I seemed to
see him as he passed up the shining pathway
which leads to the gates of the celestial city,
saw him enter in amid the brightness and the
glory, and thanked God that my darling would
never know sorrow.

I have wandered a long way from my story;
but, to return.

I had been telling Mrs. Grey, upon that
March morning, the marvellous tale which my
new chamber-maid told of her birth and early
associations. According to her own story,
she was something very like a princess in dis-
guise. I was laughing heartily at the recol-
lection of her uncouth manners, and awkward
blunders, when Mrs. Grey said:

"And yet such things have been."

"Scarcely," I replied; "not quite so ro-
mantic as Jane relates."

"What would you think if I were to tell you that I had been a servant?"

"I should think you were joking."

"Not at all. It is the sober truth."

"Why, Mrs. Grey! I always heard that you were an orphan, brought up by Mr. Grey's sister, who lives in Aurora."

"So I was; but it was as a servant."

"I cannot believe you."

"It is true, nevertheless. Would you like to hear my story?"

"O, of all things."

"Well, then, it wants an hour to lunch time; let me slip this footstool under your feet. There; now lean back in your chair, and make yourself comfortable, for I am afraid you will find me tedious."

"My father was a gentleman, and my mother a lady—well descended, educated, wealthy. Ah, me! strong drink brought them first to poverty, then to death; for my father died of delirium tremens, and my mother never recovered from the shock of his dreadful death."

"I was six years old when my mother died. I can distinctly remember the luxurious home from which we removed when I was three years of age. It was sold under the hammer for my father's debts. Then by gradations we sunk to the little cabin where my parents died. I do not know why my father chose to go to Aurora, but I fancy it was from some slight sense of shame that his former friends should behold the extreme poverty to which he was reduced. However, we had not lived there very long when my father died, and after that the neighbors were very kind to my mother. The Widow Grey was our nearest neighbor, and was with my mother very often. She was very kind to her; I shall always bless Mrs. Grey for that. She was with her when she died. I do not think any one thought her so near her end. The glazing eyes turned to where I was sobbing at the foot of her bed; then she looked at Mrs. Grey."

"'I will take her. Yes, I will be a mother to her,' she said, in answer to the question which the fading eyes had asked."

"I sprang to my mother's side. For one brief moment love struggled with death, and she folded me in a close embrace; then her arms fell away from me, and I was motherless."

"Then I was taken to Mrs. Grey's house—a beautiful cottage, almost hidden among trees—a perfect little nest, looking so clean, so sweet, so peaceful! and when I saw the beautiful baby which crowed and laughed in its nurse's arms, the tears which I shed were

those of joy at the prospect of the happy life which I fancied lay before me. Only fancied; for I soon found that Mrs. Grey's idea of being a mother to me went no farther than the intention to keep me fed and clothed, and that in return I was expected to be the nurse and plaything of the pretty baby, Mrs. Grey's only child."

"She could not afford to keep me for nothing, she said, so she sent off the grown girl whom she had before kept, and got in her place a young girl who could easily do the work of the small family with my assistance. I soon became the butt and scapegoat of the whole family. Was anything broken, 'Fanny must have done it.' Was anything lost, 'Fanny must have had it.' Was anything neglected, 'Fanny should have done it.' And did the baby get a fall or scratch, the whipping which I received in consequence almost terrified me out of my senses. I was expected to bear all the blows and scratches which baby fingers could inflict, uncomplainingly. My curly head was a never-failing source of delight to her, and grief to me. How deftly would she wind those little fingers in and out among the tight, tendril-like curls, and then how vigorously she would pull! And when the pain brought the starting tears, and Maggie shocked and surprised at the results of her innocent performance would scream aloud at the sight of my mistress, how ignominiously would I be dismissed from the room, branded as a 'great cry-baby,' the most intense disgrace which I then thought it possible for one human being to pass upon another."

"I do not think Mrs. Grey meant to be unkind to me, but she was selfish, and she only acted out her nature. Some hours of my life were very happy. How well do I remember long summer afternoons, when my mistress had gone out to tea, when I had mollified Susan by doing up her work, and promising to keep the fact of her going out to tea on the same afternoon a profound secret, and having dressed the baby nicely, would put her in her little carriage, and stealing out at the back gates would take her long journeys in the quiet, unfrequented back lanes. This being a forbidden pleasure, made the sense of freedom, the song of birds, even the blue sky overhead, and the green grass under foot far more enjoyable than it otherwise could possibly have been."

"Yet never, never can I forget one unkindness, that of sending me to bed in the dark."

I was a nervous, timid child, and the closing of the door which shut me off from all companionship and light, was every night a new agony. My trembling heart started upon its journey up the dark stairs, like a little boat launched forth upon a dangerous sea, to buffet all the perils of rock, wind and tide, without pilot or compass, almost certain to come to sudden shipwreck. Susan, like all ignorant persons, delighted in ghost stories, and with my mind filled with all horrible fancies, I would imagine that I heard whisperings near me, that I felt bony fingers clasp my neck, that cold, icy breaths blew upon my forehead, until in desperation I would rush to my attic, where creeping into bed with my clothes on, I would draw the bed clothes over my face, and half stifled lie there shivering with fear until Susan came up to bed two hours later. I never, by any chance, fell asleep before that time; I never became accustomed to the dark; I never in the least overcame that dreadful feeling of launching forth into illimitable space, and unknown dangers.

"Two years had gone by since I was orphaned, and I was eight years old, when one day Mrs. Grey received a letter which seemed to give her great pleasure. There were a great many consultations held with Susan; then the house underwent a thorough cleaning, and the spare chamber received an extra share of attention. I soon gathered from the conversation the fact that Mrs. Grey's brother-in-law was coming to Aurora to spend the summer.

"I do not think that I cared anything about the coming of a stranger, and yet on the morning on which we looked for his arrival, I did not eat any breakfast, so that I might have that time to spend in mending my torn frock, and arranging my hair. I was standing in the doorway holding Maggie in my arms—for although now nearly three years of age, she delighted in being carried about in the same manner as when she was an infant, and with childish perversity would not allow me to sit down on this morning—when the front gate opened, and a tall, handsome young man came up the walk.

"'Hallo, little one,' he said, 'that child is too heavy for you to hold. Come to your uncle, Maggie.' And taking the child out of my arms, he laid his hand upon my curly head, and looked smilingly down into my eyes. I think he must have been pleased or amused with the intense admiration of himself that he read there, for he stooped down and kissed me.

"That kiss! will I ever forget it? It thrilled through my veins like an electric shock. It was the first time I had been kissed since my mother died, and I rushed up the front stairs to my own room, where I remained trembling and crying with excitement until I was recalled to myself by hearing Maggie shouting my name in the hall.

"That was a happy summer. How kind Raymond Grey was to me! How I loved to wait upon him, and serve him with all my little strength, and how he laughed at me, and teased me, and petted me! The quantities of picture-books, and candles, and fruits he bought to be shared between Maggie and myself. The wonderful tales he told us, the songs he sang for us, and the merry games of romps we had together.

"At last it was all over. He was gone, and the grey monotony of everyday life settled down once more upon the cottage; yet lighted up by the promise that he would come again.

"And so he did, the following summer, and when he had again departed I found that he had exacted a promise from his sister that she would send me to school the next winter. What a luxury that was to me! I fairly thirsted to know how to read, and I learned rapidly. In three years I had made rapid progress, in order to deserve and receive his precious commendations. What a never-failing source of pleasure it was to have him say, 'Well done, little woman!'

"And then he went to Europe to be gone three years. How should I live? But I made up my mind to study very hard and surprise him by my improvement when he returned. Alas, for my resolutions! He was scarcely gone when Mrs. Grey decided that it was 'high time I was put to work if I ever expected to earn my salt,' and as Susan was now asking woman's wages, she was dismissed, and I took her place.

"The work was not very heavy, to be sure, yet too much so for a delicate young girl, and I grew tall and thin, had racking pains in my back and side, until I began to think I should go into a quick consumption, as my mother had done. My health was wretched for years, yet I did not die. My greatest grief was that I should now never be able to study any more; yet by-and-by I found time to study a little, and although my advance was slow, I still did not retrograde.

"Mr. Grey remained in Europe two years longer than he had at first purposed. We had

not heard of his return, when one afternoon as I was scrubbing the kitchen after getting through washing, a quick step came around the side of the house, and in a moment the well-remembered face of Raymond Grey looked in at the kitchen door.

"Why, Fanny!" he exclaimed, 'you scrubbing?'

"Yes, sir," I replied, rubbing away perseveringly.

"He looked disappointed. 'Where is Mrs. Grey?' he asked

"In the parlor, sir.'

"Well, I thought I would surprise you by coming in at the back door, but I will go around and let myself in at the front.'

"And so he went with a slow step back by the way he had come, and in a few moments I heard Mrs. Grey's exclamations of delight, and Maggie's happy, laughing voice in the parlor, and I sat down in my kitchen and had a good cry.

"That evening we had company to tea, and as I was doing up the evening work I heard music in the parlor, Mr. Grey's rich bass chiming so sweetly with Miss Carrie Martin's bird-like notes. How my heart ached! I made all the noise with rattling my dishes which it was possible for the frail china to bear, then hurriedly put them away, blew out my candle, and sat down upon the steps of the open kitchen door. I thought over all the fancied meetings which I had hoped for with my only friend. How different the reality had been!

"By-and-by I noticed a light moving about under the trees in the side yard. The music was still going on, but now that I listened, it was not Mr. Grey's voice that I heard. Soon the light which was from a cigar, approached the hedge fence, the gate opened, and footsteps came softly on in the dark, and walked directly up to the kitchen window. I could see by the lighted cigar, and that the eyes above it looked anxiously into the dark kitchen. Then the footsteps came on towards me, up the steps by my side, not seeing me in the dark.

"Fanny!" Raymond Grey called, resting his hands upon either side of the doorway, one arm just above my head.

"Sir," I answered.

"He started violently. 'Why, child, you here in the dark?'

"I did not answer. He sat down beside me.

"I can't understand this," he said; 'you acting as kitchen-maid? But I suppose it is only temporarily.'

"For the last five years, sir," I replied.

"He drew his breath quick and hard. 'Ever since I went abroad?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Raymond, Raymond!" called Mrs. Grey from the parlor window.

"He hesitated. 'Please go,' I said, 'she will be so angry.'

"I will see you again, Fanny,' and he was off.

"One week went by. It was again Tuesday, and I had washed and was scrubbing, when Miss Finch came in to call upon my mistress. I was not very happy, for Mrs. Grey had scolded and snubbed me, unmercifully during the past week, and by watching me like a hawk had succeeded in preventing Raymond from even speaking to me; yet I could not help laughing to hear the scathing which the two gossipals were giving nearly every one of their acquaintances. By-and-by Miss Finch said:

"Well, I hope Carrie Martin is satisfied now. She has been angling for Raymond Grey long enough, goodness knows. He is attentive enough now.'

"Yes," said Mrs. Grey, 'it is a sure thing.'

"I heard no more. For one blind, blank moment I leaned against the kitchen wall insensible. Then I understood myself. O, how I despised myself! I, a servant, had dared to love one so immeasurably my superior. I looked down at my wet, faded dress, the dirty, half-scrubbed floor, the unemptied tubs, lastly my large hands, and freckled arms. I laughed, bitterly. 'A loveable object,' I said, aloud.

"Then my resolution was taken. I must leave Mrs. Grey's. So I hurried with my work, got tea, and then said to Mrs. Grey:

"Will you be kind enough to look for a girl? I am going to leave.'

"Very well," she said, for Raymond's step sounded in the hall.

"The next morning, however, before he was up she came into the kitchen and berated me soundly. I heard her in silence, going on with my ironing. Then she changed her tactics. I had better stay, she said, it only wanted one year of my coming of age, then she would give me a nice 'setting out'—a bureau, bedstead and bedding, chairs, carpet, etc.

"I was never bound to you," was my reply.

"No; but I always intended that as you had worked so long for board and clothes, to do by you as I should for a bound girl.'

"You are kind; but I am tired and not well. I want a change."

"Then leave my house at once."

"I was surprised; but I went quietly to my attic, made up my bundle, kissed Maggie good-by, and went down to the minister's house. There I told my story. I had firm friends in them. They had known my mother, and had never felt I was rightly dealt with."

"That evening Raymond Grey called at the parsonage. Mrs. Wilmoth had curled my hair, smoothed out my best dress, and tied one of her own silk aprons around my waist, for my own wardrobe was very scanty. I knew he would come, and I was in the front yard with the baby in my arms, and prepared for him. But I was not prepared for what he then said to me, for he asked me to be his wife. He had loved me as a little child, had written to me whilst absent (letters which I had never received), and had come home hoping to make me his wife. He had been greatly disappointed, he did not try to conceal it, at my want of improvement; but he found that it was not my fault. Carrie Martin had told him the whole story of my life during the last five years. He found that I was pure and good, that I had struggled with adverse circumstances in my efforts not to lose what I had learned. I was young yet; two or three years at school would greatly benefit me."

"And then, Fanny," he said, "if you can love me, you will be my wife?"

"I was not too proud to accept benefits from him. He must not be ashamed of his wife, so I went to a grand finishing school in Baltimore. I learned to play the piano, and harp, to dance, to read French, and German, and, above all, history, geography, and mathematics were pursued incessantly. At length I was pronounced 'finished,' and turned out 'a young lady of superior attainments and elegant manners.' Love was a strong incentive to improvement, and I loved my benefactor with all my heart. Even he was satisfied."

"One bright, June morning we walked up the aisle of a pretty little ivy-covered stone church, close to the seminary, followed by about twenty school girls dressed in white, and in a few moments I was Mrs. Raymond Grey."

"I have often heard people whisper as I passed by, 'How could she have married a man twenty years older than herself?' Ah, if they only knew all that I owe him."

"Mrs. Howard Grey has never forgiven me for running away with her brother. But Raymond only laughs at her."

AN APPLE GATHERING.

BY CHRISTINA ROWEITE.

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple tree,
And wore them all that evening in my hair;
Then in due season when I went to see,
I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass,
As I had come I went the selfsame track;
My neighbors mocked me when they saw me pass
So empty-handed back.

Lillian and Lillias smiled in trudging by,
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,
A stronger hand than hers helped it along;
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool,
More sweet to me than song.

Ah, Willie, Willie! was my love less worth
Than apples with their green leave piled above?
I counted ripest apples on the earth
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk,
Laughing and listening in this very lane:
To think that by this way we used to walk
We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbors pass me, ones and twos,
And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,
And hastened; but I loitered, while the dews
Fell fast I loitered still.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHANGE.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

A SWEET May morning—the very last one—was that on which the little Flora Ballantyne was born. All pure and beautiful influences were abroad to welcome her to the glad earth. The orchard blooms were scattering their pink leaves, perfumed almost to faintness, in the soft spring air. The lilacs were sending forth a rival fragrance, and the birds sang the birth-chant of the little maiden. She was the first child ever born in that house—the old brown house beneath the hill, surrounded by trees, and bordering a pretty lawn on which a few sheep usually grouped themselves. It was the farm-house of the Ballantynes; and behind it were the great barns, and pleasant orchards, and fair, green meadows, that made it one of the pleasantest pic-

tures, to my eyes at least, that our large country town could produce. The house was old, and had been occupied years before by the uncle of the present owner, a bachelor, who had inherited it from his uncle. Both had died childless, and Daniel Ballantyne was sole heir of the latter, and had removed to it with his young wife a year before, and, as I have said, her child was the first one who had birth beneath its roof.

The little maiden grew in years and stature, and was the pet, not only of the household, but of neighbors and friends. She was of a sweet, winning, yielding disposition, always holding herself and her own interests last, and giving way to everybody, except where her fine perceptions told her it would be wrong to do so. When, at the age of eleven, a little sister was born, her joy was almost uncontrollable. Too soon, indeed, it was dashed by the sudden death of her mother; yet, young as she was, she became a mother to the little Jessie. It was touching to see with what a sweet, motherly care she tended her infancy. The child grew beautiful in person, far beyond what Flora had ever been; and it was the delight of the latter to dress her little sister in a way that showed her beauty to the greatest advantage, regardless of her own appearance, save to be exquisitely neat and clean.

"You are spoiling her, Floy," said her father, one evening, when Jessie was nine years old. "You are not vain yourself, but you are making that child as vain as a peacock. I shall give you no more money, if you persist in spending it all for her. Look! I believe that this is actually the best garment you have in the world." And he touched the sleeve of her plain drab dress, which was full of innumerable darns, and then pointed to Jessie's pretty blue silk, with its richly-embroidered undersleeves.

It was all true. Flora had sacrificed the only silk she possessed to the little girl, whose golden ringlets and blue eyes seemed to demand that very color which she deemed thrown away upon herself. She promised her father that she would certainly buy herself one dress the next day. Alas! she did not once dream that her purchases would wear such a mournful hue.

That night the farm-house was in confusion. Old Doctor Lane was summoned to attend Daniel Ballantyne, who was seized with paralysis; but ere he arrived, Flora and Jessie were kissing the dead lips that answered not

the caress. How desolate the hearth was after his death! Jessie did not realize it, it is true; but to Flora it was inexpressibly sad. Her father had been the life of the household. Everything had been subject to his decision, and his will, however gently expressed, was law to every individual around him. A good man had passed away, and there was none to take his place. How fervently Flora lamented that she had no brother. Her duties looked so formidable now! There was the farm; there was her father's whole estate to be settled, and no one but this girl, scarcely twenty-one, was to choose whether she or another was to perform the duty.

A distant cousin whom she never saw before, hearing of the death of Mr. Ballantyne, came on from New York to see, and, if possible, aid the two desolate girls. Their father had kept up an occasional correspondence with this Mr. Murray, who was a lawyer; and frequently, in writing to him, had mentioned his motherless children. Now the memory of these children and their orphaned state recurred to his mind, and he hastened to Boston, and thence to the pretty country town where Daniel Ballantyne's peaceful life, so different to his own, had been passed.

Flora felt a sense of protection in his presence. She invited him to stay all night, but he declined, on the plea that his son was waiting his return to the hotel where they had taken lodgings, but he would come again in the morning. Accompanied by his son, he made an early call, and his manners, so full of tender pity and condolence, and evincing so great a desire to be of service to the orphans, deepened the impression of the first interview. He had come to this country with her father, from Scotland, and they had very unwillingly separated; but Daniel Ballantyne could not be weaned from his favorite pursuit, and Angus Murray had spent too much time and money in acquiring a lawyer's profession, to take up his abode short of a great city.

So they parted with mutual invitations to visit, which were never accepted; for Ballantyne was too busy with his farm, and Murray with his briefs, to spend the time. The announcement of his friend's death affected him powerfully; and he set off almost immediately to console, if possible, the bereaved orphans, his son accompanying him.

It was a momentous visit to Flora, and to Arthur Murray also. An only and justly idolized son, he had all his life found every wish gratified. He saw Flora Ballantyne,

and his destiny seemed fixed. There was not another woman on earth, he fully believed, that could have won his love. And Flora only asked for time to reciprocate his affection. She would not marry him for the wealth of the Indies, unless she could have Jessie with her—that was to be plainly understood; she was never to give her up to any but a husband. And this settled, she was willing to become his wife, and take his good and kind father in place of the beloved dead.

Their marriage was strangely interrupted. The Mexican war had broken out, and Arthur Murray had joined the army in the full flush of his young hopes, to win a name in life, or a glorious memory in death. While he lingered there, little Jessie matured into a woman. She grew almost wild with the strong excitement which youth and beauty always bestow.

And Arthur Murray lingered long sick in a hospital at New Orleans. He thought it was his last sickness, and he made his comrade write to Flora and say so. "I have but one pang in dying," he wrote, "that of leaving you, my own beloved! Cherish my memory. We shall meet 'beyond the river.'"

Flora's life was darkened indeed. It seemed as if she were never to retain the sweet ties of relationship or affection. The grave was to swallow up all. Even Jessie's young life might pass away, and it was with a trembling hand that she held her. Jessie had grown more beautiful than ever; and Flora was straining every nerve to procure for her an education which should give her access to any society, even the highest in the land. She provided all sorts of masters for her, and spent money without stint; but somehow, except in the purely ornamental and showy, Jessie never excelled. Her mind could not take in the higher principles of education—it could never reach the sublime heights of intellectual life. Her beauty bewildered the gravest of her masters, and her light wit passed with them for something better than it really was. In their bewilderment, they believed it the Damascus blade that cuts without disclosing the wound; when it was only the dull knife that hews and jags the surface.

Flora passed long months without hearing again from her lover. She had buried him in her heart. She never spoke of him to any human being; but the thin white hand and pale cheek, the transparent ear and nostril, spoke what words could not convey half so forcibly.

I saw it all. A friend and neighbor as I

was, loving the two beautiful girls as a brother might have loved them, yet loving Flora far, far more than Jessie, I saw that the former was wasting beneath her grief. My delight was inexpressible, therefore, when I one night was the bearer of a letter from the post-office, the writing on which I well remembered as Arthur Murray's. It was worth while to see that pale cheek flush to crimson, and the dull eye flash to brightness, as she took it from my hand.

"Philip! Jessie!" she exclaimed. "My Arthur is living! He is coming home!" It was all she could utter; and then she burst into an irrepressible passion of tears, such as I had never seen her in before.

Arthur followed this missive very soon. What a wreck he was! but Flora nursed him back to health and good looks, and Jessie made him ride her pony, while she condescended to mount the old brown cob, and Flora stayed at home to prepare the delicacies with which she tempted Arthur's growing appetite, too busy to see, as I did, how Jessie's white plume was bent close to Arthur's face as he lifted her from the horse, nor how he bestowed a brotherly kiss upon her full, glowing lips when she leaned down so near him.

They returned thus one night when the stars were out by thousands. I sat by the window of my father's house, which was so near to Flora's that we could easily have thrown a pebble into each other's room, although I was not aware that she was sitting at her own window in the dark.

What words I heard then! What fierce, passionate half-sentences, intermingled with caresses and choking sobs—with Flora's name and Flora's anticipated anguish—ending with the turning away of the speakers into a little wooded avenue that led up to the northern entrance of the house. I followed them silently. The noise of the horses' hoofs, as John led them to the stable, prevented me from hearing Flora's soft footsteps until she was close by my side, looking up at my face, as I saw by the starlight, with such an expression of mortal agony as no other countenance ever wore.

And there they sat—the false, reckless pair, clasped in each other's arms, and plighting cruel troth in the hearing of her whose heart they were breaking.

"And now, in God's name, what will Flora say?" asked Arthur.

Flora left my arm, which she had clung to

in her weakness, and stood before them proudly and calmly.

"Flora says nothing, Arthur Murray, to a false lover and a false sister, save that they are meet companions for each other, but not for me! If they can be happy with the weight of falsehood on their souls, be it so; their own consciences must determine that question. For you, Jessie, I am sorry you have no safer anchor than that weak heart of Arthur Murray's. Woe to the woman who expects strength from such a source!"

She broke down at these words. Arthur's face wore a look of unutterable shame and distress. He glanced at me as if he thought that haply I might speak one word in his behalf; but I averted my eyes and turned them with pity on her whose heart he had thus trifled with. Jessie wore a countenance unreadable, at least to me. I could not tell whether she was touched or not; but certainly she did not offer to help me, when I raised Flora from the floor, where she had fallen, and bore her to her room, whence she did not come forth until fever had done its mad work upon her poor brain. Arthur stayed in the house all the time she was delirious. I could not find that he ever spoke to Jessie, save to give her the coldest salutation.

One morning we missed him. I tried to find him, for I did not think him fit to be left alone. I went down to the banks of a little stream which had been a favorite haunt for us all. The willows bent lovingly over it, and a sweet little pond was near, where the water lilies lay in profusion. There was a pale hand, almost as small as a lady's, grasping the long stems that were entangled together. My heart sickened as I looked, but I resolutely threw off my clothes and plunged in. O Arthur, Arthur! At that moment in which I drew the slight figure from among the tangled lilies, all wrong was forgotten. I thought not of what he had made Flora suffer, but of his own agony that could prompt to such a deed—of his own weakness that could not bear the punishment that her sickness inflicted. I shouted loudly for help, and it soon appeared. We bore him to my father's house, close by Flora's. She lay on the other side of her house, away from the sights and sounds of the street; yet some mysterious whisper to her inner sense had told her what had happened, and she summoned me to her bedside. All efforts to restore him had failed, and I went to her as calmly as I could. When she saw me, she held out her emaciated hand.

"Philip, you are good to us all. Arthur is gone before me, but you will comfort poor Jessie. I do not need comfort, for I shall soon be past earthly aid."

They were the first rational words she had uttered, and I thought she must be near death, for I had heard of the senses being restored at the last. I said all that I could to soothe her.

"I must see Arthur when he is ready for the grave," she continued. "Promise me, Philip!"

How could I? Yet such was her state that I dared not refuse; and I believed, too, that she would not live to witness such a scene. So I told her, if the doctor did not object, she should see him.

Very beautiful he looked, dressed in his uniform, and lying upon his side on the large couch in the upper parlor, next Flora's bedroom, with which it was connected by folding-doors. We wheeled in her bed, and she lay close by the couch, where she could touch him.

"There is no falsehood there in that face, Philip," she said, calmly. "Would to heaven that Arthur and I had died before!"

I was reminded of Byron's lines:

"The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor time can steal,
Nor falsehood disavow;
And, what were worse, I could not see
Nor wrong, nor change, nor blight in thee."

Jessie burst into the room, all unconscious who was there. She ran toward the couch, now wedged in by Flora's bed, but started away when she saw its occupant.

"My poor sister!" said Flora, "she suffers more than I, for she has sinned in depriving me of his love. Look, Philip, how beautiful he is! Good-by, Arthur, my first and only love!"

I held her in my arms while she bent over to kiss the cold cheek. We buried him the next hour.

Two years after, when Jessie had gone to a far country with her husband, forgetting all the woe she had wrought, I asked Flora Balandyne to be my wife; and the old home now rings with the sweet laughter of our children, hushed only when they pass the lonely grave beneath the oak-tree.

Heaven and earth, advantages and obstacles, conspire to educate genius.

[ORIGINAL.]

DONNA INEZ ESPAGNE.

BY AURELIUS.

High o'er Zero's lofty turret,
Gazing on the dying day,
Stood Hispania's fairest daughter,
Donna Inez Espagne.

Beautiful as light her features,
Like the jet her raven hair;
And her eye, celestial brightness,
Love's own smile, seemed lingering there.

Far o'er Ebro's sparkling waters,
Far away o'er hill and dale,
Oft her longing vision wanders,
While her cheek will flush and pale.

And she cries, "No, never, never,
Will I be the stranger's bride!
Never to the brave Almanzor
Shall my heart pledge be denied.

"Ere another sun has faded,
Alva comes to claim this hand;
But I may not—no, I swear it,
Sire—obey thy rash commands."

Night has fled from Spain's fair valleys,
Morn in smiles again appears,
As sad Inez at the altar
Bends with eyelids bathed in tears.

She has viewed far in the distance,
Horse and rider, helm and spear;
And o'er all a banner floating—
Well she knows that Alva's near.

Soon she hears the neighing chargers,
Soon the warder's jovial cry;
And she moans, "O God, forgive me!
Almanzor, thy bride must die!"

"Never!" and a voice, whose music
Equals e'en the songs divine,
Breaks upon her startled senses,
"Alva Almanzor is thine!"

Back she falls. Almanzor's bosom
Pillows then her lifeless head;
Till her voice again returning,
"Almanzor, my love is dead!"

"No, my Inez, true and faithful,
Proud Espagne's noble child!
Alva is thine own Almanzor,
Sadly grieving for thy smile."

Socrates, being asked the way to honest fame, said, "Study to be what you wish to seem."

[ORIGINAL.]

JEANNETTE AND I.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

"ALL the town is in love with Jeannette!"
"All except Mark Dutton." And Mark
turned his handsome brown face toward me
with a smile.

"You, as well as the rest," I exclaimed,
angrily, for I could not bear the thought of
Mark Dutton's being a plaything for Jeanette.
It was not only that I was piqued and mortified
for myself, but Mark always seemed to
me made of the material that breaks but does
not bend, and to think of Mark's great, strong,
tender heart at the caprice of such a girl as
Jeannette made me shudder. I knew what
would come of it.

"Jeannette is in love with Nat Russell," said
Mark, and I noticed that as he said it, he
stooped down and picked up a pebble and sent
it whirling away into the foam.

"If you knew Jeannette as well as I do,
you'd know she never loved anybody but her-
self."

Mark's color rose. "You are very strange,
you girls," he said, pretending to be looking
at a ship that was dropping anchor in the
bay. "Every one likes Jeannette except you,
and you all hate her."

This was using almost too strong a word, for
though it was true enough that we didn't like
Jeannette, there wasn't one of us that wouldn't
have been glad to do her a good turn. I told
Mark so, but I couldn't help seeing that he
thought she was perfection, and that all the
rest of us were jealous and spiteful.

Now, if I had had any tact at all I shouldn't
have intimated that I thought the contrary.
I should just have kept quiet and trusted to
his finding her out himself; but in those days
I used to speak out whatever was uppermost
in my mind, and so I told Mark that Jeannette
was deceitful and selfish, and that she cared
no more about breaking a heart than I should
mind letting fall a crockery bowl. Then
when Mark defended her, and said it was only
that her ways were not like our ways, and we
didn't understand her, it made me feel worse
and worse, because it showed how much he
thought of her, and the end of it all was that
we parted in anger.

I had a sorrowful week afterward, for it was
the first disagreement there had ever been be-
tween Mark and I, and we had known each

other ever since we were children, and now we were as good as engaged, though I would not consent to call it so, seeing that I had to keep house for father till sister Mary was grown up, and it was likely that it would be a good many years before we could be married, and I didn't want Mark to feel bound to me if he should see any one that he liked better.

So I had told him a hundred times, and I thought I was sincere. But now, when I fancied he showed an inclination to like Jeannette, it made me wretched. I said to myself that if it had been anybody else I should have reconciled myself to it, for I had always managed to set his happiness before my own in everything—but Jeannette!

Jeannette Monroe was not born among us. You'd have known it in a moment if you had seen her, and it was because she was something different, more than because she was prettier, that made all the young men wild after her. But, after all, there was a fascination about the girl. She used to remind me of some of those singular exotic flowers that have a perfume at once fascinating and repulsive.

But this is not telling who Jeannette was, nor how she came on the Cape. A good many years ago there was a young man in our village named Martin Monroe. He was a wild fellow, full of dash and spirit, and always doing things that made all sober people look grave; but he was tender-hearted at bottom. He went to sea, as all our young men do, and when, after a long voyage, he returned with a little black-eyed girl whom he said was his own, and told about the death of the young girl whom he had married, Martin's father and mother took in the helpless thing for his sake. He went to sea again not long afterward, and never came back. But Jeannette grew, and before her old grandmother had done thinking her a baby, she was coquetting with the beaux.

There is no denying that Jeannette was pretty. Her complexion reminded me of those winter pears, a brownish gold on one side, and scarlet on the other, which father used to bring home when he came back from his trading tours inland.

And then she had soft, black eyes, that she knew how to use admirably, and waving black hair, so thick and long and fine that every one wondered at it. Yet we didn't like Jeannette. The strangest thing about her

was the perfect unconsciousness with which she set her own happiness and success above everybody's else. Every one is selfish, at least I suppose so, but most people try to disguise, and many succeed in concealing it, even from themselves; but I've seen a few persons in my life, and Jeannette was one of them, who don't even pretend to be generous; who, in fact, never think anything about it; but go on arranging everything so that the best of it shall come to them, with a cool assurance which is amusing. I could not bear to think of Mark Dutton's being added to the list of Jeannette's victims.

It was, as I have said, a sorrowful week; but I had to put a bright face upon it, for if father had noticed I was blue, he would have been sure to ask what was the matter, and I was determined nobody should know that Mark and I had a falling out.

Before the end of the week, as I was washing up the dishes one morning, I happened to look out of the window and saw Jeannette coming down the street. She was always out mornings when the rest of us were busy doing up the work, and dressed, too, as if she were worth a fortune. It was hard to understand where all her pretty things came from, but she was one of those to whom gifts come naturally. Some people never have anything given to them, but Jeannette was always showing some new "present." People liked to please her, and they found out that she was fond of new dresses and ribbons, and collars, and bits of lace, and so it followed that she had more finery than any other girl in town. And then her lovers gave her rings and chains and gold hair combs, and pretty trinkets brought from over seas, and Jeannette accepted them all.

Well, this morning she had on a new pink French calico ruffled up and down the front, and open so as to show a curious embroidery that somebody had brought her from Fayal, and she was floating along, holding up her pink skirt and looking as stylish as a city girl. I just went on washing my dishes after she came in, for I knew I must have something to do, or she would find out everything I wished to keep secret.

"What is this about you and Mark Dutton?" she said, after she had rocked herself five minutes.

"What do you mean?"

"As if you didn't know what I mean. They say you've quarrelled."

"They—who?"

"Everybody?"

"That means Nat Russell."

"Yes, for one. But the curious part of it is that they say you've quarrelled about me." And Jeannette dropped her long eyelashes, and put on a very demure look.

"What about you?"

"Why, that you were jealous of Mark, and accused him of liking me, and Mark said if he could not like whom he pleased he'd break the engagement, and you told him—"

"That will do, Jeannette. There is not one word of truth in what you say. Nat has been vexed because you are always flirting, and has told you particularly that you are trying to entrap Mark Dutton. Mark hasn't been to see you lately, and you've watched every day to see if he came here, and not seeing him have got up this story of a quarrel."

"You are very polite," said Jeannette, red-denying. "But you are mistaken about one thing. Nat did say that there had been a falling out between you and Mark."

"Tell Nat to keep his own affairs in order and we'll take care of ours."

When Jeannette went away she was not much wiser than when she came; yet she knew, or rather suspected altogether more than I liked.

Mark did not come down till Saturday night, and then he was quite humble and ashamed. His conscience accused him, I have no doubt. Well, peace was made, or rather a hollow truce. We did not talk any more about Jeannette, but I could not help seeing that he thought about her all the more.

Things went on so all the winter, and at last I made up my mind that it was no use trying to blind myself any longer. Just about this time Aunt Martha came to pay us a visit, and I took advantage of her being there to keep house to go away from the village. I had a brother living back in the country, and I had always promised to go and see him.

From there I wrote to Mark, and told him that I knew he loved Jeannette, and that I gave him up freely, and that he need not blame himself on my account. I knew as well as he did that this love had come unsought, and whatever pain I felt I was sure to get over in time. Mark wrote back, as in my heart I hoped he would, begging me not to think him capable of taking advantage of my generosity, and insisting that our relations should not be changed. But I sent him word that my determination was fixed, and he

must not try to alter it. I stayed three months away from home.

I did not like the thought of going back, but father kept sending for me, and finally I began to long for the sight of the sea, and the scent of the breezes that blow over the cape, and at the end of May I went.

It was a golden afternoon that I arrived. Back in the country which I had left, the fields were ankle deep in lush grass, and the snowy leaves of the apple blossoms were scattered over it as thick as morning dewdrops. All the air was sweet with the fragrance, and musical, too, with bird-songs. The sky was bright with silver clouds, the young foliage shimmered in the sunshine like a soft vapor of tender golden green. There were hints of a tropical luxuriance that the summer should unfold; there was affluence, and beauty, and music.

But all this paled in my memory when once I came in sight of the sea. Here were but three things—sky, light and water. No matter that the barren fields stretched inland, brown and scant of verdure. The wastes of white sand I forgot—the poor houses became picturesque; for there rolled away into immeasurable distance the tossing, sheeny, foaming, azure sea—mocking the overarching sky with its hue—the perfection and glory of color. And over it burned the sunshine—palpable, motionless, transparent, transfused with splendor. Some small craft lay still in the harbor, their sails hanging loose and stirless; farther off, where the blue river kissed the heavens, a white pennon caught the sunshine for a moment, and then fell from sight.

Home I went. The old brown house was fairer and dearer for the absence. Father was so glad to see me, and Aunt Martha piped such a cheery welcome, that, heavy as my heart was, it must needs lighten up. It was so pleasant to have been missed. It was a comfort to fall back into my old ways again. I put away my things quickly, and hurried around to get dinner. Father praised my cakes and coffee, and seemed to be so full of satisfaction at having me again, that I began to think that after all, was not this my right place? The thoughts I had been indulging seemed wicked. I had called myself so Eaken, and grieved because I had lost Mark's love. But here I had dropped out of that world of loneliness and unrest when I had been dwelling into a peaceful home full of love and kindness, where I was cherished as much as if I had owned ten times Jeannette's grace and

beauty. I put down the swelling in my throat, and resolved that I would hide away that old love so deep that it could not trouble me till I had grown strong enough to master it. Father thought I had gained wonderfully, I was so merry and talkative; and when Aunt Martha said she thought for her part I was paler than ever, and she didn't believe country air agreed with me, he told her it was only that I'd grown white with staying in the house.

"It was too bad I hadn't come back a bit earlier, so I could have seen the Aurora weigh anchor! She was in sight till noon, and if you'd thought of looking, you might 'a seen her, no doubt, for she stood up there against the sky like as if she'd been a picture ship. 'Twas a dead calm; but she's out of sight now, and it's the last that'll be seen o' Mark Dutton for three years."

"Mark Dutton sailed for three years, and I did not see him!"

I thought I said the words calmly. I tried to keep them back altogether, for had I not just put his image away and bidden it not to haunt me? But by father's suddenly growing pale and getting up quickly, I know I must have shrieked.

"God help us, child! Were you and Mark promised to each other?" Father came around and put a hand each side my face and looked at me.

"No, father. Mark is free, and I did not wish it to be different; but I should have liked to see him once more."

Father's face darkened. "Mark has always been to me like my own boy, but if he's a villain—"

"He is not, father. He could not help caring for Jeannette."

"He has left my girl broken-hearted," father said, in a low voice.

I roused myself. "No, father, dear; you shall see that it is not so." And I made believe smile, and went to the door where the cool air could blow on my face. It went to my heart to see how tender father was to me after that. He was not naturally gentle, you see; his life had been rough, and 'twas no wonder he had learned rough ways, and so it was very touching to see him soften so toward me. Father was known as the most energetic captain on the Cape, and though he didn't go to sea now, nobody had forgotten what discipline he used to keep on shipboard. Not that he was cruel or harsh, but he had a certain kind of sternness that had its effect upon

the wildest, and there were not many who ever dared to defy him.

I am sure no one would have suspected it who had seen what his manner was to me. It was all the harder for me to keep up, and yet it acted as a stimulus. If I hadn't been so eager to persuade him that I was not miserable forever, I don't know but I should have broken down; for now I had to hear all about Jeannette's engagement to Mark, and how fond he was of her, and how people thought it would steady Jeannette, because Mark was such a fine fellow, and she must see that she would never do better. All this was hard to bear, you will understand.

Then there were stories of Nat Russell's resentment. It was said that his indignation was all against Mark, who, he had said, had used him ill—for Nat, poor fellow, was as much in the dark as regards Jeannette as any of them, and he cursed Mark Dutton for leading astray the susceptible heart of the girl. Nat had left town as soon as Jeannette's engagement was known, vowing, it was said, that he would be even with Mark Dutton yet. Nat Russell was a wild fellow, caring little for what people might say, and one of the kind who are always foremost in mischief; but I remembered him as a boy, and knew that he was warm-hearted and affectionate.

If Jeannette's way had been onward and upward, she could easily have led him with her; but now set adrift, angry and disappointed, there was no telling where his reckless passions might carry him. Do you wonder that the world seemed very much out of joint, and that for a time I could see no harmony in it? I scarcely know how long it was that I went about in that strange, hard, defiant mood—gay and bright outwardly, but black and desolate enough at heart. I don't know, I say, for I came out of it by degrees, as the light of God's love shone in upon my heart, and made its waste places blossom again. I came out of that stern conflict and agony of feeling as one storm-tossed on some tempest-beaten shore drifts imperceptibly out upon a measureless, silent sea. The ocean of his love was all around me, and it was enough.

I had not seen Jeannette for some time. When Mark first went away, she came to me; but I, believing she liked to mock me, was so unfriendly to her, that she kept away from me afterward. But latterly I had begun to think that I did not feel right toward her, and that if I pretended to be changed, as I hoped I was, I must root out this hate from my heart.

But when now I came to look for it, it was not there; it had fled along with other evil hosts. It was after I began to feel thus that an itinerant preacher came down to the Cape, and began to hold meetings. You must know that the people inland, some of them, think we're little better than heathen, and so they send missionaries to christianize us—and need enough of it, too, in many cases.

Though the meetings had nothing to do with the way I felt, I liked to go to them. The speakers would sometimes lift up a corner of the dark curtain that hides so much from us, and let in a flood of light. I was delighted to see that they found in their way the same things that I had discovered in my lonely self-questioning. One evening it came into my mind that I would call for Jeannette. She looked surprised when she saw me.

"You! I didn't know you'd speak to me."

When we were walking along together, she said, "Have you heard about Mark Dutton?"

"What?"

And then she told me that he had been very sick, and had been obliged to be left at the Azores, and that now it was likely the Aurora would come home without him.

"This was sad," I said.

"Yes, I knew you'd think so; you always liked Mark, you know," said Jeannette, silyly. "But after all, the oddest thing is to come. You've heard about Nat Russell?"

"No."

"No? That's because you shut yourself up so. Why, this is it. After Mark and I were engaged, you know, Nat went away suddenly quite in a fury, and now he turns up in the Azores, just in time to take Mark's place—second mate, you see. And they say he's been speculating and got quite rich, and only joins the Aurora for the sake of getting home, and old associations, and so forth. I had a letter from him the other day. See here."

Jeannette drew from her pocket a necklace of coral, more delicate and beautiful than any I had ever seen.

"O Jeannette! What will Mark say?"

She tossed her head.

"Jeannette, you don't know Mark's worth. Do be true to him; you know this would vex him. Send it back, Jeannette."

"Send it back? No, indeed! Mark never sends me any such things," exclaimed Jeannette, angrily.

"He has given you more. What are such things compared to his love? Don't trifle with him, Jeannette; it's wrong."

"You needn't preach to me," she answered, pettishly.

"Now, I suppose you'll write to Mark all about this." I felt my face flush. "You know better, Jeannette."

"Well, well, perhaps not," relenting a little at my look of pain. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, but you shouldn't have vexed me."

Would you have thought three years would have run away so quickly? It was now almost May, and the Aurora might drop anchor in our waters any day. Jeannette was in high spirits; she came to our house one night, and laughed, and sang, and talked in her wild way till ten o'clock. After she was gone, Aunt Martha, who was making us a visit, said: "Jeannette's wilder than ever. Strange where she got her disposition from."

"She's one of that kind that carries things with a high hand. If she's going to the bottom, she'll go with all sail set and colors flying."

"Why, father, don't despair of Jeannette! I think she will change yet."

"Not unless some great sorrow overtakes her, and I doubt if she's deep enough for that," said father, shaking his head.

It was the next day, I think, that the Aurora was signalled. The town was all excitement, for a score of families had friends on board. O, the hopes, the prayers, the unutterable longings that followed the ship on her voyage, and now here she lay close to our quays, every soul safe save Mark Dutton. Nat Russell was much changed and improved. He might perhaps have had his choice of the girls now; and it made Jeannette all the more proud, for of course Nat went at once to see her, and of course he was welcomed. As for me, I shunned him; the part he was playing seemed like treachery, and I blamed him as well as Jeannette. He had been a week at home when I met him by accident.

"You are cold—what have I done?" he questioned.

"What are you doing?" I asked, gravely.

"Are you treating Mark honorably?"

"Confound Mark! Didn't I love her first?" he demanded.

"Yes, but—"

"O, hang your *buts*! The truth is," he continued, laughing and coloring, "Mark's too good for Jeannette; she's not his equal. A devil-may-care fellow like me is much better suited to her. As for Mark, you can console him."

"You are cruel, Nat," I said, the tears rushing to my eyes.

"Forgive me." And Nat looked really penitent. Still he was too full of Jeannette to see how deeply he had wounded me. Love is apt to be selfish.

A week more passed, and at its close Jeannette sent for me. She was looking very much flushed and excited, and I thought she was sick, but she said:

"No, I want to tell you something."

"Well, what is it?" I said pretty soon, as she did not go on.

"You might help me a little, if you had my wit," she said, as if vexed; then, boldly enough, "I'm going to be married to-morrow to Nat Russell."

"Jeannette!"

"I am, though. Don't look as if I had committed murder. The truth is, I always liked Nat best, and I believe I flirted with Mark more to vex you than anything else. You're pious now, and will forgive me, I know. I had no idea 'twould go so far. And then Nat has plenty of money, and will take me into the world. I tell you"—her black eyes flashing—"I never could endure to spend my life here as the rest of you do."

"But, Jeannette, wait a little—wait till Mark comes home."

"No, I won't wait. Don't you see I want to have it over before he comes—and he may come any day by steamer—for they didn't leave him at the Azores after all, but some other place nearer, and he was well enough to travel when Nat saw him last. And I want you to give Mark these letters when he comes back."

"O, no, no!" I said, shrinking back. "Give them to some one else."

"Nonsense. Don't be too sensitive. I want you to do it, for you can make him think kindly of me, if any one can. And now to-morrow come to my wedding. Dear me, I believe I shall go crazy before it is over."

And Jeannette pressed her hands on her temples. She did look sick, and at last I persuaded her to lie down and let me bathe her head. When I was ready to go she reached out her hand. I went to her, and half rising up, she drew my head down and kissed me.

"That's for Mark; give it to him."

I went home. It wanted only a few hours to the day which was to witness Jeannette's bridal. I had not much sleep in the meantime.

At nine o'clock I was there in company with a half dozen others, hastily summoned

and surprised as I had been. I never saw Jeannette so strangely beautiful. All her color had fled, but the unusual pallor became her wonderfully; her black eyes were dilated and marvellously brilliant. Nat looked as though the world could not hold his happiness.

The ceremony proceeded; it enchained us all. There was something more than usually touching in Jeannette's manner and expression. All eyes were fixed upon the two, and just as the minister had pronounced them husband and wife, there was an exclamation—a start—and hurried speaking. I looked toward the door, and there stood Mark Duton! Everybody looked for some extraordinary outbreak, but Mark, after a minute's pause, went up to Nat and his bride, shook hands and congratulated them; then saying he was intruding, bowed to the company and went out. He had never once looked at me.

An awkward, strange silence followed. It was broken by the clergyman, who now prayed fervently for the young pair. At the close of this service the people rose, some pressed around the bride, and others turned to talk with their neighbors. In the midst of the confusion I felt a hot breath sweep my cheek, and looking up, met Jeannette's eyes; they were burning bright, and there were scarlet spots on each cheek. "He never cared for me, if that's any comfort to you," she said, in a vehement whisper.

I bade her good-by when I left her, for they were to leave town the next morning. I walked slowly home, told Aunt Martha all about the wedding, and then sat down and sewed till it was time to go to bed. I was in my first sleep, I think, and was awakened by a rap on the window. I started up frightened, as you may imagine. The person rapped again. I always believed in knowing the worst of anything right away, so I got up and went to the window. The curtain was down, but I could see a man's figure through it, for, you must know, the room was on the ground floor.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"It's I, Nat Russell. Jeannette is sick; for heaven's sake, come quick!"

I didn't wait to be told twice. I hurried on my clothes, and running to Aunt Martha's door, told her where I was going.

"Well, if that don't beat all!" I heard her say, sleepily.

"What is it, Nat?" I asked, as soon as I was outside.

"I don't know."

He was in great distress. I tried to say something comforting, but he interrupted me.

"I'm afraid—there's was a case on board the ship of—God help us, if it should be that!" he said, breaking off his explanation.

When I entered the room Jeannette was sitting up in bed, her long black hair hanging over her shoulders, talking incoherently, and singing scraps of songs.

"O, that's you, is it?" she cried out. "And that's Mark! No, it's Nat. Is it Mark or Nat? It cannot be Mark, for he hates me—he must, I'm sure. But you'll go and ask him to forgive me—he'll mind you." I put my hand on her hot forehead. She was in a high fever. While I stood trying to soothe her and asking how she was taken, the doctor came in. He looked very sober as he examined her closely. At last he asked:

"Do you know of any possible way in which she could have contracted small pox?" Nat put his hands to his face and groaned aloud.

"There had been a case on board the Aurora," I told him.

"Ah!" He looked at her again. When he sat down to make his prescription, I knew what would follow.

"It wont do for you to go home again," he said.

"No, I shall stay and take care of Jeannette."

"What!"

"I was with her night before last, and again yesterday. If I was going to take it I must have done so before now; at any rate, I shall stay."

He did not oppose my resolution. So we took the necessary precautions. Father, too, sent word to me that I'd done right, and I must trust in the Lord. And I did. For myself and for Jeannette, I never quite despaired of her life, though Nat did. So I had to keep him up too. She was sick long, and after her reason came to her she was weak—almost too weak to gather up the little life there was left. As she grew better, she must have guessed what had ailed her, but she said nothing about it for some days. At last she began abruptly:

"I am well enough to be dressed. Bring me the glass."

Nat sprang to her side—he had never been out of call, poor fellow, through all those tedious weeks.

"It's of no use to put me off. I may as well know the worst," she said, bitterly. We contended against it, but her will was too

strong for us. Finally I went out and brought a small looking-glass from her next room.

"Let me show it to her." And Nat took it from my hand. Tears were streaming from his eyes. I went out. Pretty soon I heard a shriek. It was full of terror and distress. A burst of sobs followed, and I went out of hearing. It was hours before I was called back. Then Nat came. He smiled—it was a sad smile, it is true, but there was heart's sunshine in it for all that. I went to Jeannette. Her tears flowed at sight of me, but now it was a quiet rain, such as eases pain.

"You are so good," she said, gratefully.

"Nat has told me about it. And Nat is good. Can you believe it—he loves me yet, now when all my beauty that I was so vain of is gone. I believe I'm broken now—grandmother always said my time would come."

She was indeed. The great sorrow father had spoken of had overtaken her, and it seemed likely would prove the regenerator. When she was able, Nat took her from town. No one but I saw her before she left. At length I went home again. I thought when I did so that now I was where there was never anything but peace. But in a few days father was taken sick—not Jeannette's fearful scourge, thank God—but a wearing, slow fever, that preyed upon his life, and conquered at last. I was dumb with grief. I cannot waste words upon this. When I came to myself, there was business to settle, a few debts to be paid. There was a mortgage on the little house which we lived in. It fell due that fall, and I went to see what could be done about it. It was paid, interest and all. And he could not tell me who did it.

"You see," said my neighbor, smiling, "we didn't expect you'd find it out so soon. We rather calc'lated that you'd keep still a spell yet."

"I always like to know how I stand," I said.

Going back down the street, I met Mark Dutton. I bethought me of Jeannette's letter. When he stopped to speak, I said, "Will you come in before you sail? I have something that was left with me to give you."

He came that night. We talked a little of father, of his next voyage (he was going out in the Aurora as master), of how soon he would sail. Then I got the package of letters. He took them without a word. It was five minutes before he asked, "How came Jeannette to give you them?"

"She said I would make you think kindly of her."

"I can understand that, after what you have done."

"That was nothing, I owed it to her, for I had felt bitterly towards her."

"And now you forgive her?"

"Yes."

"Some one else needs your forgiveness."

"Indeed!"

"You must know it. When I was sick at Fayal, I thought a good deal—some of Jeannette, and more of you. Then I came back and knew of your taking care of her. If I had begun to realize before what I was so mad as to throw away, do you think I did not feel it more now? Will you forgive me?"

From my heart I had done so long ago, and so I told him. By-and-by he got up to go—going without another word.

"Are you going now without taking my thanks?" I said, stung into momentary life.

"Thanks!"

"Have you not given me my home?"

"I hoped you would let me do that little for you," he stammered.

"I will not. I refuse to accept it. What good will be to me an empty house—a desolate hearthstone?"

"You will be happy here. It is always peaceful where you are."

"No!"

"No? Why?"

"Because my heart will be wandering on the sea. The terrible storms will rack me."

He came to me, and the brown face that bent over me was eloquent.

"Will you take me back? Is there room for me in your home?"

I told him he had never lost his place in it, but he could hardly trust me. "I must think him a changeling."

"But I am not," I retorted.

Do you know what the life of a sailor's wife is? To watch and wait—to shudder when the pitiless sea rages, to leap over years of absence to the re-union. So I live and wait and pray for Mark.

HOME.

Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,

When hearts are of each other sure;

Sweet all the joys that crown the household nook,

The haunt of all affections pure;

Yet in the world even these abide, and we

Above the world, our calling boast;

Once gain the mountain top and thou art free;

Till then, who rest, presume; who turn to look,
are lost.

KEBLE.

WILD-BEE HUNTING IN AUSTRALIA.

The following mode is employed by the aborigines in obtaining the wild honey of the stingless bees that are found in some parts of the interior of that continent. These bees, which are about the size of our common house flies, build their combs (composed of globular cells) in the hollows of trees. The black who is desirous of obtaining the honey, betakes himself to the side of some water-course, having provided himself with a slender stick. He has also a little piece of fine down, picked off the leaves of a common plant, which he has previously twisted into a point at one end, and dipped into the sticky juice obtained by breaking the stem of another weed.

Thus armed, the native fills his mouth with water, and when he sees a bee light on the margin of the pool to drink, he discharges the mouthful of water over him in a fine shower, and thus by wetting the wings of the bee, prevents its flight. He then allows it to crawl upon the stick, and when the wings are nearly dry, and the bee is preparing to fly away, he attaches the pointed end of the light tuft of down to the back of the insect, by means of the sticky point. This, by impeding the progress of its flight, and by rendering it more conspicuous, enables the savage to follow it to the hollow tree containing the comb. This honey is described as being of a peculiarly limpid character, and of a very good quality; it frequently is to be found on the tables of the settlers in the interior, and used as an article of luxury by them. This honey is found in the forests of the interior. Some has been seen which had been procured 500 miles inward from Sidney.

A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

In this world of trial and perplexity, of change and uncertainty, what is more to be desired than an abiding spirit of cheerfulness? that turn of mind which will lead one to look upon the bright side of every picture?—or if it seems to have no bright side, at least, to forbear gazing upon the dark side? Do you possess by nature a cheerful disposition? Thank God for an inestimable blessing. Do you possess it not? He has given you the power, and made it your duty, to cultivate it. Laugh at the annoyances of life and rise superior to its weightiest calamities. Heaven never yet lengthened out a life that it might be spent in sighing and complaining.

[ORIGINAL.]

SONG FOR POLAND.

~~~~~  
BY THE BARD OF THE PENINSULA.  
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The loud cry for freedom is ringing again,
Though the proud czar of Russia her nobles has
slain;

Yet the news comes afar, o'er the wide-spreading
sea,

That Poland is destined once more to be free.

The emperor's minions rushed on like a flood,
And overwhelmed Poland in rivers of blood;
Her patriots in exile they caused to remain,
But the daystar of freedom is dawning again.

Kosciusko's proud spirit looks down from its height
On the autocrat's star, which shall soon set in night;
For the patriots of Poland are rising once more,
Determined their slavery at once shall be o'er.

Then forth let us rush, to assist and to save
The patriot of Poland from being a slave;
And tell to the nations afar o'er the sea,
Once more and forever shall Poland be free!

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[ORIGINAL.]

## GALBRIDGE HALL.

## A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

~~~~~  
BY J. W. EYEBSON.
~~~~~

I HAD never questioned the policy of such counsels as my good old friend and patron, Uncle Haman, as I familiarly called him, was disposed to urge. He had seen life and the world in all their phases, and his sober and benign countenance was always an attestation of his frank good will. Yet young, dependent, and inexperienced as I was, I marvelled that he should wish to drag me from my quiet and natural sphere, into the unkindred splendor of Galbridge Hall. It was like those absurdities of age, which spring from it as naturally as the mould from a decaying tree. But the word was a fiat, and I was accordingly introduced.

After all, the Galbridge family were but flesh and blood. There was a proud, showy dame, who was neither young nor beautiful in all her rouge; and there was a cluster of gossiping girls, whose frivolities, for the honor of the place, I feigned to admire. Even Sir Thomas himself was a lean, ill-favored man—a sorry comment, indeed, on a courtly station. I was willing, however, to view things as far as practicable, through Haman's

eyes; but one thing puzzled me. I thought, when my name was first mentioned, Sir Thomas turned slightly pale.

"We must commission you, ladies, to amuse the lad," said the polite Haman. "You will find him somewhat diffident, but sound at the bottom." And he glanced at me with a droll meaning in his eyes, as he added: "Old English stock, and born of the peerage."

I started at his apparent inconsistency, but in my heart I could not charge him with falsehood. He wished me well, and that was sufficient. The assertion was not lost, and the circle of gossipers, which, a moment before had seemed complete, exhibited a vacancy, which at once I boldly accepted.

"Society, in these days is truly a godsend," said the youthful Helen, whose seat was nearest mine.

She was the fairest, and consequently the proudest of the sisters; but—poor girl! there were none to be amazed.

"Society might be burdensome," I returned. "In the gross, it is simply the world's prism, where colors are as changeable as the light in which they are viewed. There is love, and there is hatred, and each may predominate. As a whole the appearance may please us; but if analyzed, what shall be uppermost?"

"You are too severe, sir. Those who do no wrong, make no enemies."

"Those who wrong us make themselves our enemies," I retorted.

Something more was upon my lips, but the showy dame abruptly turned the theme. At this instant, as I glanced towards Haman, my eyes fell upon a face of singular sweetness, that gazed upon me for a moment through the panes of a neighboring door, and then vanished like the spirit of a vision. My friend was too profoundly occupied with his host, and the ladies were too deeply interested with themselves, to notice either the apparition or my own surprise; but Sir Thomas immediately rose, and with but a word of apology, left the room in company with Haman.

The clatter of tongues, which seemed to have been thus far interrupted, commenced now in plain earnest; and I, condemned to listen, grew bold in the whirlwind, and finally escaped unscathed.

There was a pattering of rain upon the window panes, and a wild, ominous moan in the wind. There was the dreariness of death in the darkness—misery for the miserable, and crime for the criminal. It was a night that would have analyzed the world's prism, and

have sent affluence to its easy bed, and beggary to its pillow of stone. Charity would have sat among the comforts of her beamy home, and satisfied her instincts with a pittance of needless prayers, while want made its ravages without, unseen and unrestrained. They were atoms of society at variance with the light, but equal in glory.

"Please, sir, pity my mother!"

I had but just closed the door, and still dazzled by the glare of affluence, could but just perceive the shrivelled and dripping thing that crouched upon the stones at my feet. The voice had a plaintiveness in it that cut me to the quick.

"I would pity a dog in such a storm. Poor girl, come in."

"Not there! not there!" she cried, as I turned back. "They struck me."

Struck her! for what? My blood boiled at the thought, for what was the license of society but a sceptre for all its members?

"God defend you, if the world will not!" I ejaculated, adding, as I thrust my only knife in her hand, "there, go, child! you would perish here. Not a word! I know you are grateful. Go!"

She had pressed my hand to her lips, and her hot tears were upon it like the blessings of Heaven. I had made a friend. They had made—what?

In a moment she was receding in the darkness, and I drew my cloak about me and started to follow. The lights flickered in the streets like native spectres of the storm; and here and there were the sounds of unseen feet, and glimpses of noiseless life, where atoms of the uneasy world were tossed upon its changes. Through these I followed the frail and unsuspecting girl. Turn after turn was made. The lights grew scant. The ribald challenge and bacchanalian jeer chimed with the hoarse wind around us, where society convened in the dark and fetid lanes.

At length she stopped, and pushing a debilitated door from its fastenings, disappeared among adjoining ruins. In an instant more I had followed her over the threshold; and groping by the sound of her footsteps, over the dangerous floors, a position was at last secured, where I stood an unobserved spectator of her wretched but cleanly home.

Upon a pallet lay a poor, wasted creature, the very picture of death, whose womanly loveliness had withstood the blight, but was tempered to her sorrows like the ghastly lights to the storm. My guide had knelt by her bed-

side to kiss the pale lips, and rose only to show the coin I had given her.

"This? Only this?" asked the invalid, in a feeble and mournful tone.

"A stranger's kindness, mother." And the girl hung her head, as if the confession pained her.

"A stranger's, Ella? Have you not been—there?"

"Yes, mother; but they gave me—"

She hesitated, buried her face in the pillow, and burst into tears. She had begged in her mother's behalf. How could she tell her mother they had given her blows?

"Ella—child—my Ella!" gasped the parent, endeavoring to comfort her—"there, you are wet, child; you are cold. You must be hungry. Go, now, I will not think of it."

The girl turned towards me, and our eyes met. She knew me, and I—it was the face of peculiar sweetness that I had seen in Galbridge Hall. My self-confidence fell at once, and in its place came a feeling of inferiority. The warm blush that mantled her cheek seemed but the reflection of my own, and her maidenly confession only the more reproved me for the little stealth I had practised. I stammered an apology, and went to the bedside for relief. There were but few formalities to be recognized in such a scene, for life seemed as if fluttering upon her lips in anxiety to escape. But the thin, white hand was vigorous in its clasp, and the eye shone with unearthly lustre, as, after beckoning Ella from our presence, she intrusted me with her woeful history.

The rain beat upon the window panes, and the wind shrieked at the doors. It seemed as if Nature was in agony, for another heavy beam of the prism—another atom of the universe, was passing away.

"Tut, tut, lad! how grave you are! has Helen turned your brain?"

"Helen! by no means," said I, with a start.

I spoke somewhat hastily, but Uncle Haman's face was full of good humor.

"Then who has, pray? You're as stupid as a lover, and she's dangerous as a girl."

"You judge the fruit by the rind, sir. Did you never suppose that a little pride and expense would improve the looks of a gorgon?"

"Lord save us! how bitter! Plainly, then, you don't love the girl?"

"No, sir, and never shall."

"That's good! I knew it, boy. But now look you; left to yourself, you may yet find it hard to resist. The whole force of Galbridge

Hall is bearing upon you. There are two roads before you—prosperity and ruin. You will choose that which you deserve.”

“What mean you, sir?” I asked, completely astounded. “Helen, even if I wished it, could never stoop to my hand; or did they take it for truth that I was born of the peerage? You speak in riddles, sir. Am I the subject of a plot?”

Haman reflected a moment, and then exclaimed, as if to settle the matter:

“Well, we’ll see! we’ll see!”

I knew it was useless to question him further, and therefore, curious as I was, I contented myself with a series of speculations.

“Had the proud beauty but one tinge of Ella’s nature,” thought I—but yet, was I not beneath her? What could it mean? “Was it not wrong to deceive them so?” I asked. “Born of peerage! humph! Pray, then, of whom were you born?”

I was nonplussed, for in fact, this important matter was buried in obscurity. Haman, I had more than once suspected, was master of the mystery, but he had never given me a clue for research, and this remark was ridiculous, as the carelessness with which it was uttered seemed to imply.

“I’ve a theory, boy,” said he, “which, resolved, is simply the old maxim—‘Do in Rome as the Romans do.’ There is much for you to learn in this crooked world. You yourself would say there are peers who were never plumed.”

I could not fathom the remarks, and so passed them in silence.

“Did you observe,” I asked, as the fact recurred to me, “that Sir Thomas manifested an uneasiness in my presence?”

“For what reason, think you?”

“A guilty mind. You know the proverb—‘He must feel abashed in any presence, knowing what misery he has caused.’ You did not see the beggar at his house when we were there?”

“No.”

“I did. In justice, the hall was her home. She guessed not that, but her poor mother knew it. I was at her mother’s deathbed, and I know where the sin lies.”

Haman turned from me, remarking, “I guess the story,” and we both relapsed into silence.

The blaze of Galbridge Hall was never extinguished. Its pomp was its idol, in whose light its subjects lived and moved like the planets round the sun. But the festivals of

Galbridge Hall were flooded with glory. Men could not be men but by the favor of this Olympus, and those who came to its board were gods. Day and night, seed-time and harvest were alike in Galbridge Hall; while sun and moon, the entire universe without, was confined to the staid authority of nature. There was banqueting at Galbridge Hall. Society was there in its bewitching and intricate completeness; and the tit-bits of scandal which had been preserved for the occasion, were served with the usual delicacies, and munched with the usual zeal. The proud, showy dame was a moving pyramid of splendor, which, but for the mechanism beneath the jewels, would have dazzled the most considerate beholder; and the bedizened Helen, who seemed in excellent humor now that her charms could be seen, was indeed an admirable counterpart of the beautiful grimalkin.

In consequence of Haman’s singular hints, I stole sheepishly about in the scene, occupying those points only which seemed beneath the level of importance. But the force of Galbridge Hall was not to be easily countermined, and at last, by some inexplicable method, Helen was at my elbow.

“Now, my runaway,” she began, merrily, “why have you kept me in chase? These gray-haired men have twice your gallantry. I have spoken with them all. Come, sir—why?”

She spoke with a high-bred portness, and with a manner that was at least becoming. She had assumed the grace and dignity of girlhood, as well as its pride and levity, and the effect pleased me.

“Disparities, lady, disparities. I know my province.”

“Indeed! I’ll question that in time. If you think so, please forget it. There are no disparities here, I hope, which may not be overcome.”

“You have been deceived,” I returned, resolved to disabuse her at the outset in reference to my position. “It was a queer freak in my friend to commend me as he did. He was wrong, but I believe unreasonably so. I am but just what I seem, and am dependent even for that. I disclaim nobility.”

“You will give me the more credit, then, if I respect you as much. It is you, sir, who are at fault; for you admit that station qualifies the man, while with me the mind is an entirety. I judge things by their temper.”

It must be confessed that such remarks were getting the victory, and I felt a thrilling

pride as I gazed in her pretty upturned face, at the consciousness of her exalted favor.

"Do you know these gentlemen?" she asked, as, sauntering through the gay saloons, we came upon a party, of which Haman was the obvious attraction, discussing by itself some apparently momentous subject. As we approached, all eyes became centered upon me, as if the company I kept had roused their curiosity.

"At least, they well know me," said I, glad to escape the ordeal. "There are others in the throng, I perceive, who are intent upon watching me."

Her face was turned from me as she glanced around the assemblage, and at the same instant I heard a whisper from Haman, who had gained my side, and put his lips to my ear.

"Let us escape," said I. "Do you play at whist?"

"Anything to please you. Here is my mother."

Madam and her cavalier were in time to favor the suggestion, and we all moved to the card room. It was not my purpose, however, to associate in the game; but disposing of my companion as I best could, I remained a spectator of the scene. As they sat, I stood between them and a floating arras, with the sound of clinking coins and the murmur of voices behind, and the dizzy whirl of players before me. Beauty and fashion seemed striving for the palm, and in the spirit of the conflict even madam's dignity and Helen's favor dwindled into naught.

I was carelessly gazing among the faces that flitted before me, when one, melancholy, but of singular sweetness, arrested my attention. The next instant Helen spoke to me, but my blush had gone.

"Observe that awkward creature by the column yonder."

"A beautiful girl!" I exclaimed.

"Beautiful? O!" and in her pious disgust of the thought, she threw up her hands and sunk back in her seat. Madam's quick ears had caught the expression; but she bore the results in a more philosophical way.

"Shocking! shocking, sir! you cannot be serious. She is a poor, hateful thing, who lives upon our charity. How came she here? It is scandalous."

All interest in the game was stopped. Madam vigorously plied her fan, glancing from the bare board before her to the poor outcast Ella, as if meditating an onslaught upon the luckless girl; while Helen, perhaps the better

to evade comparison, turned her back to that direction, and tapped her foot impatiently upon the floor. Meanwhile, the innocent object of their displeasure was inadvertently drawing near.

The eyes of the multitude were captivated by her charms, and their hearts could but honor her taste and simplicity; but alas! calumny is a sweet morsel among the pigmies of society, and madam's assertion was repeated in the distance, though with marvellous accuracy, like the echoes of a sounding crime.

The meeting of the ladies was apparently accidental, and the sensitive girl's confusion proved how little she had desired it. Madam manifested an increasing nervousness with her fan, but bestowed a look of withering scorn; while Helen, with one desperate effort, suggested an escape from the dilemma.

"Pardon me," said I, with a sarcasm I could not forego. "We should judge things by their temper. The mind, you are aware, is an entirety."

"Sir," she replied, with a flash in her eye, "we know the creature, and are charitable enough to confess it. She has presumed upon that, but her supporters must be regarded at least as her equals."

Ella was not alone, and the last remark was perhaps intended for her gray-headed gallant; but he seemed strangely negligent of all that transpired, though I detected a working of his countenance. Helen glanced wistfully at her partner at the board, but his eyes were averted; and her mother, answering to the implied wish, proffered her arm, and swept with her to a safer distance. The players round me were intent upon their games; but their meaning glances betrayed a knowledge of the transactions, and their whispers were still echoing the averred charity. Madam, however, passed among them unhonored. The two confederates of the play remained, and none rose to fill their places. A secret power was in conflict with the force of Galbridge Hall, and her star was in the decline.

Ella was still beside me. Our eyes had not met, but I felt an embarrassment in her presence which grandeur had failed to arouse, and which I could not but observe, was mutual. The shrivelled and dripping thing, kneeling upon the stones as the rain pattered upon the window-panes—the lonely spectre of the storm, and the outcast atom of the world, passing, passing away—all came in swift review before me. In the interval we had grown old. The friend I had made I was learning

to covet, and the obligation had increased a thousand fold.

"Lady," I stammered, as she stood aside for a moment; but the words failed me, and I could only press her hand to my lips.

Her face was ashy pale, and I thought there was a tear on her eyelids, which she turned to conceal; but her weight grew heavy upon my arm and I saw that she had swooned.

It had been to me as a moment of stupor, but a voice at my ear recalled me. There was none to be distinguished as the speaker; but those were near who had grown familiar in their scrutiny, who closed in as Ella's consort flew to his post, while I broke through and slipped behind the arras.

The apartment which I had supposed to be swarming with life, was small, dimly lighted, and occupied with but two persons—Sir Thomas and Haman. A dice box lay upon the table before them, discarded, it seemed, for the bottle and a quiet parley; and it required an effort to repulse the conviction that my patron was caught with his cunning. Sir Thomas recognized me with a perceptible start, and a pallidness that reminded me of our first meeting; but in a moment he was confident, and cordial to an extreme.

"You have put the ladies in a flutter," was one of his first remarks, accompanied with a look that was meant for one of roguishness—"I hear that Helen has refused all to follow you—and, egad, sir! she's a host."

"I have seen her, sir."

"Ah! yes. Ahem! glad of it. Good company, good company, sir. She pleased you, perhaps?"

"I confess she did." I might have added the reverse too.

"Yes, I knew it. Good company, sir—pretty, young, formed well, and looks well. That's important, you know, in a general view; and she is pretty—you noticed, perhaps?"

"Particularly, sir."

"Yes—I knew it. Pretty, sir—young, and good company. Then—ah, well—not absolutely rich, yet, by no means poor. That's the first consideration among men. There is a competence round you for a world of the common class, and you may guess at Helen's portion; but I know of none who will confess they are rich. You understand, doubtless?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Yes; I knew it. A competence, then—youth, beauty, good company, and a competence. Egad! what a prize! you see I may

justly be jealous; but with you, in truth, I find it difficult to be so."

I saw at what he was aiming, and with Haman's hints still in my mind, was simply puzzled to know his motive. Wishing to treat the matter candidly, however, I replied:

"I think, indeed, sir, she has but few superiors in her sphere, and the best among our nobles might boast of her favor. For my own part, I should regret the difference between us, but that nature gives to every grade its peculiar and appropriate benefits; and I question, sir, whether she will be more suited with a servant than I shall be without one. I have an odd fancy in this particular, and would even choose the extremity."

"Pardon me if I doubt," said he. "It is a bold assertion, and I must test it." He drew closer to me, and his manner became serious. "In all confidence—Helen loves you. Accept her, and she is yours."

For the first time Haman's face was averted, and Sir Thomas dropped his eyes in a shameful way. I might have wavered, but it was only for an instant.

"Impossible!" I replied. "The heart acts of its own accord, and my hand shall not go without it."

"Sir," he exclaimed, angrily, "you know not what you refuse. Wealth, power—everything—you are mad."

"I am serious. I refuse all. Pardon me, sir. Let us forget the subject."

He regarded me with less astonishment than I myself had anticipated; but his countenance grew pale, and the fire in his eye frightened me.

"Enough, Sir Thomas," said Haman. "I have redeemed my pledge; now for yours."

The words seemed to carry a demon's vengeance with them, and the peer sunk beneath them, as if struck to the soul.

"No, no," he gasped, with the first breath. "I have not tried him. I am not satisfied. He will do it. He shall—I say he shall!"

I shrunk back in a tremor from the unaccountable devilishness that he betrayed, while Haman, who had sat apparently unconcerned during the first course of the scene, composedly rose and replied:

"It shall go no further. The circumstances which have controlled me will scarcely justify what I have already done. I demand the pledge, and you see how thoroughly crime has worked out its retribution."

Haman turned to me, doubtless to continue his remarks; but the cowering Sir Thomas recovered for the instant, and sprang upon



him with the fury of a tiger. Both fell to the floor, and I bounded to my friend's assistance, but the sudden interposition of another power was alone sufficient to repulse the madman. When we looked about us again, the arras was drawn back, and around us were all those whom I had been endeavoring to avoid.

"I expected some trouble," said Haman, as the quivering wretch fell back, "and I made due preparation for it. These gentlemen are here to sustain me." Then turning to me, he added: "This wretch is simply living upon your means. This property is all yours, inherited from your father. You were but a child when he died, and Sir Thomas managed so well that you disappeared, and the possession came to him. In time, he discovered you again, and, to strengthen his position, he conceived a family alliance. I was pledged to him in a manner that none will condemn, but endeavored to be partial for the wronged; and, seeing how matters were converging, I took good steps to secure them. This apparent festival is in reality a tribunal, and what has been seen and overheard will have due weight. I have the best proof in my possession, and all shall be forthcoming."

I cared not to receive the congratulations of the throng, to endure the curious stare, or to witness the misery of the vanquished. In truth, I doubted what I had heard, and chose to forget it in the merriment of the farther halls. But the news had already gone forth, and I was hunted to the retirement of the gardens.

"Ha, Ella!"

The ejaculation was involuntary, as I suddenly came face to face with the unobtrusive girl. She was alone, and I led her to a neighboring seat. It seemed as if I had found a bosom for my secrets, and a heart to give me counsel. It was a confidence that Galbridge Hall had been staked for in vain—the guiltless beggar's triumph over those who had wronged her. The soul was in its own channel, drifting away to a kindred haven, and the garden seat was the best witness of its truth. Haman was the first to interrupt us.

"Sir Thomas is dead," said he. "He died by his own hand, but confessed his guilt in presence of all."

"Poor wretch!" thought I; "it is but human to forgive him."

"He was spared one blow," I remarked. "He was Ella's father, and she will be mistress of his possessions. So Heaven has avenged the mother's shame."

"His family—I fear to think of them."

"They shall be well cared for."

I was master of Galbridge Hall, and the next gathering there installed Ella as its idol. Now—what a mournful comment upon pride!—madam and Helen are living upon Ella's charity.

#### COLORING AND ALLOYING GOLD.

It is well-known that anything less than twenty-four carat gold indicates that in an ounce of that substance there are so many twenty-fourth parts of gold, and that the remaining portions of an ounce of it are made up of an alloy of some inferior metal—usually copper. There is no doubt that it is possible to give almost any color to gold, by the addition of particular alloys; and of late ingenuity has been at work to give the sixteen carat gold the appearance of pure gold. This is done by the aid, partly of what is known as the coloring pot, in which the metal is treated to an acid bath of a certain amount of strength. By the judicious use of this contrivance, twenty-two carat gold may be made to resemble very closely native gold as found in the shape of nuggets in California or Australia. Nuggets are never, however, found to be pure gold—they consist for the most part of about twenty-three carat gold, the fraction being made up of an alloy of some inferior metal. In order to test the purity of gold, the application of heat is, perhaps, one of the simplest means. Pure gold will not be in the least discolored by it, while twenty-three carat gold will take a slightly red tint. There is this peculiarity about the mode of testing suggested—it will certainly discolor very materially all gold of any degrees of fineness inferior to that of twenty-three carat.

#### LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over all the obstacles in the way, rather than sit down and lament your hard fate. The cheerful man's life will spin out longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. If distress comes upon us, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to do when evil comes upon us is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and make a vigorous effort to seek a remedy.

Peace in this life springs from acquiescence in disagreeable things, not in an exemption from suffering.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CONSOLER.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Gentle Nature, who can force  
Thy sweet pulses from their course?  
Vices, follies, human woe,  
Nothing can thy patience vex.

Over ruins, over wars,  
Shine thy ever-pitying stars;  
Spring thy flowers where armies stood—  
Life and bloom for death and blood!

Nothing can thy anger move;  
Moveth man thy works of love?  
Day and year thy blessed balm  
Healeth each successive harm.  
Greenness springs from seeming death,  
Till succeeding beauty saith,  
"Time and Nature can but be  
Portion of eternity."

Man, a sightless insect small  
Mid creation's glories all,  
Feels thy mysteries, like perfumes,  
Visit him from unknown blooms.

But thy million voices tell,  
"Always, always, it is well;  
Death nor life, nor sea nor sod,  
Any creature shut from God!"

[ORIGINAL.]

ANNIE AND I  
OUR ROMANCES.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

It was such bad news for Annie and I!

We had gone out of town to spend the summer, leaving our lodging-rooms locked up until our return. The last of September we heard that the place we had called our home so long was burned to the ground. The destruction of the building was no loss to us, but not one article of our furniture had been saved. Our precious books and pictures, and many of our clothes, were lost.

"O, dear," said Annie, crying, "my arabesque writing-desk that I was so choice of! And my Parian vases that you gave me, Harrie. And my sea nymph, and bust of Schiller! O, dear—O, dear!"

I thought of some old letters I had left in a drawer, and of all our winter clothes destroyed, but I tried to comfort Annie by saying that it might have been worse.

"It is so ~~fortunate~~ that we brought our chess board and pieces! What would you do all winter without chess, Annie? And they are real pearl and jet—the men. We couldn't possibly afford to buy another so fine a set. And your guitar. You know you were going to leave that. And father's Bible, and mother's picture. I would rather have lost everything else than these. As for our clothes, we can allow ourselves new Thibets, because now we ~~must~~ have them. And our furs and cloaks were packed with Aunt Jennie's, at Roxbury, so they are safe enough. I'm very sorry, but there's no use in fretting, Annie."

We were not rich. We had denied ourselves many a new garment to purchase adornments for our rooms, and it was very hard to have all our work of self-denial and labor of years swept away in a single hour. I hardly think Annie could have felt it worse than I did, but she was impulsive and demonstrative, and fretted herself almost sick, whilst I was very quiet.

She was a year older than I. We were orphans, and had been together all our lives. Annie was amanuensis for a gentleman who paid her a very good salary for spending six hours a day with him, and I embroidered for a living. I had always been very well pleased with my life, but Annie was sometimes dissatisfied, and always restless. In summer she would long for winter, and in winter for the summer time. She was always wishing to go somewhere—to the seaside, to the lakes, to the White Mountains. She was never quite content for a day. And she would have a dozen pieces of work—none of which she ever had patience to finish. There never was a time, I think, when I didn't have some discarded work of Annie's to complete.

She was very pretty—tall, slender, lithe, with dark hair and eyes, and a quick, changing color. I was smaller, fairer, more restful, but not so pretty. And somehow, I always seemed the oldest. Annie was not to be depended upon; not that she was not sincere, but she would change her mind so often. So I had always assumed the management of our little household, and appeared more like the elder sister. She depended on me much more than I did on her.

The next day after I heard of our loss, I concluded to go to Boston first, and secure lodgings before Annie came, so that she would be saved all distress and perplexity about our home for the winter. I did not tell her how much trouble I expected to be at. I told her

I should see Mr. Isbey, who would assist me in my search, and when I had the room nicely settled, I would let her know. I don't think she more than half realized what I was going to do when I went away, for she was nearly wild with preparing to sail out to Minot's light, with a party, and she kissed me and was gone before I left Cohasset.

Mr. Isbey was our friend; he had been our father's friend. He was a quiet, sensible, practical man, forty years old. He had held Annie and I on his knees when we were children, and now that we were nineteen and twenty years old, he was our counsellor and confidant. So I went to him. He was in his counting-room, as I expected. He wheeled forward a leather stuffed arm chair for me.

"Well, Harrie, what is it?"

He and Annie always called me Harrie for Harriet.

"The old place is burned, you know. I want you to tell me where I can find other rooms for the winter."

"Yes, I know. It is a pity your rooms were double locked. Some of your things might have been saved."

"They might have broken down the doors."

"Not easily done at such a time; the fire was very rapid. I was not here; I was just out of town, or I might have done something. Your Correggio I gave you is gone—too bad! and all Annie's drawings and books. I am indeed very sorry."

"We have some of our things. But the trouble just now is, where are we to stay this winter?"

"At 10 H—Street you will find lodging-rooms to let, with or without board. An excellent place. Mrs. Granville will accommodate you, I am sure."

So I went to Mrs. Granville's. It was a swell front brick house, facing a park, still green. She showed me the rooms, after I had given her Mr. Isbey as reference.

"I shall be pleased to accommodate you, if possible," she said, as we went up stairs. "But I have only two suits of rooms unoccupied. There! Mr. and Mrs. Blair have all on this floor but two—these two. Will they be large enough?"

They were pretty little rooms, not quite as large as I wished, but carpeted with such bright Brussels, furnished with such unique furniture of real mahogany, and had such cosy window nooks, that I was charmed. So I engaged them, sent for my trunks and the boxes, and word to Annie to come the next week.

If possible I would send Mr. Isbey for her.

When the boxes came, I bought a new bracket for the terra cotta urn in which my splendid convolvulus had just blossomed, sent to Aunt Jennie for our canary, hung a landscape picture which Mr. Isbey brought me, unpacked my trunk, and arrayed the drawers of the wardrobe—then asked Mr. Isbey if he could go for Annie—she did not like to travel alone. He said yes, but on the day he intended starting, Annie sent word that Mr. Alford was coming to Boston, and she should need no other escort.

Mr. Alford was one of the gentlemen at the hotel at Cohasset. I was not much acquainted with him, but Annie had gone to Minot's light in his care the day I came away. He was a handsome, stylish fellow, whom I did not fancy much, but I had thought Annie attracted by him, the first evening they met. She was passionately fond of a crowd where she met new faces and new people; she always exhausted every resource within her reach, and she read character, and experimented with gentlemen, until I thought sometimes the girl must be heartless to act so perfectly the flirt. Her actions forced the belief upon me, in spite of my knowledge of her clinging, pure, passionate fondness for me.

"I am not heartless, Harrie," she would say, in reply to my remonstrances. "I am in earnest every time, and I'm just as much disappointed as they are. I'll wager more! I think I love them dearly. All at once I find out that I do not—that I don't care a straw for them. And when I respect them and admire them, it's a very great disappointment, I assure you."

I could not help laughing.

"It's fate; I haven't met my destiny yet, I suppose," she went on, knitting her pretty forehead. "When I do, I shall love—and tremendously! Believe it, will you?"

"Yes," I said, brought over to her view.

Mr. Alford came to Boston with Annie. The very evening of the day they arrived, he called at our house, and I knew Annie was in love with him. I was very much interested.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Isbey?" I said to our friend, who was also spending the evening with us. Annie had gone to the hall door with Alford. Mr. Isbey took up his hat.

"One must not judge too hastily," he said. "But he is the last person I should think Annie would fancy. He is too much like herself."

"Yes; brilliant, cheerful, erratic. I am sur-

prised, but I think she loves him. I never saw her appear just so to any one before."

He waited a moment until Annie came in; then left us. Annie flung herself upon the lounge, and covered her face with her hands. I knelt down by her, and kissed her hair.

"Do you love him, pet?"

"Yes," she said, nestling her face on my shoulder.

"How can you, Annie? He isn't half as nice as Hetherton, or Charley Carlton."

"I don't know. Don't ask me to be consistent; I never am."

It struck me as being strange that she did not immediately avow him perfect—love being blind, you know—but Annie was different from other people in everything. She talked about him eagerly enough, as I knelt there, unbraiding her hair; told me what he said and did—how handsome his eyes were, how soft his hair and beard! We went to bed at last, and she was talking when I dropped asleep.

I had become so used to Annie's love affairs, that I was not as much absorbed in this one as I might have been, even though it seemed in earnest. I was thinking of something else as I worked, the next morning, after Annie had gone to Mr. Middleton's to resume her situation as amanuensis, when somebody knocked at the door. I opened it. There stood Mrs. Granville.

"I wish to speak to you about your rooms, Miss Perth," she said.

"Yes. Please come in and be seated."

"Mrs. Blair is going away to stay through the winter, and Mr. Blair will not require all his rooms now. You spoke of these being smaller than you wished. You can have the same they have used for a library, if you choose. It joins this. Mr. Blair will need only his chamber—next room but one."

In an instant I thought that we needed another room, since Annie would wish to see Alford alone evenings.

"I think I should like it," I said.

"I thought perhaps you might. Will you go in and look at it?"

We entered a luxurious little place, as green as a sea cave. I was a little startled when a gentleman arose from the depths of a luxurious fauteuil of emerald velvet, and stood ready to be presented. I had supposed the room was unoccupied.

"Miss Perth, Mr. Blair," said Mrs. Granville. "Miss Perth wishes to look at the room, Mr. Blair."

The gentleman—tall, graceful, sanguine,

with reserved blue eyes and a golden red beard, bowed gravely.

"Yes, the room is quite at your service just as it stands, Miss Perth. I shall not need it until Mrs. Blair returns, if you will allow me to come in occasionally for a book from the library."

Saying which he left the room.

"It is his furniture, not mine," explained Mrs. Granville. "It will not be worth their while to take up the carpet and move that great bookcase, so Mr. Blair said you could use it as it was, when I told him about you. He knows, of course, that you will take good care of the things."

It was rather a novel arrangement, but since it was Mr. Blair's offer, I need have no scruples. And it was a very great temptation to have the use of such an elegant little place. Of course I arranged for it with a great deal of pleasure.

"Mr. Blair won't trouble you any," said Mrs. Granville. "He's the quietest man in the world."

This remark recalled the David Bruce of "St. Olaves," and I thought it fortunate for Mr. Blair's peace of mind that he was married, else Annie or I might otherwise possibly prove another Alice.

Mr. Blair had vacated the room for good, taking with him an immense folio volume, and Annie and I sat there in quiet satisfaction that evening—I sewing, she lounging in a little tete-a-tete of green velvet, and reading. There was a splendid library of cedar wood and plate glass, but that we found locked. A magnificent Titian over the mantel, and in the south alcove a little French beauty by Greuze.

The curtains were of green satin, with an over drapery of white lace. On an arabesque bracket was a marble bust of Goethe. Opposite the door a fine oil painting of Mr. Blair himself. Annie criticised it; admired the beard, and found fault with the nose; and finally said she believed he left it there to keep guard over the room.

"He is very wise," said I. "For if I didn't actually stand in awe of those deeply, darkly, beautifully blue eyes, I might be tempted to the depravity of picking the lock of that library. Just see the Brontë's, and the Reade's, and the whole collection of poets, Annie! Isn't it perfectly tantalizing?"

Alford was there the next evening, and the next; and more than half the evenings of the next three weeks. I spent alone in the little library, while Annie and he sat together in

the next room. Indeed, it seemed as if I had quite lost Annie. She was either at Mr. Middleton's house, or with Alford, continually. I used to get tired working alone, and it was not only a pleasant surprise, but a very great relief, when Mr. Blair one day handed me the key to the library, and asked me if I would not like the use of the books. I wondered he had not thought of it before. Indeed, I had thought of it so much that I felt quite guilty as I took the key and thanked him.

That evening Annie and Alford went to a concert, and Alford was at the house an hour or two after they returned. They awoke me in my chamber, when they entered the next room, for Annie had told me not to sit up for her. Then I fell asleep again. The clock was striking twelve when Annie came to bed. She awoke me to show me the ring he had given her. Then it had gone as far as that?

She was happy and excited, but she fell asleep at last, and I lay awake thinking sadly. Annie would leave me. I could not help crying, but I cried very softly, so as not to disturb her. She was so happy!—her whole heart and life seemed taken up, so that there was surely forevermore a division between us. She had been my nearest and dearest so many years! Now I had no one—no one but my old friend, Mr. Isbey, and he never could be more to me than he always had been; no one could ever take Annie's place. I thought until my heart ached with its desolate pain, and I cried myself to sleep.

The next afternoon Mr. Isbey came and took tea with us, and spent the evening with me, for Annie went out with Alford. When I told him of Annie's engagement, he looked grave, but said little. He stood at the library looking over the books.

"Do you know this Mr. Blair?" he asked, at last.

"Not much. I wonder if his pencil marked that copy of Tennyson's *Idyls*, which you have. He has exquisite taste, if so."

Mr. Isbey did not take the trouble to look the book through. He clasped his hands behind him and walked the floor until he made me nervous.

"Wont you look over Annie's new music?" I asked, hoping to attract his attention. "Mr. Alford brought her a large roll yesterday."

"No," he said, curtly. "I must be going. It is ten o'clock."

"Wont you come in to-morrow night, and have a game of chess with Annie?" I said, helping him on with his overcoat. "I'm so

glad we saved the beautiful set you gave us! By the way, one of the pearl pawns is broken. Annie said you promised her to get it mended."

I brought the little bijou. He took it silently.

"Will you come to-morrow night?"

"No; I have something else to do," he answered, and went off thus ungraciously.

I was babyish that night. It seemed as if no one had a thought for me. I tried to force back the hysteric swelling in my throat, but my grief rose up and submerged me at last, and I flung myself upon the lounge in a wild passion of crying. I did not cry often, but when I did give way, it seemed as if soul and body would be wrenched apart, and I was almost ill for a week after. I was lost to all sight, sense and sound, when two firm hands touched my head, and a voice exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter, child?"

I was frozen still in an instant. I never turned or looked up. I knew the voice. It was Mr. Blair's.

"Miss Perth."

I made no sign.

"I beg your pardon," he said, and left the room.

Then I was angry—I did not know whether at him or at myself. I sprang up and locked the door, walked the floor until I was dizzy, then went around through the hall to my bedroom, so that Alford and Annie should not see my face, for they had returned. I bathed my throbbing head, looked at my blanched face in the dressing-glass and went to bed—a cynic. I would rather have died than have that calm, dignified Mr. Blair see me in such a state. Why couldn't he have knocked? He did, of course, but I did not hear him. I might not have heard him if he had fired a pistol ball at the door.

That was the last evening Alford was at our rooms for a week. If he and Annie had quarrelled, she said nothing of it to me. She was a little abstracted, but seemed cheerful enough, and Wednesday evening Alford came again, and Annie went to the opera with him. Thursday night I went to the opera with Mr. Isbey. I had no thought for anything but the music, until the performance was over; then, passing out, I saw Alford with a lady on his arm—a beautiful blonde girl in an opera cloak of violet velvet, snowy plumes tipped with silver, in the soft loose masses of her fair hair. Alford was bending his head and talking to her in a low voice as my eyes fell upon him.

Suddenly he saw me, and crimsoned to his golden curls. Naturally enough I told Annie when I reached home. She turned upon me in an instant.

"You saw him with her, then?" she said.

"I saw Alford with a lady," I replied.

"Harrie," she said, in an excited voice, "there is a report that he is engaged to that girl."

"Why, he is engaged to you, Annie?"

"I know it."

She was very pale, all but two burning spots upon her cheeks, and her eyes glittered with a look I had never seen in them before.

"Annie, it cannot be!"

"I don't know, Harrie," she said, sinking into a seat. "He is not trustworthy. I have known it this long time."

"And you still love him?"

"Yes, I love him."

Annie was different from me. She looked up at me, read my face a moment, and smiled sadly.

"I never was consistent, you know," she said. "I never expect to be. Well, I will know about this to-morrow. Don't fret for me, Harrie."

The next day Charley Carlton from Cohasset came in. I saw the color drift out of Annie's cheeks, and watched her curiously.

"Charley, do you know Miss Forrester?" she asked, as they were looking for a piece of music together.

"Madge Forrester? O, yes. She is engaged to Alford—Lew Alford, you know. He is in town, now, isn't he?"

"I believe so," said Annie, quietly opening another portfolio. "Have they been engaged long?"

"Over two years. She's a beauty, Annie, haven't you seen her?"

"Once."

That was all she said. Charley fell on my hands the remainder of his stay. When he had gone, I went and knelt down by the fauteuil where Annie sat, with her head on her hand.

"What shall you do, darling?"

She dropped her ring into my hand.

"Put it out of my sight," she said, with a shudder.

He came that night. There must have been a stormy scene, for Annie came to me for the ring, with a face so changed with passion that I hardly knew her. She went back to the sitting-room; in half an hour I heard the door close upon him.

My poor sister! I did not know what to do—whether to go to her or leave her alone. She had not seemed like my gay, tender Annie for four weeks past. So I did not go to her immediately; I sat before the library fire, my heart beating painfully, my ear listening for the slightest sound in the next room. All was very still. She came to me at last.

"Let us go to bed, Harrie," she said, wearily.

I took her dear hands, cold as ice, and drew her down to the hassock at my feet. I put my arms about her neck and held her head to my bosom, with my cheek against her glossy hair. She was cold as stone for a long time. Her forehead knotted at last—her head sank to my lap; she clasped me convulsively about the waist, and I never witnessed such a passion of grief as was hers.

It was of no use to say a word to her. I could only smooth back her tangled hair, and kiss her hot forehead. I begged her, for my sake, not to make herself ill, at last.

"I love you, dear, more than he ever did. Don't hurt yourself in this way for him; he is not worth it. Don't break your heart for him, Annie, when I love you so, and you are all I have in the world!"

She raised her head.

"I shall not break my heart," she said, after a moment. "These are my last tears, my only ones. I have loved him,"—she stopped—"but as God is my judge, I do not love him now; my heart is washed clean to the core. He is no nearer my soul than the farthest stranger in the world. I do not know what it means, but it sickens me to think of him. Don't speak his name again, Harrie. We will go to bed now, I am so tired!"

She slept on my arm all night, her pale face as serene as an infant's. Once she moved and spoke a name, not Alford's, or mine, but Mr. Isbey's. She called him by his first name—Leonard.

I had not seen Mr. Blair since the night he caught me crying so dreadfully. I was very glad of it, but when he came into the library the next morning, as I sat there at work, after Annie had gone to Mr. Middleton's, true to some peculiarity of my nature, I was haughtily indifferent to him.

"Are you using my 'Shirley,' Miss Perth? I do not see it here."

"No sir. You will find it on the next shelf."

It was not in its place. I internally resolved that I would never again meddle with Mr. Blair's books, or anything belonging to him, as long as I lived. And I'd give up his room.

which he was at liberty to walk into at any time.

"Miss Harrie, will you do me the favor to attend King's lecture with me to-night?" said he.

I looked at him with two very large eyes.

"Mr. Blair!"

"Well, Miss Harrie?"

Such audacity!

"Where is your wife?"

"My wife!" he exclaimed, dropping his book, and turning hastily towards me. "Pardon me, but I hope, I do hope she is about three feet from me!"

There was no human creature within three feet or fifty feet of the man but just myself. I looked at him a moment, then gathered up my work, and was walking out of the room.

"Wait, please—a moment—my dear Miss Harrie. Have I offended you? I think,"—half laughing—"that the words said themselves. I'm sure I would not offend you for the world. But why need you be offended?"

"Do you think that your wife would sanction your giving such invitations to young ladies during her absence, Mr. Blair?"

"What wife? Why, I haven't any wife!"

"Have you obtained a divorce from Mrs. Blair?"

"What Mrs. Blair? I don't know a Mrs. Blair in existence but my mother."

"Your mother?" I said, faintly.

"Yes. Good heavens! You didn't suppose—"

We looked at each other very blankly for a moment. Then the calm, the elegant, the dignified Mr. Blair sank into a seat and laughed immoderately. I turned towards the door. He sprang after me.

"Harrie, dear child! I beg ten thousand pardons, but it is such a ridiculous mistake! How could you—ha! ha!"

"Mr. Blair," I said, trying to get away, for he had my hands.

"Harrie, dear little girl, don't be angry. Just answer me one question."

"I will go to the lecture—yes—if you will let me go!"

"That is not it; will you be Mrs. Blair?"

"Release my hands!"

"Listen to me, please."

Annie wanted me to tell Mr. Isbey all about it, and then ask him not to mention the subject to her. I did so. He was so kind to Annie! He devoted himself to her pleasure as he had never done before in his life. I was very grateful to him.

It came to be winter. Mr. Blair and I were sitting very comfortably by the library fire one evening, and Annie was playing and singing, when Mr. Isbey came in.

"Come, girls, put on your wraps for a sleigh ride! Come, Blair! It's a splendid night—the clearest starlight, and the roads are smooth as glass. Annie, little queen, that's right."

We were wrapped in a moment, down stairs, and piling merrily into the cutter. It was the finest night of the season. Before we got out of town, the street was blocked by the falling of an omnibus horse, at a crossing. We stood stationary a moment. Some men in a sleigh behind us were talking.

"O, it's nothing when you get used to it. I don't think she broke her heart either; she holds too stiff an upper lip for that. But women are fools! I should think they'd learn enough to take care of themselves after a while. But it always will be so; every good looking fellow has a throw at their hearts. A perfect game of battledore and shuttlecock. We call, they throw out, and we throw back. It's very nice for you and I, Jim—hearts are pretty playthings—and—women are fools!"

I looked at Annie to see if she heard. She did, and she knew the voice. She curled her lips—her eyes flashed—then she laughed.

"He's as blind as a bat!" she said.

I thought she meant that he did not see her, but in a little while I understood she meant that women do not break their hearts, but outlive love after love, because they find they were deceived by false symbols of tenderness and truth. A woman who would die for a false-hearted man is much better dead than alive. There is truth and tenderness in the world as surely as there are counterfeits of them, and it is the most unpardonable weakness to lose our grand faith in God's store of wealth because we grasped at a bit of rock crystal and supposed it a diamond. More shame to the crystal for not being a diamond! but the poor thing can't help its worthlessness. Glimmer, crystal, with your false brilliancy! every true seeker will eventually cast you by.

Annie's restlessness was all gone. Long before I suspected it, she had discovered a fresh green ivy wound through all the irregular ways of her previous paths—Leonard Isbey's love—and she bound her brows, and sat down in peace. We were married at the same time, Mr. Blair and I.

Many dread being ill who are very willing their lives should be so.



## The Florist.

Life hath as many forewells  
As it hath sunny hours;  
And over some are scattered thorns,  
And over others flowers.—MAS. L. P. SMITH.

### Coreopsis.

Among the numerous family of coreopsis are included a number of showy perennials, with yellow flowers, all perfectly hardy, and easily propagated by division of the roots.

*Coreopsis lanceolata*.—Lance-leaved—is a fine species, with lanceolate leaves, producing a profusion of large, rich, yellow flowers, upon long peduncles (flower-stems), which begin to open in June, and give a continued succession until autumn. Height about two feet. This is almost the only perennial which produces yellow compound flowers so early in summer. A small root planted in April will make a large plant by autumn. All the species are propagated by dividing the roots.

*Coreopsis verticillata*.—Leaves verticillate (given off in a circle round the stem); opposite, sessile (without footstalks); ternate (in threes), or quinite (in fives); leaflets linear lanceolate, entire; rays of the flower acute, pale yellow; disk, or centre, dark brown. The flowers have a peculiar, star-shaped appearance. It is said the florets are used to dye cloth red. It is a handsome shrubby or border plant, continuing from July to October in bloom.

*Coreopsis tenuifolia*.—Slender-leaved.—The foliage of this species very much resembles the last, with this difference, it is much more delicate and finer. The flowers are of the same shape, a deep, shining yellow, having its disk also yellow; not more than a foot high; in bloom in July and August. A handsome plant, suitable for the front of the border.

*Coreopsis tripteris*.—Three-leaved.—A tall, handsome plant, suitable for the shrubbery, six feet high. Leaves on the stems in threes; lanceolate, entire; radical ones pinnate; flowers yellow; from August to October.

*Coreopsis grandiflora*.—Great-flowered.—The flowers are not so large, however, as *C. lanceolata*, or so handsome. Its habits are different from the other species, having creeping roots, which throw up in every direction stems not more than one foot high, with compound, much divided leaves; leaflets linear. As an exception to the other species, this is somewhat tender, and requires protection.

### Verbena.

There are innumerable varieties of the verbena, of every color and tint, excepting yellow and blue. Some varieties are of a bluish purple, ruby-purple, lilac and dark-purple, rose, scarlet, crimson, white, white with red eye, scarlet with purple eye, rosy with red eye, shaded, striped, etc.; in fact, every shade of the colors named. The habits of all are similar, naturally prostrate creeping plants, taking root freely wherever the stems come in contact with the ground, and sending forth innumerable

clusters of their many-hued, brilliant flowers from May to November. It is kept with difficulty through the winter, except in rooms or in the greenhouse. In the cellar the roots soon perish; nor are any of them quite hardy enough to stand the winter. They flower from seed sown in the open ground, in May, the same season, commencing their bloom in August. Seedling plants produce seed in abundance, but those that have been a long time propagated from cuttings lose that power in a great measure. There is no end to the variety from seedling plants. To have them come early in flower, the seed may be brought forward in the frame. No plant equals the verbena for masses, particularly when grown in beds cut out on lawns, as the brilliancy of the flowers contrasts finely with the green grass.

### Thunbergia.

*Thunbergia alata*.—Winged-petioled Thunbergia. Handsome climbing green-house perennial, but succeeds well as an annual, from seed sown in the open ground the last of May, growing five or six feet high, with numerous buff-colored flowers, with dark throat, from July to October.

*Thunbergia alata*, var. *alba*.—White-flowered, winged-petioled Thunbergia.—This is a very showy variety of *T. alata*, differing in no respect except color. The plant is highly ornamental, and being easily multiplied by cuttings, it has already become common. Like the other variety it is often treated as a stove plant, but it succeeds better in the conservatory or green-house, and, if planted in a warm, sunny border, it will grow and blossom freely during the summer months. A soil composed of peat and loam is that which suits it best.

### Cassia.

*Cassia Marylandica*.—Maryland Cassia. A hardy, indigenous perennial, four feet high, with yellow flowers, from August to September. Many of this genus are beautiful plants, but mostly tender; some species are sensitive, and close their leaves in wet weather, or at the approach of night.

### Work for the Month.

This is a very busy month, for the garden should now be cleared and arranged for the season. Transplant all sorts of fibrous-rooted perennial and biennial plants now where they are intended to remain. Put the bulbs into the ground again, and transplant the different layered plants into their respective places. Prune flowering shrubs of all sorts. Plant and transplant all hardy deciduous shrubs, and their suckers. Dig up and part the roots of all flowers which require so doing, and replant them. Plant cuttings of honeysuckles, laurels, etc. Take up the roots of dahlias, and put them carefully away till May. Trim evergreens. Plant box edgings; cut away the long, sticky roots, and trim the top; even. Mow grass walks and lawns, and weed gravel walks.

## The Housewife.

### Raspberry and Blackberry Jelly.

Take the berries when ripe, mash them, and let them drain through a flannel bag, without squeezing it. To each pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and the beaten white of an egg to three pounds of the sugar. Set it on the fire; when it boils up well, take it from the fire, and skim it clear. Set it back on the fire; if any more scum rises, take it from the fire, and skim it off. Boil it till it becomes a jelly, which is ascertained by taking a little of it up into a tumbler of cold water. If it falls to the bottom in a solid mass, it is sufficiently boiled. Seal it up in tumblers or cups.

### Apple Jelly.

Pare and core some tart apples; boil till soft in plenty of water, and strain through a jelly bag. Do not squeeze them. Add a pound of white sugar to each pint of liquor, and boil slowly to a thick jelly. A little cranberry or beet juice, put in on removing it from the fire, will give it a red tinge; or, use saffron tincture, or spinach leaves, to color, if preferred. Strain again, and when cool, put into glasses and cover.

### Sago Jelly.

Rinse four ounces of sago thoroughly; then soak it in cold water half an hour, turn off the water, and put to it a pint and a half of fresh cold water. Let it soak in it half an hour, then set it where it will boil slowly, stirring it constantly; boil with it a stick of cinnamon. When of a thick consistency, add a glass of wine, and white sugar to the taste. Let it boil five minutes, then turn it into cups.

### Sago Pudding.

Three pints of milk and a cup of sago, boiled together till the sago is tender, with a stick of cinnamon; while it is hot, stir in a small piece of butter, four eggs, sugar to your taste, and a little rose-water or lemon. Serve with powdered sugar.

### Apricot Tart.

Take some apricots, cut them in two and break the stones; put them into paste with sugar, a small quantity of preserved lemon, and a few of the kernels; close it, sprinkle sugar over and glaze it. If the apricots are not ripe, boil them a short time in water, and drain them well.

### Suet Pudding.

Chop half a pound of beef suet extremely fine; add the same quantity of flour, two eggs well beaten, a small quantity of pounded and sifted sugar, and a little salt; mix well together with milk to a tolerable consistency, and either bake or boil it.

### Whigs for Tea, or Breakfast.

Warm a pint and a half of milk, one ounce of butter, three eggs, three table-spoonful of yeast, flour to make a batter, and let it rise two or three hours. Bake in rings fifteen minutes.

### Cream Cheese.

Such of our readers as are fond of this luxury, and can procure the materials for it, are requested to try the subjoined recipe, cut from an Irish journal, the editor of which highly recommends it:—"Take a quart of cream, or if not desired very rich, add one pint of new milk, warm it in hot water (if necessary) until it is the temperature of milk from the cow. Add a table-spoonful of rennet, let it stand till thick, then break it slightly with a spoon and place it in a frame eight inches square and four inches deep, in which a fine canvas cloth has been placed. Press it slightly with a weight, let it stand twelve hours, then put a finer cloth in the frame—a little powdered salt should be put over the cloth; it will be fit for use in a day or two."

### To preserve Eggs.

The simplest, least troublesome, and certainly a very excellent plan, is to simply pack them in pans, with the broad end downwards, in salt, surrounding them entirely, and packing them row above row until the pan is quite full. A moderate-sized pan will hold perhaps one hundred. They will eat like quite fresh eggs for a week or ten days after packing them in the salt, and will keep good for twelve months, if necessary. You may keep eggs thus for years, and never have one spoilt in the keeping. Of course it is needless to say the eggs must be kept in quite a dry place.

### Sweetmeat Pudding.

Take one ounce each of orange and lemon peel, and citron; slice them very thin; line a dish with puff paste; lay the peel at the bottom; mix the yolks of seven eggs with the whites of two eggs, adding five ounces of sugar; pour it over the sweetmeats; put it into an oven well heated, and bake thirty-five minutes.

### Butter Cakes.

Beat with your hands a dish of butter into a cream, add two pounds of sifted sugar, three pounds of dried flour, and two dozen eggs, leaving out half the whites; then beat altogether for an hour. Previous to baking it, you may add some seeds and currants, an ounce of mace, a nutmeg, and a little brandy.

### Tapioca Pudding.

Wash two large spoonful of tapioca, and put to a pint of milk; the grated rind of a lemon, a small piece of butter, and sugar to your taste. Boil it an hour; then add three well beaten eggs. Put it in a dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Serve with sauce, or sugar and cream.

### Vermicelli Pudding.

Take four ounces of vermicelli; boil it soft in a pint of new milk, with a stick or two of cinnamon; add half a pint of thick cream, a quarter of a pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten; put in a dish and bake it.

## Curious Matters.

### Remarkable Case.

On the 27th of February, 1831, a man named John Taylor, aged 20, a native of Prussia, was at work as a sailor on board the brig Jane, of Scarborough, then in the London docks, and while guiding the iron pivot of the trysail mast into the mainboom, the tackle broke, and the mast, which was thirty-nine feet long and six hundred pounds in weight, descended upon Taylor. The iron pivot tore off half his scalp, which fell over his face; then striking his lower jaw, broke it, and knocked him down; lastly, piercing his chest obliquely, came out in the lower part of his back, and fixed in the deck. When thus transfixed and otherwise injured, the man subsequently stated that he felt no pain. "I was in heaven," said he. Nor was he at all inconvenienced during the withdrawal of the mast from his body by his fellow-seamen, but immediately afterward experienced "unutterable agony," and at each act of inspiration the air came from the wound in his chest, proving thereby that the lung was injured. He was carried to the London Hospital, where he so far recovered in five months from the effects of his severe injuries, as to be able to walk a distance of some miles. He ultimately returned to his duty as a sailor, and has ever since enjoyed most excellent health.

### Natural Barometers.

Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great-coat. The different species of trefoils always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The tulip, and several of the compound yellow flowers, all close before rain. There is a species of wood-sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The bauhinia, or mountain ebony, caplial or sensitive plants, observe the same habits.

### The Boomerang.

The boomerang is a puzzle, and even mathematicians cannot comprehend the law of its action. It is a piece of carved hard wood, nearly in the form of a parabola; it is from thirty to forty inches long, and about three inches broad, pointed at both ends, the concave part a quarter of an inch thick, and the convex edge quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so that it may fall at his feet, and away goes boomerang for forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when it will suddenly rise into the air

forty or fifty feet, describing a curve, and finally drop at the feet of the thrower.

### A new and rare Animal.

A little harvest mouse (*mus minutus*) was caught by a cat, the other day, in Byfield. It was first discovered and brought to notice a few years ago by White, the English naturalist, who found a nest built like a bird's nest in a bush, which had eight young ones. It is very rare in Europe, and we are not aware of any specimen having been before found in this country. It is an inch and a half long exclusive of the tail, and weighs an eighth of an ounce, being the smallest quadruped in the world. Its color is brown on the back and sides, and white on the belly and inside of the legs. The head is very small, with short ears and large, prominent eyes. The feet are proportioned like those of the kangaroo, the hind ones being the longest and strongest, and possessing five toes, while the fore ones have but four. Its nest is made of grass, in the form of a ball, being completely closed on every side. When the mother wishes to perform maternal duty, she tears open a place to get access to the young hopefuls, closing it up again when her important mission is ended. It is a remarkably beautiful and agile little creature, though unfortunately the delicate attentions of the cat had deprived the specimen referred to above of both his agility and beauty, and rendered him unfit for preservation.

### Curious Circumstances.

George Martinson, of Hartford, Ct., a gentleman well advanced in years, died some eight or nine months ago, leaving a handsome property. His heirs were his widow and two or three children; there was also an adopted daughter. Careful search was made, but no will could be discovered, so the estate went into probate; the six months allowed were just expiring, and next day the property was to be divided among the heirs. The Hartford Press says that day the widow noticed an old pair of pantaloons of her husband's hanging in the cellar-way, and gave them to an Irish woman at work for her, saying she could wash them up, and maybe they'd be good for something. As she took them to the washtub she felt a paper in one of the pockets; it was the missing will. Among the bequests it gave the house and lot, worth \$5000, to the adopted daughter.

### Death of a Pin-Gatherer.

The Baron de Sevrès is dead, in France. Among the property he left were found two large and heavy boxes, which by the heirs were supposed to contain cash, but turned out to be hundreds of thousands of all imaginable kinds of pins. For the last twenty years his regular habit has been to pass along the most frequented streets and places of public resort, and to pick up any pins he discovered on the ground.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### THE EMPRESS AND HER HAIR.

A Paris correspondent states that the French empress is entertaining her friends at Fontainebleau, and says that the eminent lady moves with the greatest ease and grace from one group to another. She joins for a moment in the remarks of each, and no sooner has she withdrawn, than she herself becomes the subject of observation, and with one common wail do the ladies burst into exclamations of disapprobation at the experiment which her majesty had been induced by ill-advised friends to try; that of revivifying her hair, which had ever since the autumn manifested a tendency to turn pale and fade, the colors which once shone so brilliantly amongst the thick golden plaits and tresses no longer suiting the *nuance* to which the hair has changed, consequently the blues had to become paler and the mauves much lighter, while the stronger violet and ponceau, once so becoming, were found no longer admissible. Accordingly the court hair-dresser set about trying his skill in revivifying, promising upon his honor that the preparation he employed should neither act as a dye nor as a destroyer of the hair. What, then, was the painful surprise at beholding the change which a few employments of the drug had accomplished? From the beautiful golden color we all were wont to greet with so much enthusiasm, it had become a dark auburn, from a dark auburn it was fast declining into a deep brown. Nothing could be more unbecoming than this tint to her majesty's complexion, and it is hoped that by ceasing to use the preparation, and reducing the color by a soda mixture, composed for the express purpose, the natural *nuance* will soon be restored.

**IMPATIENCE.**—In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.

**A LABEL.**—The Persians have a saying that "ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and the women took nine."

### THE HUMAN EYE.

The language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read in the eyes of your companion, while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offices of hospitality, if there be no holiday in the eye. How many furtive invitations are avowed by the eyes though dissembled by the lips. A man comes away from a company; he has heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with the society, he is cognizant of such a stream of life as has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes which give no more admission into them than blueberries, others are liquid, and deep wells that men might fall into; and others are oppressive and devouring, and take too much notice. There are asking eyes and asserting eyes, eyes full of faith—some of good and some of sinister omen.

**BURNETT'S PREPARATIONS.**—We wish to call the attention of the readers of "The Dollar Monthly" to Messrs. Burnett & Co.'s advertisement on the cover of this Magazine. Mr. Burnett's preparations are unequalled on this continent. His articles for the toilet, for the table, for the health of the people, are all just as he describes them; so the public have confidence in his word in what he sells, and the firm thrives accordingly. We are glad of it.

**DEFINITIONS.**—Analyze—an attack on Anna's veracity. Willful—Will a little tipsy. Patrolling—Pat turning on his own axis.

**DOUBTFUL.**—A report that the Horse Marines had hired the roof of Quincy Market for a parade ground needs confirmation.

**REVENGE.**—Revenge is a fever in one's blood, generally to be cured only by letting the blood of another.

**A GREAT GAME IN A SMALL COMPASS.**—Cricket on the hearth.

THE RIOT MANIA.

Riots are like contagious diseases, they spread with alarming rapidity, frighten sensible people out of their wits, cause them to neglect all proper precautions, and take no measures for the public safety, until some individual comes forward, and by his example and counsel inspires courage in the weak and timid. Mobs are generally cowardly, and if they are met on their first onset with promptness, firmness and dignity, they will dissolve; but if the men who compose the crowd see that they are feared, that no force is ready to oppose them, they will sweep on with confidence, fierce and strong, to scenes of violence and plunder, and each day that passes without calling out forces to meet them and crush them, but adds to their confidence and brute courage, and at last a mob becomes a most formidable force, and dictates terms to the authorities. But there is not on record a single instance where mobs ruled for any length of time. During the French revolution mobs held possession of the government from six months to as many years; but when Napoleon the Great assumed power, he showed that he was no friend of riots or sudden rises, and he took care that Frenchmen should not hurl him from the throne as they had done his predecessors.

The Gordon riots of England are matters of history. The vilest portion of the populace made themselves felt and heard for some days, and all of their demands were complied with by the timid, just because the government was weak and careless, and did not command the respect of the roughs. But after the authorities began their work, they finished it up in the old-fashioned rough style, using the gallows and the noose without the slightest conscientious scruples, and regardless of the prayers of the condemned.

We have had but few riots in Boston; but they have been more frequent and severe in New York, which contains a larger floating population than Boston, and more discontented, disorderly men. The riot which recently occurred there could have been suppressed the first day that it started, if the authorities had been prompt and active. But they were not, and a few hours showed the city government how imprudent they had been. What was only a ripple in the morning had grown to be a wave of monstrous dimensions at night, sweeping all before it, and leaving in its wake ruin, destruction and death, and not until after much bloodshed

and trouble were the rioters put down.—

In Boston different results were arrived at. The mob made an attack on citizens, police officers and gunshops, but the city and State authorities acted in concert. The police were armed with revolvers and clubs, the militia were called to their armories, and stationed to guard important posts, United States men were drawn from the forts, artillery companies with loaded field-pieces were ready at corners and in squares, and two companies of cavalry were in the saddle, dashing from street to street, and driving people before them; the telegraphic wires conveyed the news from one section of the city to the other, and wherever help was needed it was sent. In this manner Boston escaped scenes of pillage, and although blood sprinkled the streets, the thoroughfares were not red with it, as some feared would be the case. For all this we must be thankful; and although we would have escaped all this, yet we must feel grateful that matters were no worse.

BE PUNCTUAL.—A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected, ruin credit, and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

CHARACTERISTIC.—We were highly amused the other day at the reply of an old salt, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which the ship was in great peril. "Why," said Jack, in all sincerity and simplicity, "I thought, what will the poor fellows on shore do now?"

SPINSTERS.—Formerly, women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed-furniture; and till their wedding were called spinsters, which continues to this day in all legal proceedings.

A CHILD'S IDEA.—One of the little fellows got off an odd expression in this form: "Mother, did General Mitchell go to heaven?" "Yes, my child, I think he did." "Bully for him."

TO THE POINT.—A garrulous barber being required to shave a celebrated wit, asked him, "How shall I shave you, sir?"—"In silence," was the reply.

## THE NILE EXPLORERS.

Captain Speke, who claims the honor of discovering the source of the Nile, has recently made a statement of his journeyings before the London Royal Institution, which met expressly for the purpose of hearing an account of his adventures. The Prince of Wales was present with a numerous suit. The captain said that time would not permit him to describe the whole of the incidents of his journey from Zanzibar to Egypt, which occupied two years and a half, and extended over a distance of more than three thousand miles. He chose rather to give some account of the Wahuma and some of the other tribes inhabiting the shores of Lake Nyanza.

Judging from the physical characteristics of those tribes, he considered them to be descended from the ancient Abyssinians—an idea confirmed by the traditions of the people, who, when questioned about their origin, always replied that they came from the north. Captain Speke gave a long and interesting account of the history of the people of Unyoro, tracing their kings down to the present monarch. On the most fertile part of the shores of Lake Nyanza, he said, is the kingdom of Uganda, which is the most interesting of all the nations of equatorial Africa, being better cultivated and better governed than any other. The customs of Uganda are many of them most singular. The princes, having large harems of women, their progeny is, of course, most numerous. When a king dies, all his sons are burnt except his successor and two others, who are kept, in case of accident, until the coronation, after which one is pensioned off, and the other banished to Unyoro. Untidiness in dress is a capital crime, except the offender possesses sufficient riches to pay an enormous fine. Ingratitude, or even neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred, is punishable. It seems that civilized nations might take a lesson, in this respect, from the barbarians.

The lecturer stated that at Uganda the court customs are also curious. No one is allowed to stand before the king, and to touch him, or look at one of his women, is death. They believe implicitly in magic and the evil eye, and the kings are always attended by a certain number of women crowned with dead lizards, and bearing bowls of plaintain wine in their hands. The king of Karagwe is the most civilized of all these native chiefs; before entering Uganda Captain Speke spent many days with him. In manners, civility and en-

lightenment, he might be compared with many Europeans. He owes much of this to the influence of an Indian merchant named Moussa Mzouri, who helped him by his advice to conquer his brother, with whom he was at war. Captain Speke was much entertained with many of his questions as to what became of the old suns, and why the moon made faces at the earth. He also wanted to know whether England, of which he had heard from the ivory traders, could blow up the whole of Africa with gunpowder. The moment the king heard that he was desirous of going north, he sent messengers to the king of Uganda to prepare the way for him; the king was most anxious to afford him every possible information about the country.

On arriving at the king of Uganda's capital, Captain Speke found it necessary to wrap up all his presents in chintz before sending them to the king, as nothing bare or naked could be looked at by his majesty. He found the palace to consist of hundreds of conical tents, spread over the spur of a hill. Thousands of courtiers and attendants were to be seen engaged in every conceivable occupation, from playing on musical instruments to feeding the royal chickens. On sending word to the king that he wished for an interview, that monarch sent back a sharp message that he was to sit on the ground and wait until he was at liberty. Captain Speke, however, sent back word that he was a prince, and not accustomed either to sit on the ground or to wait. A courtier followed him, prophesying all kinds of evil from his presumption.

Captain Speke, however, terrified the whole court, king and all, into submission by merely opening his umbrella, which they took to be a deadly weapon, killing by magic. A chair was consequently allowed to Captain Speke, who was received by the king, surrounded by his court, and having by his side the women crowned with dead lizards, to ward off the effects of the evil eye. The king stared at him for about an hour, at the end of which time his majesty said, "Have you seen me?" and retired to another tent, where the same process of staring was followed by a similar inquiry. The king went into a third tent, and Captain Speke followed. This time, however, the monarch deigned to examine Captain Speke's Whitworth rifle. Captain Speke told him that it was the custom of the inhabitants of the country of which he was a prince to make presents of everything that they possessed to any king into whose country they

entered. He accordingly left him several rifles and watches, and a quantity of gunpowder. He endeavored to engage his majesty in conversation about Petherick's party, and the possibility of opening trade through the north. It was a long time, however, before he gained his confidence. On leaving the king presented him with numerous very valuable presents. At Gondokoro, Captain Speke met Mr. Baker, but the latter, hearing from Captain Speke that he had not been able to explore the lake Luta Nzigi, Mr. Baker immediately set off on an expedition in that direction, and Captain Speke has no doubt that by next year we shall know all about this supposed tributary of the Nile. Already the English are discussing some of the advantages to be hereafter obtained by the discoveries, but years must elapse before the kingdom of Uganda can be reached for commercial purposes.

obliged to be put in separate pens in the cars on the railroads, and at the depots, while women must appear with an agreeable countenance, if not smiles, even when the head, or perhaps the heart, aches, and are expected to permit nothing ill-tempered, disagreeable, or even unhappy, to appear outwardly, but to keep all these concealed in their own bosoms, to suffer as they may, lest they might otherwise lessen the cheerfulness of others? These are a few suggestions only among many we would hint to the stronger and most exacting sex, to be reflected on for the improvement of their taste and manners. In the mirror thus held up before them, they cannot avoid observing the very different standard by which the behaviour of the two sexes is constantly regulated. If any reason can be assigned why one should always be a lady, and the other hardly ever a gentleman, we hope it will be done.

#### MALE AND FEMALE MANNERS.

Who can tell why women are expected, on pain of censure and avoidance, to conform to a high standard of behaviour, while men are indulged in another a great deal lower? We never could fully understand why men should be tolerated in chewing tobacco, in smoking, and in spitting everywhere almost, and at all times; whereas a woman cannot do any of those things without exciting aversion and disgust. Why ought a man to be allowed to drink liquor till his breath is offensive, and his manners vulgar, while a woman must do nothing which shall be indecorous in the eye of the most fastidious judgment? Why should a man be allowedly so self-indulgent, putting his limbs and person in all manner of attitudes, however uncouth and distasteful, merely because such vulgarities yield him temporary ease, while a woman is always required to preserve an attitude, if not of positive grace, at least of decency and propriety, from which she departs, though but for an instant, she forfeits respect, and is instantly branded as a low creature? Can anybody say why a man when he has the toothache, or is called to suffer in any other way, shall be permitted as a matter of course to groan and bellow, and vent his feelings very much in the style of an animal not endowed with reason, while a woman similarly suffering must bear it in silence and decorum? Why should men, as a class, habitually, and as a matter of right, boldly bear the coarsest qualities of human nature in the outside, and swear, and crowd, and fight, and brutify themselves, so that they are

THREE REASONS.—A traveller writes home to a friend: "From Camden to Bletchley, a distance of forty miles, I travelled along with Mrs. Greaves. She was a sweet and interesting woman—so sweet and interesting that, fastidious as I am on the subject, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of disloyalty to my sweet wife. Second, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me and tell Greaves. Third, I do not think Mrs. G. would let me."

TAKING 'EM ON TRIAL.—A fellow in Massachusetts not long since married three wives at intervals of a few months each, and finally offered to take back his first and prettiest spouse, provided she would agree not to tell the others.

A GOOD REASON.—A convict wrote a letter to his brother, a serious letter, without an attempt at a joke, which, however, concluded thus: "I must leave off now, my feet are so cold I cannot hold my pen."

THE GENERAL BRAND OF HUSBANDS.—It is strange, but every woman's husband is the very worst that ever lived, until he is attacked, and then, "dear fellow," he is the very best!

"WHITE LIES."—Mock auctioneers selling plated articles for silver.



## THE WOMEN OF FRANCE.

American travellers who have visited France declare that the handsomest women in the world are to be met in Paris. They mean that the women of the French capital are better dressed than the women of any other city in the world, for we don't believe that a French girl excels, in point of beauty, an American, English, or Spanish girl, although each has her telling points, and peculiar fascinations. The American girl boasts of her small foot, white hand, and delicate appearance; the English girl of her plumpness, her health and glowing cheeks, which bloom like red roses; and the Spanish girl flashes her black eyes in most delightful witchery, until she turns the heads and breaks the hearts of her lovers. But neither of the above last three races can equal a French woman in dress. A Parisian looks cool, neat and jaunty in her cheap print. She makes it without assistance of the dress-maker; she trims it with cheap materials, and yet after they are in their place they look costly enough for a duchess. All her garments fit as though they were made for her. They are put on with care and with a desire to create an impression; and unless a Parisian can excite admiration, she would be in despair, and think of the Seine, charcoal, or a monument from which she could throw herself, ending her days with a sensation that will last for twenty-four hours at least.

But travellers to the French capital do not see the worse forms of a Frenchwoman's life. To be sure there is much gaiety in Paris; so is there much sadness, sin and deception. If we go to the villages we find that women are compelled to do the same kind of work which men perform. In their earliest years they tend the flocks and gather in the harvest. As young girls, an instinct of coquetry, and the foresight of their mothers, remove them from the rude fatigues of husbandry; but no sooner do they marry, than all is changed; they abandon the house, and follow their husbands into the fields. You see them bowed to earth, as laborers, or laden with enormous weights, like beasts of burden. There are districts in France where they are harnessed to carts with the ox and the ass. From that time their skin becomes shrivelled, their complexions like coal, their features coarse and homely, and they fall into a premature decrepitude, more hideous than that of old age. But, whilst thus performing the labors of men, their own labors—those labors which sweeten

and refine all others—remain neglected or unknown. Nothing can be more filthy, nothing more unwholesome, than the interior of their cottages. Fowls, ducks, pigs, contending for a meal; the door opening into the mud, and the windows, where there are any, serving only as vent-holes to carry off the smoke. It is there, nevertheless, in a hole mired as the hut of a savage, amidst the grunting and fetid emanations, that, every evening, two human beings, male and female, repose from the fatigues of the day. Nobody is there to receive them, nothing to flatter their regards, the table is empty, and the hearth cold as ice. There, lastly, other labors await the woman, and, before thinking of her husband's supper, or the care of her children, she must think of the stable and of supper for the beasts.

If asked for examples of these things, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest, of France; Perigord, where the women live in a state of filth and abjectness, which reacts on the whole family; Picardy and Limousin, where, degraded to the lowest rank, and as of an inferior race, they serve their husbands at table, without ever daring to take a place by his side; Brescia, where they are mere laborers, mere beasts of burden; lastly, Lower Brittany, where husband, wife, and children, reduced to a state almost savage, live all, pell-mell, in the same filthy chamber, and eat black bread in the same trough with their sheep and hogs. Everywhere is the degradation of the women a sure proof of the brutishness of the men, and everywhere is the brutishness of the men a necessary consequence and reaction from the degradation of the women; therefore, with such facts before us, we think that it would be unsafe to declare that all Frenchwomen are handsome, for such is not the case. We wish that all American women were handsome, but we fear that some of them are not.

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**A SHARP STOMACH.**—An impatient Welshman called to his wife, "Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day!"

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**HEREDITARY VIRTUES.**—Virtue, like vice, does not always descend in a right line, but often goes in zigzag. It can't be willed away like the family spoons.

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**A QUESTION.**—Did you ever know a man too poor to take a paper, that did not spend a dollar a week for rum and tobacco?

### HOW THEY VOTE IN FRANCE.

A correspondent of the London Examiner visited the voting polls in Paris during the recent election, and reports that "nothing can be more orderly and tranquil than the proceedings." He gives an interesting description of the manner in which the details of a French election are conducted: "A police officer is stationed at the entrance of the hall of voting, who merely inquires whether you are an elector. As a stranger, I was invited by the mayor, with my companion, to witness what was going on. The mayor presided over the table on which was placed the ballot-box. Every elector had at the door separate tickets given him, on which were printed the names of the candidates. Each ticket resembled the others, so that when folded it was utterly impossible to distinguish the name of the person voted for. The elector presented a document printed on green paper, containing his name, quality, place of abode, and certificate of registration. The name having been called out, the scrutineers, of whom there were four, examined the electoral lists; and on ascertaining that the name was found there, the elector delivered his folded ticket to the president, by whom it was dropped into the box. Voting always takes place on a Sunday, for the convenience of the laboring classes, and on the following Monday. If any question of identity arise, two known inhabitants of the district are allowed to identify the individual who comes forward to vote. At 4 o'clock the ballot-box is sealed; that of yesterday was courteously put into our hands. We found that the great proportion of electors vote on the second day, as an additional security against any tampering with the ballot-box. There were at no time more than four or five electors in the room, and no one was detained a minute after his certificate of registration was found to agree with the electoral lists."

**THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DUTY AND PLEASURE.**—If there is a row, it is the duty of a policeman to be present; but it is more frequently his pleasure to be absent.

**REMEDY FOR FITS.**—If you are subject to those distressing attacks, buy your clothes at a slop-shop, and you will never have a fit afterwards.

**WISDOM.**—In our infancy we cut our teeth, in our old age, our teeth cut us. Such is life.

**CARE FOR LETTERS.**—In England, whenever a letter is found in the post-office with the address illegible or incomplete it is passed to a so-called "blind officer." The "blind officers" are supplied with all the principal London and provincial directories, guides, and gazetteers, by the help of which they generally succeed in making out the destination of the letters referred to them. They are indeed able at once, by their own intelligence, to dispose of many letters which a stranger would consider it impossible to find owners for. When it has been fully ascertained that nothing further can be done to effect the delivery of a letter, such letter, if it contains an address, is of course returned to the writer; and, when possible, this is done without breaking the seal or examining the contents, some hundreds of letters being returned daily by means of the information on the outside of the covers.

**A CONSIDERATE JOCKEY.**—A jockey in Maine, given to the tricks of the trade, and who has an awful habit of swearing, sold a kicking horse to a good deacon, forgetting to inform him the animal had a way of handling his hind legs not always agreeable. A week or two afterwards, as the deacon was riding, his horse astonished him by elevating his hind legs to the locality of the "dasher," clearing out the wagon and hazarding the deacon's bones and life. The next day the deacon met the jockey, and asked him what he meant by selling him a kicking horse. "Why," replied the jockey, "I thought you were better prepared to ride behind him than I was, and so I let you have him."

**A VALUABLE CITIZEN.**—"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, haranguing three or four bystanders, "waste their money in charity, others squander theirs in supporting wives and families; but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

**SLOW POISON.**—Notwithstanding all that has been said about tea being "a slow poison," the Chinese assert that the man who drinks tea in sufficient quantities may live a century. The Celestials take it very hot.

**PLANT TREES.**—There is an old Turkish adage, that every young man should plant a tree under whose shade he could recline in his old age. It is a good adage, too. By all means plant at least one tree.

## Facts and Fancies.

### COOL DEBTOR.

An esteemed correspondent, who, from intense fondness for impudence and fun, writes us the following anecdote of a celebrated Western man, whose coolness is perfectly frigid. He says:

Colonel Crocker, of Mansfield, Ohio, was a lawyer and merchant in that place some twenty-five years since. He was a tall, muscular man, noble and high-minded in all his transactions in life. He purchased his goods in Pittsburgh, and had occasion to repair to that place at a certain time and fork over, and purchase more goods. On his arrival at Pittsburgh he called his creditors together, and told them he would not be able to pay them but fifty cents on the dollar, and if they would accept of that proposition, he was ready to do it, if not, they might dispose of him as they pleased. They would not accept of his offer, but had him immediately arrested and put him in prison. On arriving at the jail, he found three hearty-looking men, who were confined for debt, sitting on their blocks or stools, in rather a desponding attitude.

"Well," said the colonel, to the one nearest him, "what are you here for?"

"For debt, sir," replied the prisoner.

"How much is it?" asked Colonel Crocker.

"Three or four dollars," was the reply.

(The sheriff being present), "How much is it, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Four dollars seventy-five."

"Well," said the colonel, "here is the money, but don't let me catch you here again for that amount."

The colonel addressing the next one—"Well, sir, what are you here for?"

"For debt, sir."

"How much is it?"

"Twenty-five dollars, or more."

"Yes," said the sheriff, "twenty-five dollars and seventy-five."

"Well," said the colonel, "here is the money, and now clear yourself, and let me not see you here again."

The colonel put the same question to the third one, and paid twenty-five dollars for his liberation.

"I have now," said the colonel, "vacated the coop, and am cock of the walk. Now, Mr. Sheriff, lock me in, and go and engage me a good, trusty servant man at a good price. I've got the money to pay him, and you also for your trouble, and one with whom you can entrust the keys of the prison."

"Very well," said the sheriff, "I will do so."

Accordingly the man appeared with the key of the prison in his hand.

"Well," said the colonel, "you have come, I suppose, to work for me while I remain in this solitary abode of justice."

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Now," said the colonel, "get all the help you want to renovate this room by washing, white-washing, etc., and in the meantime purchase one table, six chairs, one bedstead and bedding, one washbowl stand, a two-gallon jug of the best brandy in the city, loaf sugar, pitcher, tumbler, decanters, and all that is convenient and comfortable for a gentleman to keep house with, and put them in as soon as the room is cleaned," and the colonel furnished the necessary funds.

All these requisitions being complied with, his hired man was employed from day to day in attending to visiting gentlemen, and also to see the the colonel furnished with all the luxuries and comforts of life. Gentlemen, and ladies, and creditors, came to visit the colonel; the latter were surprised to see the expense incurred in fitting up a room, furnishing it with such costly furniture.

"Well," said the colonel to his creditors, "I was raised to live decently and comfortably, and when you had conveyed me to this horrible place of justice, I found it in a filthy, uncomfortable condition, and I was determined to make it more comfortable during my stay in his unholy abode. And further," said the colonel, "call on me to-morrow at 3 P.M. and dine with me on a fine roast turkey; and although my conveniences to entertain gentlemen are not very good, as I am confined to this room alone, I will endeavor to make you as comfortable as circumstances will permit."

"Very well," said his creditors, "we will dine with you on the morrow."

At dinner, Colonel Crocker's creditors said they did not feel disposed to keep him in prison. If he could not pay but fifty cents on the dollar, they would take it and give him a discharge.

"But," said the colonel, "I have incurred some necessary expenses that must be deducted out of that fifty cents."

"What are they?" asked one of his creditors.

"One hundred and five dollars and fifty cents," said Colonel Crocker, "for the liberation of three prisoners, which I conceived to be an act of charity and humanity; and then again my expenses in fitting up the prison room—a duty I owed to myself—treating friends, hiring help, etc., and six days' imprisonment at \$3 per day, will amount in all to \$181, and I will pay the balance after deducting this."

"Very well," said his creditors, "we will do it. We don't want to see you absent from your family for the paltry sum of \$4000, when you say, honestly, you are unable to pay the whole."

"Very well," said the colonel, "I have told you what I would do, and I will do nothing else. Let us make out an estimate of the amount you are to have."

All being done, Colonel Crocker purchased a lot of goods, and returned again to his residence in Mansfield, Ohio. If that was not a cool operation, we never heard of one.

## A FRENCH DUEL.

Paris is laughing just at this time over a duel which occurred between two well known Parisians. The result was somewhat different from what the public had a right to expect. It seems that Monsieur M. felt it necessary to demand satisfaction of Monsieur de C. for a trifling offence; but with the secret hope that the challenge would be declined. But M. de C. accepted, and the seconds on both sides met to arrange the conditions of the combat.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said one, "that the matter is not so serious, nor our friends so unskilful, as to render it necessary to fight so very near. Twenty-five paces would be a good distance."

Some discussion ensued, but at last twenty paces was settled on, and the seconds of M. went in search of him.

"Well," said he.

"Well, it is all arranged."

"So I imagined."

"You fight to-morrow morning."

"What?"

"At nine o'clock."

"What do you mean?"

"In the woods of Vincennes."

"In the woods, do I?"

"At twenty paces."

M. appeared embarrassed for a moment, but recovering himself, smilingly said:

"You say we shall fight at twenty paces. I should rather have preferred fifteen, or even ten—"

"Yes, we demanded fifteen paces, but the seconds of de C. insisted upon twenty."

"And you yielded the point to them?"

"Yes."

"Very well, I shall not yield another."

"Of course not—there is nothing more to yield."

"I don't know—something might come up. However, I shall maintain my rights."

"Nobody disputes them."

"I am the one insulted."

"Yes, of course, since it is you who demand satisfaction."

"In that case, I have the choice of weapons."

"But there is no—"

"I say I have the choice of weapons, and I choose the sword."

"How! what! choose the sword? You have said twenty times in our presence that you would ten times rather fight with the pistol than with the sword."

"Yes, yes, but it was not in relation to this affair that I was speaking then."

"No, but—"

"There is no *but* in the matter! I have been insulted. I have the choice of arms—I choose the sword."

"We must see the other seconds."

"Why so?"

"To make new arrangements."

"There is no need of it; you have agreed on twenty paces."

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, I don't wish you to retract your consent. I will fight at twenty paces."

"O, very well!"

"But I repeat, I should rather have preferred fifteen, or even ten paces."

After a moment's silence, the second resumed:

"Have you any pistols?"

"No," answered M. "What should I want of them?"

"Want of them? Why, that's a pretty question—to fight with, to be sure."

"To fight with? But I tell you I shall not fight with pistols."

"There it is, we don't understand each other; however, you say you accept the twenty paces."

"Yes, yes, I accept the twenty paces, but—"

"How do you mean—but?"

"I accept the twenty paces, but I don't accept the pistols. I am not at the orders of M. de C. I have made one concession, and shall not take it back—twenty paces, if he wishes, I am quite willing. And now that I have agreed to it, I want no change made. We will fight at twenty paces—not one pace more, nor one pace less. It was not I who fixed the distance. It was the other side that wished it so, and they have it as they wished. I have made one concession, and shan't make another. Twenty paces—let it be so, but the sword."

It was impossible to make M. change his resolution. He called his obstinacy, "maintaining his rights;" and so the duel ended, and M. has been laughed at in every coffee-house in Paris.

## EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

A pleasant country village in Ohio some years since possessed that which is often denied to places of more consequence—a court which really dispensed justice. Its chief was a justice of the peace, whose common sense and honesty of purpose counterbalanced his want of legal lore; and in consequence of its straightforward decisions, the "Dutch Court," as it was popularly called, became a great terror to evil-doers.

Once upon a time a case was brought before his honor arising out of an infraction of the "liquor law" of the State, which then provided for the punishment by fine of any individual who sold intoxicating beverages to persons under sixteen years of age, or by a less quantity than a quart. Upon one of those grand occasions, when a "general muster" of the militia gave delight to numerous officers in gay uniforms, and to large masses of the good people of the country, an unlucky wight sought to avail himself of the "glorious" opportunity to turn an honest penny. Providing himself with a small lot of ginger-cakes and a disproportionately large stock of "lightning whiskey," he located upon an eligible site near the field. Knowing the penalty of the law against his little enterprise, the vender of the "ardent" hit upon the

happy expedient, to evade its provisions, of selling to his customers a ginger-cake, and then throwing a drink into the bargain.

Justice was not so blind as to fail to notice "this artful dodge," and the next morning found the delinquent citizen in the very jaws of the "Dutch Court." The testimony was short and conclusive, to the effect that he had sold a boy a cake, and then had given him a "horn;" and the defendant's lawyer put in the defence that his client sold, on the occasion under consideration, not liquor but ginger-cakes, well knowing at the same time that salt wouldn't save him. As he anticipated, the court pronounced a verdict of guilty, but, to the surprise of the defence, put the fine at fifteen dollars, instead of the legal penalty of five.

"May it please the court," interposed defendant's counsel, "is there not some mistake in this sentence? The statutes provide for a fine of but five dollars for each offence. There is but one offence proven, and we are ready to pay that fine, but we hold it as contrary to the plain reading of the law to make the penalty fifteen dollars."

"There is no mistake at all," replied the court. "The law says five dollars for each offence. Now, I fines this man five dollars, in the first place, for selling less than a quart of viskkey; I fines him, in the second place, five dollars for selling viskkey to a boy; and I fines him, in the third place, five dollars for trying to screen himself behind a ginger-cake!"

The fine was paid, and no appeal taken.

#### "GOOD AS WHEAT."

In the State of Tennessee there is a certain village boasting of a tavern, three stores and four groceries, where, from morning till night, and from night till dawn, a person entering the town may find, in the tavern, stores or groceries aforesaid, one or more groups of persons playing cards. Gambling there is reduced to a science—the history of four kings is thoroughly studied, and from the schoolboy to the gray-headed veteran, from the miss in her teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high, low, jack, game; right and left bowers; the honors and the odd trick. One of the best players in the village was Major Smith the tavern-keeper, or, as he expressed it, the proprietor of the hotel—a widower, who, like

"Jeptha, judge in Israel,  
Had a daughter passing fair."

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in Tennessee. The sweetheart of Miss Fanny was a young farmer residing in the neighborhood, whom we shall designate by the name of Bob. It happened that one day before harvest the young man was detained in the village, and found him as usual at the hotel seated between the major and his daughter. After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen on the state of the weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and

such important staples of conversation, the major asked Robert how his wheat crop promised to yield. In reply, he was told that the young farmer expected to make at least one hundred bushels. The major appeared to study for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of old sledge, or "seven up," the stakes to be his daughter Fanny against the crop of wheat.

This of course the young man indignantly refused, because he could not bear the idea that the hand of her he loved should be made the subject of a bet, or that he should win a wife by gambling for her; and perhaps because he knew the old man was "hard to beat." and there was a strong probability of his losing both wheat and wife. It was not until the major, with his usual obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to consent to play.

The table was placed, the candles lit, the cards produced, and the players took their seats, with Miss Fanny between them to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell to the major's lot to deal. The first hand was played, and Robert made gift to his opponent's high, low, game. Robert then dealt, the major begged; it was given, and the major again made three to his opponent's one.

"Six to two," said Miss Fanny, with a sigh.

The major as he dealt the cards winked knowingly, and said:

"I am good for the wheat, Master Bob."

The old man turned up a trump—it was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand—her heart sank; he held the three, eight spot, and the king! She then looked at Robert's hand, and lo! he held the ace, queen, deuce and jack or knave. She whispered Robert to beg; he did so.

"Take it," said the major.

Robert led his deuce, which the major took with his three spot, and followed by playing his king: Robert put his queen upon it. The major, supposing it was the young man's last trump, leaned over the table, and tapping the last trick with his finger, said:

"That's good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Robert, as he displayed to the astonished major the ace and jack yet in his hands. "High, low, jack, gift and the game!" shouted Robert.

"Oou!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat!" added Robert, as he swung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married.

"Whose map do you use?"—"Mogg's."—"What is the land?"—"Bogs."—"What is the atmosphere?"—"Fogs."—"What do you live on?"—"Hogs."—"What is your house built off?"—"Logs."—"What fish have you in the ponds?"—"Frogs."

## Mr. Jollypaunch and his Hunting Expedition.



Mr. Jollypaunch in hunting costume, as he appeared before he left home.



Mr. Jollypaunch in a sinking mood. Ingratitude of his dog.



A scraping operation.

**THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



A threatened attack in the rear.



A real attack.



Mr. Jollypaunch, as he appeared on his way home.



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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WHOLE No. 107.

## EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF AN ENGLISH CASTLE.

The readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY will examine the excellent engraving on this page with much care and pleasure, for it represents one of those old English castles, around which cluster so many historical associations. To the novel-loving reader an English castle possesses peculiar interest. It is supposed to teem with romance, with broad halls, rich oak wainscots, galleries of pictures, representing knights in armor, looking grim and sullen, as though tired of hanging on the walls and being stared at by those who crossed the Atlantic expressly for the purpose of seeing

such things; while in the chambers rich tapestry is supposed to be found, worked by the delicate hands of some proud earl's wife or daughter.

In all these particulars Leeds Castle would not disappoint our readers. It is a noble old pile, with turrets, towers, walls and moats, bridges and portcullis, as will be seen by a glance at the engraving, while the grounds are fit surroundings for such an antique gem. In the park, many hundred acres in extent, sport deer and fawns, undisturbed by hunters, although some of them have to yield their



LEEDS CASTLE.

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lives and their haunches about Christmas time, for then there is feasting in the halls; and while the master and his guests drink claret and champagne in their apartments, the servants drink ale and mead in theirs, and with full as much enjoyment as their superiors.

Leeds Castle is the property of Mr. C. Wykeham Martin, a member of parliament. It is situated near the banks of the Medway River, and near Maidstone. The castle was once honored by a visit from Richard II., and in the reign of Henry V., Joan of Navarre, the second queen of Henry VI., being accused of a conspiracy against her stepson, was sent

Coxheath, and on their return to London, stopped for one night in the building, where they were entertained in a regal manner, and slept on the ancient bedstead, which is still to be seen in the castle, and is represented on this page by an accurate engraving. A correct history of the bedstead is not known. It is reported that this massive piece of furniture has been in the castle for many years, but the date of its make is lost to the world.

In one of the apartments of the castle is to be found something that would interest an archaeologist. It is a marble mantel-piece, of Italian design and most exquisite workman-



ANCIENT BEDSTEAD, LEEDS CASTLE.

a prisoner to the castle. The same building witnessed the trial of the Duchess of Gloucester, who was accused by the enemies of her lord, with dealing in witchcraft. The unfortunate lady was found guilty, and sentenced to three days' penance in London, and perpetual imprisonment on the Isle of Man. It was a cruel trial and a cruel sentence, for the poor lady had no more dealings with the devil than her accusers. But her husband was in the way of the court party, so they struck him through his wife.

The castle also received within its walls the obstinate madman, George the Third and his wife. They had visited a camp of soldiers at

ship. An engraving of the room and the mantel-piece is represented on the next page, and it will be seen that the design is original, bold and massive. Such a fireplace must be gloomy on a winter's eve, when the flames roar and send out their heat, and the shadows dance across the floor and on the walls.

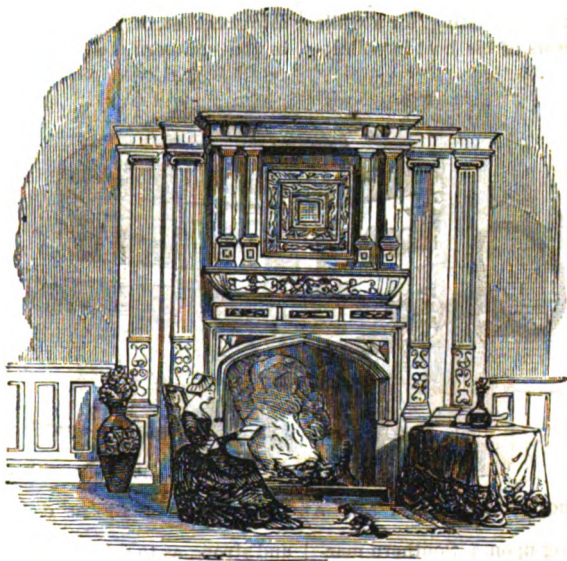
The castle contains many curiosities, and among them poor Anne Boleyn's casket, and two keys. An engraving of these articles appears on page 344, and will be looked at with mournful interest, for we cannot help thinking that she was too good a woman for that conceited Mormon, Henry the VIII., and that had her ambition been less, her life would

have been longer and happier than it was as a queen; for no woman could live with Henry and feel safe. He had a penchant for beheading wives, and he indulged in the pastime until King Death snatched him from his throne, and saved the life of his last spouse. We take leave of Leeds Castle with reluctance, but hope to give our readers, in future numbers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY**, some more views of baronial mansions and manors.

#### THE CAVERN BY THE SEA.

There is a cavern in the island of Hoonga, one of the Tonga Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, which can be entered only by diving

danger in time, and persuaded her to trust herself to him: They got into a canoe; the place of her retreat was described to her on the way to it. These women swim like mermaids. She dived after him, and rose in the cavern. In its widest part it is about fifty feet, and its medium height is about the same; the roof is hung with stalactites. Here he brought her the choicest food, the finest clothing, mats for her bed, and sandal-wood oil to perfume herself; and here, as may be imagined, this Tonga Leander wooed and won the maid, whom, to make the interest complete, he had long loved in secret when he had no hope. Meantime he prepared, with all his



CHIMNEY-PIECE, LEEDS CASTLE.

into the sea, and has no other light but what is reflected from the bottom of the water. A young chief discovered it accidentally, while diving after a turtle; and the use which he made of his discovery will probably be sung in more than one European language, so beautifully is it adapted for a tale in verse. There was a tyrannical governor at Vavao, against whom one of the chiefs formed a plan of insurrection; it was betrayed, and the chief, with all his family and kin, was ordered to be destroyed. He had a beautiful daughter, betrothed to a chief of high rank, and she was also included in the sentence. The youth who had found the cavern, and kept the secret to himself, loved this damsel; he told her the

dependents, male and female, to emigrate in secret to the Fiji Islands. The intention was so well concealed, that they embarked in safety; and his people asked him, at the point of their departure, if he would not take with him a Tonga wife—and accordingly, to their great astonishment, having steered close to a rock, he desired them to wait while he went into the sea to fetch her, jumped overboard, and just as they were beginning to be alarmed at his long disappearance, he rose with his mistress from the water. This story is not deficient in that which all stories should have to be perfectly delightful—a fortunate conclusion. The party remained at the Fijis till the oppressor died, and then returned to Vavao.

**A GREATER THAN WELLINGTON.**

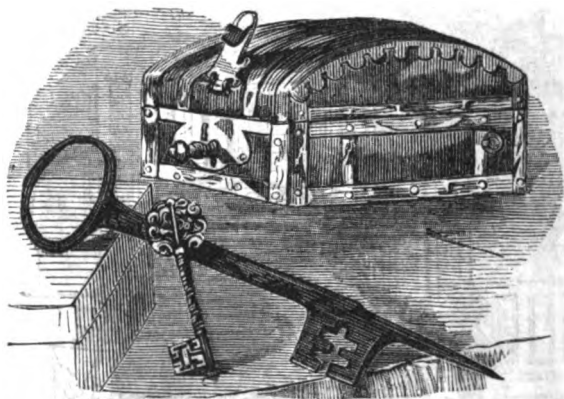
We will relate a story told of a great sheep farmer—no one of the old “gentleman tenants,” verily—who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep-farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labor. A purchaser knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over their whiskey-toddy to remark: “I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!”

“Hoot, toot!” replied the sheep farmer, modestly hanging his head with a pleasing smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff. “That is too much—too much by far—by far.”

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collect-

**ENORMOUS CONDOR.**

In the course of the day, I had an opportunity of shooting a condor; it was so satiated with its repast on the carcase of a dead horse as to suffer me to approach within pistol shot before it extended its wings to take flight, which to me was a signal to fire; and having loaded with an ample charge of pellets, my aim proved effectual and fatal. What a formidable monster did I behold in the ravine beneath me, screaming and flapping in the last convulsive struggles of life! It may be difficult to believe that the most gigantic animal that inhabits the earth or the ocean, can be equalled by a tenant of air; and those persons who have never seen a larger bird than our mountain eagle, will probably read with astonishment, of a species of that same bird, in the southern hemisphere, being so large



ANNE BOLBYN'S CASKET AND ANCIENT KEYS OF LEEDS CASTLE.

ing and concentrating upon a Southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question: “Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?”

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffed, took a glass of toddy, and replied: “The Duke of Wellington was, no doot, a clever man; very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good soger; but then, d’ye see, he had reasonable men to deal with—captains, and majors, and generals, that could understand him, every one of them, both officers and men; but I’m not so sure, after all, if he could manage, say twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o’ them to Fa’kirk Tryst! I doot it—I doot it! But I have done that.” The inference was evident.

and strong as to seize an ox with its talons and lift it into the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order to kill and prey upon the carcase. But this astonishment must in a great measure subside, when the dimensions of the bird are taken into consideration, and which, incredible as they may appear, I now insert verbatim, from a note taken down with my own hand. “When the wings were spread, they measured forty feet in extent, from point to point; the feathers are twenty feet in length; and the quill part eight inches in circumference. It is said to have power sufficient to carry off a large rhinoceros.”—*Temple's Travels in Peru*.

In the small town of Andover, in Hampshire, England, the stocks are still used as a means of punishment.

**WEST POINT SCENES.**

The present war has provoked much criticism as to the value of military teachings at West Point. The question is not yet decided in the minds of some, and it is not likely that it will be for years to come; for, of course, most of our volunteer officers think that a military education obtained at West Point is greatly exaggerated, while the graduate, fresh from his studies and severe discipline, is disposed to look with some degree of coldness

form. A class are engaged, under the charge of an instructor, in making fascines. These are baskets of cylindrical form, made of young saplings and withes, and being filled with sand, are used to construct batteries and redoubts or breastworks; and very useful articles our generals have found them, especially at Yorktown, at Vicksburg and Charleston. In fact, a siege, or a defence, cannot well be maintained without an unlimited supply of fascines, but it is not necessary to visit West



CADETS MAKING FASCINES.

upon the soldier who has acquired a military education through the aid of hard knocks and bloody battles. We have no means of deciding who is right and who is wrong. We want the regulars and the volunteers to work harmoniously in the great cause, and a grateful nation will see that each class has its full share of praise.

The engraving on this page is a representation of one of the important duties which a cadet at West Point is called upon to per-

form. A class are engaged, under the charge of an instructor, in making fascines. These are baskets of cylindrical form, made of young saplings and withes, and being filled with sand, are used to construct batteries and redoubts or breastworks; and very useful articles our generals have found them, especially at Yorktown, at Vicksburg and Charleston. In fact, a siege, or a defence, cannot well be maintained without an unlimited supply of fascines, but it is not necessary to visit West

Point to learn how to make them; the greenest of soldiers can fashion one after a little experience. One of the most delightful retreats in the vicinity of West Point is "the Cemetery," which is situated about a mile to the north-west of the parade ground, and is reached by a road which leads out of the west gate of the grounds, and after passing around a portion of the base of Mount Independence, above the village of Camptown, it approaches the ceme-



tery, or, more properly, burial-ground. Here the visitor will see some of the finest specimens of monumental architecture which ever graced a burial-ground or adorned a cemetery. Our artist has selected the oldest and most imposing one for illustration, but it has been seen by too many to need from us any further description.

eyes are familiar, backed by the quaint towers and domes of the ancient city, make up an Oriental picture of strange interest and significance. Shiraz, the capital of that province of Persia known by the name of Fars, and formerly one of the most important in the country, was in reality the nucleus of the Persian empire, the name of which is a cor-



CADETS' MONUMENT AND CEMETERY.

#### PERSIAN ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

The engraving on page 347 is a correct and striking representation of the Persian army as it lately appeared when encamped under the walls of Shiraz. The tents, the infantry and guns, the horsemen with their high caps and peculiar uniforms, all different from the figures and the equipment with which western

ruption of the word Fars. The people of Shiraz bear a warlike character, and have rendered themselves formidable, at some periods, as the most resolute antagonists of the Persian monarchs; and at others, as the most courageous supporters of the dynasty. On the occasion to which our engraving refers, the troops of the shah were encamped in

ENCAMPMENT OF THE PERSIAN ARMY UNDER THE WALLS OF SHIRAZ.







COSTUME OF THE ABYSSINIAN SOLDIER.

the great plains of Shiraz, outside the walls of the city. Shiraz, towards the south, is only a few days' journey from the Gulf of Persia. Among the troops might be seen the various tribes of Persia, including the celebrated *Tuffekedjis*, exceeding in number the tribes

collected by the shah from all other parts of his empire. Unfortunately for Persia, she can boast of few troops well-drilled and disciplined; so that she could hardly hope to make any stand against the well-commanded troops of Russia or England, and both nations

are continually threatening her. Nevertheless, the Persian soldier is not to be despised, seeing that he is sober, steady, active, and possesses great powers of endurance. The introduction of the European drill among all the troops of the East, while it has increased their effectiveness, shows conclusively that the Oriental rulers have lost much of their haughty self-reliance and bigoted pride. It is a tacit acknowledgment of the superiority of the "infidels" in arms—a confession that the men of the West must be met with the weapons and warfare of the West. On the plains of Egypt, more than half a century ago, Napoleon the Great inflicted a severe lesson on the pride of the Orientals in the famous battle of the pyramids, when the cavalry of Mourad Bey, till then deemed peerless and invincible, were shattered before the inflexible bayonets and the rolling volleys of the unbroken squares of French infantry, and disappeared like water sinking into sand. Of little avail are fiery valor and individual mastery of the weapons of war, compared with that unity of action and steady endurance which make of an English or French army a huge machine of terrible momentum and overwhelming force.

#### AN ABYSSINIAN SOLDIER.

Abyssinia, a land of great fertility, with a mild climate and rich fields, and a lively and intelligent population, is surrounded on all sides by barbarians, who are daily crowding upon it, and compel the inhabitants to live with arms in their hands. Since the emperors have suffered the power to fall into the hands of their lieutenants, the governors of provinces, civil war has become permanent, the savages have shown themselves more and more threatening, society is disorganized, the country has become a camp, every inhabitant is a soldier, and the military costume everywhere prevails. Our illustration on page 348 shows a soldier in his simple dress. Over a pair of drawers of cotton cloth descending half way down the leg, the Abyssinian warrior drapes a piece of white cloth of the same tissue, suspended by a strip of sheepskin with the wool on. If he is a Christian, he wears his hair, and round his neck the silk cord (*matab*) which distinguishes him. If he is a Mussulman, he borrows from his co-religionist a small turban and enriches his head with amulets. His shield is covered with rhinoceros hide, and ornamented with a long strip of sheepskin ending in a point, and by its side he displays a narrow strap studded with nails,

large buttons, and pieces of metal. Two lances with very sharp heads serve him for weapons when he is not armed with a match-lock. This wild costume is very striking when worn by a large body of troops. Some of them march on foot, others on horseback, and some are mounted on mules. The chiefs are distinguished by some additional ornaments, and particularly a red fillet around the head. They are followed by numerous servants. When the empire was in its glory, there was a sort of regular army in Abyssinia. It formed the nucleus of the forces of the *negous* (emperors) which were composed in a great part of irregular troops. When these troops marched, they moved in great style for barbarian warriors, being accompanied by large bands of musicians, blowing flutes and horns and beating drums. The horses richly caparisoned, galloped in the van or the flank, presenting a lively picture of barbarian chivalry. The main body of the column was composed of infantry armed with glittering spears that flashed in the African sunlight, while their huge-orbed shields and fantastic ornaments made up such a mass as the eye of the painter loves to look upon, however disdainfully the military man might regard such a display. Of course such troops were only fit to cope with bodies similarly organized and armed—a regiment of European regulars would have scattered them to the winds. Probably the material of all the African and Asiatic people is hardly of any more efficient character.

#### ROMAN ROADS.

In many things it is very manifest the world has made no progress, as the excavations of Egypt and Pompeii attest. There are no roads in the world now that will at all compare with those of ancient Rome. Even our best street pavements hold no comparison with them. The Appian Way, which was made three hundred years before Christ, ran from Rome to Capua, about one hundred and forty miles, and part of it was through the Pontine Marshes. Nine hundred years after its construction, it was described by Porcopius as showing no appearance of waste or ruin. It was composed of large square blocks of free-stone, so well fitted as to show no joint, the whole looking like one stone. The bed underneath was broken stone, grouted with cement. Parts of this road are still sound, and bid fair so to remain. The Flaminian Way, made 190 years before Christ, was 180 miles long.



## AUTUMN LEAVES

### [ORIGINAL.]

When green leaves rustle overhead,  
How little reck we of the frown:  
Nor think that summer's leafy pride,  
The blasts of autumn shower down.  
Who cares for Norland gales to come,  
While south winds kiss the rosebud's bloom?

When dainty spring with liberal hand  
Doth hang her leafy banners free,  
And sycamores and scented limes  
Are palace homes for bird and bee:  
That all the whole bright summer long  
Are musical with chirp and song.

But time speeds on, from bud to bloom,  
From ripened prime to sere decay,  
And leaves that summer zephyrs kissed,  
By sterner blasts are torn away;

Then autumn, like a miser old,  
Coins all their beauty into gold.

O Heart! that in the sweet spring-tide  
Of innocent youth, so fair to see,  
Dost hang thy leafy wreaths of hope  
O'er each pure branch and rugged tree,  
Each garland that thy fancy weaves  
Will soon be scattered like the leaves.

And thou may'st see them all depart,  
Still dropping, dropping from the tree;  
And death, and loss, and worldly change,  
May snatch them all away from thee.  
Though springing fair and verdant now,  
Stern winds will tear them from the bough.

Yet, courage! spite of lightning winds,  
And lowering skies, though leaves may fall,  
Some hopes there are beyond the grave,  
And thou wilt find them best of all;  
And when this life grows faint and cold,  
Like autumn leaves they change to gold.

FRANCIS FRANKLIN BROADBENT.



PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF LAKE ONTARIO.



## VIEW OF LAKE ONTARIO.

The interesting prospective view which is given on page 351 possesses a deep and melancholy interest, for in 1857 a terrible railroad accident occurred at the bridge which can be seen under the suspension bridge. The two cross the Desjardins Canal, some few miles from Hamilton, Canada West. The loss of life was frightful, and for many weeks there was mourning in the United States and the Canadas.

The view of Lake Ontario from the bridges, or the high hills in the rear, near Dundas, is superb, and has been enjoyed last summer by thousands of tourists, seeking for the pleasant and beautiful. Hamilton, which is seen in the distance, is a pleasant place in the summer and autumn, and is honored with the presence of many Americans during the travelling months. An excellent view of the lake, with its waters studded with steamers and sailing vessels, is obtained at Hamilton.

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 ABOUT GINGER.

This is the root, or rather the underground stem, of a plant which is a native of the East Indies; but is now grown in many other tropical countries. The stem grows two or three feet high, and is reed-like; the flowers are borne on a separate stalk, of a dark purple color, and appear from between broad scales. Our supply comes from both the East and West Indies; and is imported in the root, which differs much in appearance and quality. When scalded as soon as it is taken up, and dried in the sun, it has a dark brownish color; but if the root is scraped before it is dried, it is much lighter in appearance. Some of the finer kinds are not only scraped, but bleached, and are known as white ginger. The root is retailed in powder, and in the grinding is frequently adulterated with meal and similar substances; several grades of ginger being kept at the wholesale stores at prices corresponding to the amount of adulteration. The preserved ginger, which is brought in jars from China, is prepared from the young and tender roots, before they have become stringy, or have acquired a very powerful pungency. The fresh root is imported from the West Indies, and is frequently sold in cities for the purpose of flavoring citron, melon, and other preserves. These fresh roots, which are usually brought in the fall, may be planted in a pot and kept through the winter, and in the summer turned out into a warm place in the garden, where they will flourish in hot weather.

## A NATION OF PIGMIES.

In the Bay of Bengal, on the very high road of commerce, is a group of islands thickly covered with impenetrable jungle, and swarming with leeches in the rainy, and ticks in the dry season. Except a species of pig, until recently unknown to science, there are no wild animals that offer any molestation to man; but to make up for this deficiency, the human inhabitants are among the most savage and hostile that voyagers have ever encountered. They may truly be termed a nation of pigmies, being on an average only four feet five inches high, and weighing from seventy to seventy-five pounds; but they are well-proportioned, and display an agility and nimbleness truly wonderful. Their skin is dark, though not black as that of the negro, and their faces decidedly ugly. They go entirely naked, shave off the hair of their head with pieces of bamboo or broken bottle, and further increase their unsightly appearance by daubing themselves all over with a mixture of red ochre and oil, or covering their persons towards nightfall with a thick coating of soft mud, to serve as a protection against the mosquitoes, with which, in addition to the leeches and ticks, they seem to be tormented the whole year round. They are excellent swimmers, taking to the water almost before they can walk; and they rely upon the sea for the principal supply of their food—turtles, oysters and fish.

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 THE CLIMATE OF CHINA.

In all parts of China, the hottest months in the year are July and August. In the north the heat is very oppressive from the middle of June to the end of August. About Hong Kong and Canton, the oppressive heat commences a little earlier and lasts longer, although it is not quite so intense as it is further north. The registering thermometer in July and August at Hong Kong frequently stands as high as 90 deg., and one day reached 94 deg. in the shade. In Shanghai and Ningpo the same thermometer stands sometimes for days at 100 deg. But the hottest months are not the most unhealthy. In September, when the monsoon begins to change, and when the northerly winds come down, natives as well as foreigners suffer much from fever and dysentery. The excessive summer heat seems to weaken the constitution, and thus renders it more easily affected by the sudden changes of temperature which occur at this season of the year. The rivers of China are very unhealthy.

## BOULOGNE SHRIMP WOMAN.

The sketch on this page represents a shrimp woman of Boulogne, one of a class who can be seen daily on her way to market. It will be noticed that her form is bent under the heavy load which is strapped to her back, and that she carries on her shoulder the net with which she collects the shrimps on the sea shore. The method of capturing them is to wade into the water, and push the net before her. These shrimps are in great demand and bring a high price in the Boulogne fish-market. This method of obtaining a living is a very common one in Boulogne.

so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time, the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out—when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew upwards; the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears.



BOULOGNE SHRIMP WOMAN.

## BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south, and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Striving to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, says a traveller, I put to the test the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it, and I was quickly convinced there was no exaggeration in what I had read. I found the water almost tepid, and

and nose, and for one horrible moment the only doubt I had was whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in deep water, which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible.

Love, it has been said, flows downward. The love of parents for their children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents; and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us.—*Hare.*

**THE DUTCHMEN'S DEVISE.**

In the year 1787, there happened to be a difference between the Dutch factory at the cape, and the Hottentots. One of the former, being up the country, was killed by one of the Hottentots; whereupon the chiefs or heads of the people were summoned to find out the offender, and bring him to the Bar of Trade, and there punish him, according to their manner, for so great a crime. This was carried into execution in the following singular way: The Hottentots made a great fire, and brought the criminal, attended by all his friends and relations, who took their leave of him, not in sorrowful lamentations, but in feasting, dancing and drinking. When the unfortunate criminal had been plentifully supplied with liquor, so that he was rendered insensible, his friends made him dance till he was quite spent with fatigue; in that state they threw him into the fire, and concluded the horrid scene with a hideous howl, which they set up immediately after the criminal was despatched.

Some time after this, one of the factory people, by some accident or in a quarrel, killed a Hottentot; upon which the great men came and demanded justice for the blood of their countryman; but the offender happened to be one of the best accountants, and a person of essential importance to the factory. However, the crafty Dutchmen devised means to render satisfaction to the natives, and to appease their anger, under a color of justice, by the following scheme: On the day appointed for the execution of the supposed murderer, the Hottentots assembled in great numbers to view the scene. A scaffold was erected, and the criminal was brought forth, dressed in white, attended by the usual officers, and after various ceremonies, a mock executioner presented to him a flaming draught, which the ignorant Hottentots supposed was to render an atonement for the loss of their deceased countryman. The criminal received his potion, which was no other than a little burning brandy, with all the outward signs of horror and dread; his head shook, his body trembled, and his whole frame appeared in the most violent agitation; he at last, with seeming reluctance, swallowed the draught, and, after preserving the appearance of trembling and agitation a few moments, fell down apparently dead, and a blanket was immediately thrown over him. The Hottentots then made a shout that rent the air, and retired perfectly pleased, first observing, "that the Dutch had been more severe than themselves;

for the former had put the fire into the criminal, whereas they had put the criminal into the fire."

**A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.**

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fill the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity; and, when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of holy advantages, whatsoever can minister to this holy joy does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but an union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing him good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all.

**AN IRISH CERTIFICATE.**

The following is a verbatim transcript of the census return handed in by a resident in the county of Meath, Ireland: "My name is Joney Dooley i is a fiddler by my trade i plays on sundays for the boys & gurls of the place, i am married to judy bigie, I have too darters on Belongin to me and the belons to judy afore I married her, we are all meals & femeals i is 057 years last lamis day judy is 40 1-2 yere when the time comes my girl Roey she is twenty yeres on our lady day, in arvist and moly is tenty too on the fair day of Pobir. i have my site & my health i have i stick foot i broke it slidin many years ago, the other is as good as ever, i is born in Connot and judy is born Here, i is a Roman Catholick and judy is the same to the backbone, this is all i can say about us sined Joney dooley."

**JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, ST. LOUIS.**

The engraving on page 355 represents the Jewish Synagogue in St. Louis, Missouri, on the corner of Sixth Street. It is most peculiar in its architecture, but certainly presents a picturesque appearance. It is very Oriental in its character, and this peculiarity is rendered the more striking by the aspect of the buildings in its immediate vicinity, which are decidedly American in style.



## PROCESSION OF THE FETE DIEU.

An aquatic procession is always an interesting spectacle. There is something in the gliding motion of decorated galleys and barges which enhances the pomp and pageantry of a parade. The imagination can scarcely conceive of a more brilliant scene than that presented by Venice in the olden time, when its myriad gondolas followed in the wake of the doge's Bucentaur, to see "the Adriatic wedded by the duke." Even a lord mayor's show on the Thames is an imposing spectacle. In the scene on page 356 the sumptuous and bannered galleys and barges, crowded with peo-

ple are erected. Beneath the larger one an altar is placed. Before this the priest performs a solemn mass, and administers the sacrament to those who may be disposed to partake of it. The barge is then rowed round the lake, musicians fill the air with music, and the Tyrolese huntsmen fire volleys of musketry as it gently glides through the water, followed by innumerable boats, bearing banners of every color. The streets are also thronged with people in their holiday attire, and the churches are crowded throughout the day, while the clergy pass and repass in endless processions through the crowded city, be-

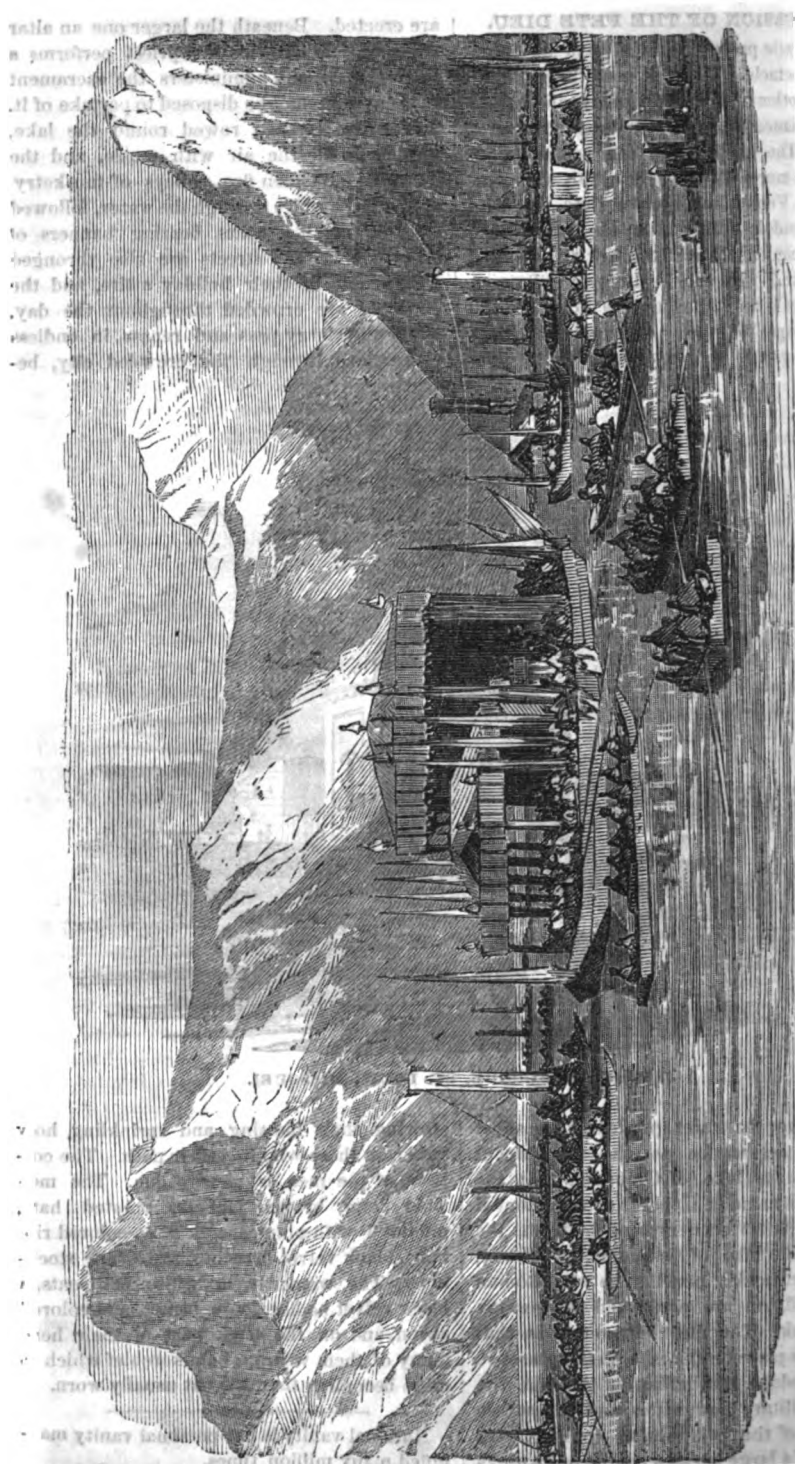


JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

ple, that cover the water, produce a fine effect with such accessories as the magnificent scenery of the lake of Gmunden. At the town of this name in Upper Austria, situated among the finest scenery, and built on the borders of the lake of Gmunden, or Traun, various ceremonies peculiar to the Roman Catholic religion are performed during the Easter week. The most attractive is that which takes place on the lake, in the presence of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, the civil and military authorities, and the whole population of the neighboring country. On the deck of a large barge a couple of awnings

stowing their blessing and sprinkling holy water on those who line their path. The costume of the men is picturesque. The men wear long brown jackets, pointed hats, mounted with plumes, and gaily-colored ribbons, black velvet breeches, and white stockings. The women wear white petticoats, a black velvet bodice, loose jacket, and colored apron, and on the back part of their head many of them wear a handkerchief which is more becoming than the hat usually worn.

National vanity is but personal vanity magnified many million times.



PROCESSION OF THE FETE DIEU, ON THE LAKE OF GMUNEN.

[ORIGINAL.]

## AMBITION.

BY WILLIAM LUGHTON, JR.

I saw the eagle with undazzled eyes  
Gaze on the sun, as soaring through the sky  
On mighty wing the kingly bird of Jove  
To reach that burning beacon proudly strove;  
I watched his lofty course, till from my sight  
He vanished mid the blinding beams of light;  
Still on he soared, though lost to human view,  
White haught of his lordly bosom knew,  
Till in the region of the thinner skies  
More slowly now the airy monarch dies;  
But in those realms through which no clouds may  
sail,

He sinks at last, and all his efforts fail—  
And hurled from heaven upon the flinty rock,  
His form lies mangled with the fearful shock.

I saw the lion in his lordly pride  
The forest monarch, through its thickets stride—  
His majesty of strength is awe revered,  
By man admired, by brute creation feared.  
But not content his kingly power should span  
The lesser brutes, he turns his strength on man,  
This vain ambition makes him darkly blind,  
He dares to war upon the power of mind—  
The lord of earth asserts his birthright here;  
The lord of forests falls beneath his spear.  
Ambition! thus thy course is ever run,  
And like the eagle soaring to the sun,  
Or the fierce lion in his brutal strength,  
Man vainly strives, and thus he falls at length.

As on the coast, by wreckers' hands supplied,  
The burning pile the mariner doth guide,  
When mid the darkness and the storm he lies,  
And e'er the waves with joy the beacon spies;  
How bursts the truth in horror on his soul,  
When drawing near his brightly blazing goal,  
Amid the rocks he sees his vessel cast,  
And every hope of life and safety past.  
Thus, fatal passion, do you cast your spell,  
More deadly far than wrecker's luring light,  
O'er the mind's darkness—like a spirit fell  
Onward you guide the soul to deeper night.  
 Ofttimes you choose earth's noblest and her best,  
(More pleased to lead a lofty mind astray),  
And bid them boldly seek thy doubtful guest;  
With tempting bait you lure them on the way,  
And pointing upward to the shining prize,  
Bid them lost souls all obstacles despise.

## DUTIES IN YOUTH.

"Expand the passions of thy heart in youth;  
Fight thy love battles whilst thy heart is strong,  
And wounds heal kindly." An April frost  
Is sharp, but kills not; and October's storms  
Strike when the juices and the vital sap  
Are ebbing from the leaf.—HENRY TATTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MARGARET.

BY HESTER C. LAUREATE.

"MARGARET, my daughter, pass me that  
fan by your side, and Margaret, just bathe my  
temples with a little cologne from that sashon  
on the stand—'tis insufferably hot! Why were  
you so stubborn about going to Newport?  
There, that is better. Now, Margaret, comb  
my hair a little; my poor head is so hot and  
tired. O, dear! if we were only at Newport!  
But it's all your fault, Margaret; we might  
have been there, and you might have secured  
Charles Delrynne, but for your obstinacy."

As her mother said this, the girl who had  
quietly and patiently performed the services  
her mother required of her, colored even to  
the edge of the delicate ear on which her  
wealth of auburn hair was resting.

"Not quite my fault, mother dear," she re-  
plied; "you knew I told you we could not  
afford to go to Newport this season."

"All a whim, Margaret! A whim of yours  
and Uncle Sydney's; he was always full of  
whims, and you are just like him."

"But, mother, you don't consider we should  
have had nothing to call on through the win-  
ter; there will be little enough now," said  
Margaret, with a sigh.

"The winter would have taken care of it-  
self, you would have secured Charles Del-  
rynne long ere this, and all would be well.  
O, dear! O, dear! Never was there such a  
stubborn child. Turn my pillows for me,  
Margaret, and pass me that lead lemonade.  
O, dear!" And the fretful invalid's head sank  
deeper among the pillows of her lounge.

As Margaret sits near her, swaying the  
costly fan from side to side, let us glance at  
their past history. Mrs. Marchmont had been  
through life one of the butterflies of fashion-  
able society. In early youth a beauty and a  
hobby, she had won the love of the noble and  
high-minded Augustus Marchmont; and when  
in after years he learned that his wife had ne-  
glected his life, save this, to shine a brilliant star  
in society, neglecting for him and her hus-  
band and child; when he saw that she was  
vain and frivolous, that under her influence  
the little Margaret was likely to become the  
same, he sent the child from him to a country  
home, where his boyhood had passed away  
like a dream, where his little Margaret should  
be unfettered by the fetters of pride and en-

clusiveness, where the foundation of a true, pure womanhood should be laid.

There, under the fostering care of her grandmother Marchmont, Margaret passed her early childhood, receiving each summer long visits from her father, while her mother dressed, danced and bathed at Newport, or drank Congress water at Saratoga. She could never endure the coarse fare and uncarpeted floors of the farm-house; she was too delicate. It was all very well for Margaret to run and romp there through the troublesome years of a child's life; when she came home she could easily eradicate the weeds of old-fashioned common sense. Thus Mrs. Marchmont reasoned, growing from year to year more fretful, more helpless, losing what little health she had ever been blessed with.

When Margaret was sixteen, Mr. Marchmont died, leaving his widow but a limited income. Margaret was sent for, and from the moment she entered the house, Mrs. Marchmont depended entirely upon her. The domestic education she had received at her grandmother Marchmont's, proved now of great value, as one by one the resolute girl dismissed the extravagant servants her mother had thought so necessary, till at length a maid of all work alone remained. True, Mrs. Marchmont sighed over the departure of each one, but Margaret had strong hands and a willing heart, and moreover anticipated her mother's every wish, so that in reality the burden fell only on Margaret.

Mrs. Marchmont's brother made one of the family, assisting Margaret much in her endeavors to lessen the household expenses. Masters she must have, her education must be completed; thus she felt, and thus Uncle Sydney reasoned.

Time passed. Margaret entered society; she was a girl to be admired. Charles Dalrymple had passed much of his time with her the winter before our story opens. Mrs. Marchmont rallied as the prospect of her daughter winning Charles Dalrymple seemed more certain. Mr. Dalrymple's wife would be the leader of the ton—if she so willed it. Now he was at Newport, and strangely (Mrs. Marchmont thought stupidly) enough, to Newport Margaret would not go. She and Uncle Sydney had counted the probable cost; Margaret was frightened as she saw how rapidly their little fund was diminishing. Then, too, she did not like to follow Mr. Dalrymple. He was not an avowed lover; sometimes she

doubted his being a lover at all. She would rather not place herself in his way, although the mention of his name sent the warm blood in crimson waves over her face.

The warm sunset glow fell full upon Margaret's auburn hair, as she sat within the western window of the library. Uncle Sydney sat in the easy chair opposite, looking somewhat troubled; Margaret was talking rapidly.

"It must be arranged, Uncle Sydney! Such talents as I possess must be made available. I will teach music, the languages, drawing, anything, that mother may not be denied the luxuries she needs so much. But she must not know; you will not tell her."

"No, Margaret; but I am sorry that you think it necessary just at this time. I will help you what I can; you had better wait a little."

"Now, Uncle Sydney, that is not like you! Although you are always generous, you have ever before encouraged me. Why is it, uncle?"

"I was thinking of Mr. Dalrymple." Margaret did not answer; what could she say? but her face grew scarlet, and her breathing hurried. "It might not please him, Margaret."

Her high spirit gained the victory then. Did Uncle Sydney think she was afraid of displeasing Charles Dalrymple, a man who had never said he loved her? The flush faded from her cheek.

"Mr. Dalrymple is not my mentor."

"No, Margaret, only your lover."

"Neither mentor nor lover. Now, uncle, we will dismiss him from our conversation. I wish to talk as we would if we had never known Charles Dalrymple."

Thus silenced, Uncle Sydney avoided the name of Dalrymple. Margaret did not teach music, nor the languages; she found it impossible to do anything of the kind without confiding her plans to her mother. Necessarily, she must absent herself from home, or receive pupils there; so the project of teaching was quietly given up.

For years it had been Margaret's custom to write down each night the events of the day; and in idle hours she had woven together the threads of many a romance. Now she determined to write with a purpose; not even to Uncle Sydney did she unfold her new hope, there was so much uncertainty attending it.

Ten, eleven, twelve! Still Margaret sat weaving a bright romance, the hero of which bore a striking resemblance to Charles Dal-



rymple. It was finished, and Margaret sought her pillow, resolved that on the morrow she would make an effort to dispose of her sketch.

The morning was not fair, and Mrs. Marchmont's calls on Margaret seemed endless, till when our would-be authoress was released from close attendance by her mother's falling asleep, rain fell in torrents. All that remained for Margaret was to wait until the sun at least smiled upon her efforts.

At length one pleasant September morning she sallied forth. Her first call was on Mr. Crusty. Those who have offered their first productions to Mr. Crusty, will understand her feelings when she met his cold, gray eye.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good morning, sir."

He was evidently waiting for her to proceed.

"I have a manuscript—"

"We are overwhelmed with manuscript already."

"Perhaps, sir, you will have the kindness to look at mine."

With an air of indifference, Mr. Crusty unrolled it; he read not a word of the clearly written pages, but curtly questioned:

"Never written for the press?"

"No, sir."

"I knew it," he replied, as he returned her the manuscript.

"But, Mr. Crusty, you have not read a sentence."

"No. I can tell at a glance. We cannot publish your article."

Somewhat disheartened, Margaret returned home; she had already absented herself longer than usual.

"Where have you been, Margaret? I'm dying of thirst, and you know Mary can never prepare my drinks," was Mrs. Marchmont's exclamation, as heated and exhausted, Margaret entered the house.

"I am sorry, mama. I will have some iced lemonade directly."

"Did you get the blue zephyr for me?"

"No, mama, I never thought of it."

"You are very thoughtless; but then, you and Uncle Sydney never seem to think of me."

Five successive days Margaret visited as many different publishers, some belonging to the Crusty family, others more genial, yet having no encouragement to offer. Disheartened and weary, she resolved to send her story to a neighboring city, where at least it would be left with the publisher, for as yet no eye but her own had perused its pages.

When this resolution was carried into effect,

she felt somewhat happier, and a week had scarcely passed before Charles Dalrymple returned from Newport. She had been riding with him through the afternoon, and now he sat watching her earnestly. He had been talking of his lonely boyhood, his more lonely manhood; for he had been an only child, and was now orphaned. Margaret had listened with a flush upon her cheek, and words of tenderer, deeper feeling trembled as yet unspoken upon his lips. He had that afternoon resolved to ask Margaret Marchmont's love. A moment more the words had been spoken; but alas! for the course of true love, which never runs smooth, Margaret's maid of all work entered the room, holding in her hand a letter. Very knowing honest Biddy looked, and there was a slight twinkle in her honest eye; she had not failed to observe the bold chirography upon the envelope. Neither did Dalrymple. One look at Margaret's face was sufficient to satisfy him that this was no common letter; she seemed nervous, excited, something unusual for Margaret Marchmont. Noting all this, he said in his usual tones:

"Don't let me disturb you, Margaret. Read your letter, if you wish to."

Young writers, who have just received their first letter from a publisher, will believe that Margaret's fingers trembled as she opened hers; also that a bank-bill enclosed caused her to read and re-read it many times, making it seem to Mr. Dalrymple that her letter was a long one. Then, too, her face had grown radiant—and he had been on the verge of a proposal! At length she looked up.

"Charles—Mr. Dalrymple, are you ill?"

"Yes, ill—faint, I believe. You will excuse me, if I bid you good night thus abruptly."

"Certainly, but I will call Uncle Sydney; you are too ill to walk alone."

"No, the air will restore me. Good night, Margaret."

His voice lingered on the name tenderly, and Margaret re-entered the room happier than ever before in her life. Dalrymple's manner was not to be mistaken, she felt assured of her power to render his lonely life happy. A week later Mrs. Marchmont asked:

"Where is Mr. Dalrymple, Margaret? I have not seen him but once since his return."

"I don't know, mama; he was taken suddenly ill the evening he was here, but I think he has recovered, for he stood in Fennell's door as I passed there to-day."

"Did he not join you?"

"No, mama. Claude was with me. I for

got to tell you—he came while you were sleeping; and as he was only in town for the day, I went out with him. Aunt Eunice sent for some laces, and Claude wished me to select them. Is there anything striking about cousin Claude, mama?”

“Claude is fine looking. I don’t know as there is anything particularly striking about him. Why do you ask, Margaret?”

“Only because Mr. Dalrymple looked at him so earnestly. He was so stern, top, and Claude called him a bear, that he did not smile when he said, ‘Good afternoon, Miss Marchmont.’”

Poor Margaret! Mr. Dalrymple thought cousin Claude had written a week before to announce his coming; that Margaret rejoiced because a long absent lover was coming home.

Another week, at the close of which Mr. Dalrymple called. Margaret was out. The next day she looked for his coming, and the next; he came not. Alas, poor Margaret! Charles Dalrymple had volunteered to fight for his country, under the glorious stars and stripes.

“Margaret, Margaret! Mr. Dalrymple has gone—*enlisted*! You are the most obstinate child; you knew my heart was set on your marrying him! But it’s just like you—you and Uncle Sydney—of course he advised you. I did not think you would really refuse him. Poor fellow! perfectly devoted to you all winter. O, dear! there was never a mother so tormented. There, Margaret, place the footstool under my feet, and let me taste that luscious-looking peach. And Margaret, I am chilly this afternoon; throw my breakfast shawl about my shoulders. O Margaret, to think that after all you should refuse him!”

“I have not refused him, mother.”

“Then you have consented to a long engagement; and with a soldier that amounts to the same thing—for, of course, you will refuse him, if he comes home with a broken limb. I never did approve of long engagements. That peach was bitter after all. I think I should fancy some strawberry jam, to take the taste away.”

“There it is, mama. I am not engaged to Mr. Dalrymple.”

“Not engaged to Mr. Dalrymple?” echoed Mrs. Marchmont. But Margaret had left the room; indeed it was an effort to stay there as long as she had.

After this Mr. Dalrymple’s name was avoided in the little household, and Margaret went about her accustomed duties much the same

as usual; if anything, she was more energetic, more patient with the fretful invalid.

As the evenings grew longer, she employed herself with her ready pen, resolutely seeking to banish the remembrance of the preceding winter. But often when Uncle Sydney had left her alone in the quiet sitting-room, would the past come back to her, and recalling his looks and tones, again she dreamed that Dalrymple loved her; till suddenly a look at the chair he had filled, the books he had marked, the music he had given her, brought back the present, and Margaret Marchmont was herself—a woman who would not sorrow for one who loved her not.

Charles Dalrymple and Claude Mortimer were in the same company. The former recognized the latter at a glance; and Mortimer, who had pronounced Dalrymple a bear as he stood in Fennell’s door, remained of the same opinion. Dalrymple was cold and haughty; he did not wish to make the acquaintance of Margaret Marchmont’s lover. So for months the young men kept aloof from each other.

Then Dalrymple was ill, and there was none so kind as Claude Mortimer; thus the acquaintance commenced. Mortimer was a pleasant companion, Dalrymple liked him; he only blamed Margaret that loving another, she had permitted him to become her lover.

A year passed. Do you think it strange that our young soldiers had become close friends? I do not. True there was ever the dread of Claude’s mentioning one name he could not yet bear to hear *him* mention—that of the lady to whom he was engaged.

“Come, Dalrymple,” he said, one day, “the confidence is all on one side. You know about every member of my family, also of my engagement, and all about my future plans and prospects. Now, I want to hear something of yours.” Dalrymple’s face paled.

“Do you not know, Mortimer, that I have neither father nor mother, brothers nor sisters? Should the Potomac fold its waters over my form this night, there would be none to mourn.”

“Pardon me that I spoke thus hastily. I knew nothing of all this. But Dalrymple, you should marry.”

“Loving and beloved Claude, you may speak thus. Once I too loved—”

They were interrupted. Letters from home! Even Dalrymple looked his over eagerly, while Mortimer read his more precious ones—from revered parents, and promised wife.

"Capital! I always said there was a great deal in that girl," exclaimed Mortimer. "Dalrymple, you know her, my cousin Margaret? She has written a book, and been successful."

"Your cousin Margaret? I think I do not know her, Mortimer," answered his companion.

"Yes, I was walking with her one day when we passed you; you spoke to Margaret, but you looked so grim, that I remember calling you a bear."

"Flattering, certainly! I remember seeing you but once before our meeting as brother soldiers, and then you were walking with your betrothed."

"A mistake; the lady was my cousin Margaret."

"Do you mean to tell me, Mortimer, that you are not going to marry Margaret Marchmont? that she does not love you?"

"Love me? certainly not; only in a cousinly way."

"Mortimer, I believe I have been a fool."

"A humble confession, Dalrymple! How did you arrive at the conclusion?" asked Mortimer.

"A week previous to the time we speak of I was with Margaret when she received a letter. Did you write that letter, Claude?"

"I did not," answered Claude.

Dalrymple continued:

"Blinded by jealousy, when I met her with you, I was certain you were her lover."

"Then you love my cousin Margaret?"

"I do, Claude. I had never acknowledged my love, and would ask no explanations. I called to say adieu, but she was out."

Margaret Marchmont sat alone, her black robes falling softly around her. Her mother's eyes were closed in dreamless slumber; she had only Uncle Sydney to care for now, and he was absent.

There was a ring at the door, and Margaret heard tones strangely familiar.

"Is Miss Marchmont at home this evening?"

It was Dalrymple. Margaret was cold and haughty. She would not let the magic tones of his voice beguile her into forgetfulness of the past. Once she had listened and believed; she could believe nothing now.

At length he told her of his love; of the years he had loved only her; that since he left her, he had thought her the betrothed of Claude Mortimer.

And Margaret? Dalrymple loved her.

Notwithstanding her resolution, the magic tones of her lover's voice beguiled her into forgetfulness of the past, for before they parted, the secret she had guarded so carefully for years escaped her. Dalrymple knew of the great love in her heart. Also Uncle Sydney.

"Mentor and lover—hey, Margaret?" he asked. "Dalrymple, you must read Margaret's book, and pass judgment," he continued.

Claude wrote to Margaret, offering his congratulations; said he did not dare to come and offer them in person—he was afraid Mr. Dalrymple might be jealous.

Reading this, Margaret smiled. Her confidence in her lover was fully restored.

#### SMOKING OF ARSENIC.

M. Montigny, French consul in China, in reference to the use of arsenic by the northern Chinese, says they mingle it with their smoking tobacco. According to missionaries who had lived a long time there, tobacco free from arsenic is not sold. The same witnesses assured the consul that the arsenic smokers were stout fellows, with "lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and as rosy as cherubs." The publication of Montigny's statement has called out a letter from Dr. Londe, who announces that some years ago, in the course of a discussion at the Academy of Medicine, on the agents to be employed to cure tubercular consumption, he told the assembled doctors that he had found but one successful means of combating this dreadful disease; that means was the smoking of arsenic. The doctor reaffirms his commendation of this remedy.

#### MORAL HONESTY.

They who cry down moral honesty, says Selden, cry down that which is a great part of religion, my duty towards God and my duty towards man. What care I to see a man run after a sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home? On the other hand, morality must not be without religion; for if so, it may change as I see convenience. Religion must govern it. He that has not religion to govern his morality, is not a whit better than my mastiff dog; so long as you stroke him, and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, he is a very good moral mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your face, and tear out your throat.



## SINGULARITIES OF COMPOSERS.

Gluck, to excite his imagination and to transport his thoughts to Tauris, Sparta, and the lower regions, could not find anything more appropriate than to establish his headquarters upon a meadow, in the open air, exposed to the heat of the sun. His piano before him, and a few bottles of champagne as his companions, he composed his "Iphigenia," "Orpheus," and the "Amours of Paris."

Sarri required but a great empty room, feebly illuminated by a single lamp. His musical ideas only came to him in the quietness of the night. So he created Medonte and the beautiful song, "La dolce Campagna."

Salleri, to excite enthusiasm, ran through the liveliest streets, chewing bon-bons, and constantly carrying his pocket-book with him to note down immediately his happy ideas.

Cimarosa loved to be surrounded with noise. In company with his gay friends, he wrote his opera "Il Matrimonio Segreto."

Paesiello loved the bed, and between mattresses arose his *Mollinaria*.

Anfossi, a young Neapolitan composer, who died early, and who gave great future promise, could not write one note without being surrounded with roast turkeys, smoking sausages and hams.

Gretry tells in his memoirs that he excited his imagination by means of tea or lemonade.

The celebrated Haydn, to put himself into the right disposition and sentiment, dressed himself finely, as if he had to visit a great fete, previous to sitting down to the piano. He also put on his finger a ring, which had been given him by Frederick the great. More than once, he said, that as soon as he had forgotten that ring, I found it impossible to conceive a single musical idea.

Rossini could not bear it if some one sung his compositions in his presence. The facility with which Rossini composed his music was remarkable. The greater part of his masterpieces have been improvised in the midst of noisy sports, and a lively bachelor life. The "Thievish Mag-ple" had been composed in twelve days. The Partitur, for William Tell, he wrote during three months in Paris, in a room which was always crowded with visitors, in the midst of a most animated conversation, in which he frequently joined. Rossini, indifferent to all the bustle of society, continued to work, even if one of the visitors hummed an air, or an organ-grinder ground his organ before his window. It did not in the least molest him, or interrupt his ideas.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

*From turned-down leaves in our reading.*

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself.—*Franklin*.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Misery assails riches, as lightning does the highest towers; or as a tree that is heavy laden with fruit breaks its own boughs, so do riches destroy the virtue of their possessor.—*Burton*.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints, which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.—*Johnson*.

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.—*Zeno*.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.—*Addison*.

Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue. But these penitential clouds must still be kept dropping; one shower will not suffice, for repentance is not a single action, but a course.—*Tillotson*.

Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health, no pleasure can be tasted by man; without liberty, no happiness can be enjoyed by society.—*Bolingbroke*.

The lowest people are generally the first to find fault with show or equipage; especially that of a person lately emerged from his obscurity. They never once consider that he is breaking the ice for themselves.—*Shenstone*.

Gluttony is the source of all our infirmities, and the foundation of all our diseases. As a lamp is choked by a superabundance of oil, a fire extinguished by excess of fuel, so is the natural health of the body destroyed by intemperate diet.—*Burton*.

A good inclination is but the first rude draught of virtue; but the finishing strokes are from the will; which, if well disposed, will by degrees perfect; if ill disposed, will by the superinduction of ill habits, quickly deface it.—*South*.

[ORIGINAL.]

## "THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

BY FRANK M. MORRIS.

In childhood's hours we know no care,  
 Life seems a field of roses,  
 Whose perfume fills the very air  
 The opening bud discloses.  
 No rude winds come around us now,  
 All, all is smiling May;  
 Time's fingers gently touch the brow:  
 "Thus runs the world away,"

How pitiful the lot of those  
 Outliving hope and trust,  
 Who see their dearest wishes all  
 Downtrodden in the dust.  
 The shrines they reared and cherished  
 Lie crumbling in decay,  
 Too prematurely perished:  
 "Thus runs the world away."

One who has set his happiness  
 On the hazard of an hour,  
 To win a life of ceaseless bliss,  
 Or misery for a dower,  
 A partner through all coming time,  
 To know no parting day,  
 United still in every clime:  
 "Thus runs the world away."

The pressure of a friendly hand  
 Once felt within our own,  
 The sweetness of a kindred voice  
 That has familiar grown;  
 The joy they gave may linger long,  
 Though all their truth betray,  
 Like the sweet cadence of a song,  
 "Thus runs the world away."

[ORIGINAL.]

## KATE'S LEGACY.

BY MUTH REDMOND GAGE.

WHEN Tom Barrett, broker, departed this life, Mrs. Grundy held up her hands, and declared he had left the most absurd will that ever was made. Even Robert Neale, the old gentleman's legal adviser and executor, acknowledged himself somewhat surprised at its contents, albeit that stately lawyer seldom indulged in so vulgar a feeling as surprise. The will ran thus: "To my well-beloved stepson, John Stuart, I bequeath one half of all my estates. To his well-beloved niece, Kate Lansing, the other half is bequeathed on condition that she allies herself in marriage with

the aforesaid John Stuart. In case of her refusal to do this, and her alliance with another, her legacy is forfeited to her rejected suitor, who will thereby become possessor of the entire property." But it was the solemn hope and desire of the dying man that the above marriage should take place betwixt his dearly-beloved son and niece, and that they should pass together a long and happy life. Having thus arranged his earthly affairs, Uncle Tom turned over on his pillow and died quietly.

Mrs. Grundy sneered in her usual amiable manner.

"So Kate Lansing, the belle of the season, is sold to John Stuart! Willied away—bargained off—literally sold! Very good!"

And, far away, in the porch of Aunt Barrett's old farmhouse, Kate Lansing was sitting that very moment reading to little Fred an old fairy tale, with an ominous look in her eyes and round her proud mouth.

"The good Prince Selim married Zuleika, and the kingdom was full of rejoicing, and they lived happy all the days of their lives."

Kate closed the book.

"That was nice, wasn't it?" said little Fred.

"Very nice," answered Kate, smiling down in his round, blue eyes.

He ran away and left her, leaning against the frame-work of the porch, toying with a diamond ring on her delicate hand. It was just sunset. She saw the broad acres of the Barrett farm stretching away before her, in upland and meadow and golden harvest-fields. She saw the distant blue Berkshire hills and Hobart Cliffs crowned with pines, through which the descending sun glared like a blood-red meteor; and nearer, lay the dusty turnpike road, and the broad pasture lands, where a herd of cows was winding home over the mill-stream bridge, and rounded by the Barrett mill.

"Tisn't Newport nor Saratoga, child," said Aunt Barrett, grimly.

"No," said Kate, "but it is better than either, auntie—I am tired of Newport and Saratoga."

Aunt Barrett wiped her spectacles.

"Well, I'm glad you like the old place. Your mother was born here and your Uncle Tom and all the rest of the Barretts; though, in after years, they went away and grew too rich and proud to ever visit home again. Who's that coming, child?"

A light, open buggy, drawn by a pair of

superb grays, dashed suddenly into view on the turnpike road, and came sweeping past the garden-gate, like a tolerably sized whirlwind. The occupant of that buggy was a young gentleman, dink as a Spaniard and wonderfully handsome. He lifted his cap, with a low, graceful bow to the young beauty in the porch, flushing crimson through his olive skin. The next moment the thick growth of orchard trees had hidden the dashing tandem and its driver from sight.

Aunt Barrett glanced covertly at Kate; but her cool, blonde face, with its lustrous hazel eyes and curved lips, was hopelessly calm and unreadable.

"Was that Philip Ashley?" asked Aunt Barrett.

"Yes."

"Kate, are you going to marry him?"

Kate laughed. Aunt Barrett had a delightfully straight-forward way about her.

"I may, auntie, after I have seen Lawyer Neale, and rusticated with you awhile."

Aunt Barrett settled her spectacles impatiently.

"I wish, child, it was a better man than Philip Ashley, that you are giving up your Uncle Tom's property for. You are no more in love with him than I am!" Kate lifted her delicate brows.

"You've flirted and danced with him," continued Aunt Barrett, "and because he is handsome and has golden hair, and can talk smoother than most of men, you fancy you're in love. You'll find out your mistakes sometime. Call it moonshine, nonsense, excitement—anything but love, and take my advice, dearie—marry John Stuart, and keep your Uncle Tom's legacy."

Kate reached up and plucked a spray of woodbine, with an edifying smile on her lips.

"No, thank you, auntie—I believe the legacy must go, and John Stuart with it."

"Kate, if you've been and sent for Lawyer Neale to come up here, you're a silly, stubborn child!"

"I have, auntie dear," said the young beauty, laughing merrily. "If you quarrel with me about it, I'll run away to Newport. It's a great pity, I dare say, but I do not like Uncle Tom's will."

"It's a good will enough!" cried Aunt Barrett, "and it's very proper that you should marry John. Poor Tom set his heart on it years ago."

"I am sorry!"

"But you've never seen John Stuart yet."

"And begging your pardon, my dear aunt, I never wish to see him."

"'Tis well to be merry and wise,  
'Tis well to be honest and true,  
'Tis well to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new."

"Humph?" said Aunt Barrett, folding up her sewing.

Long after the old lady had gone from the porch, Kate sat and gazed off toward the blue Berkshire hills, tapping the floor with her little slipper in a perplexed way. Hadn't she promenaded with Philip Ashley at Congress Hall, waltzed with him at the Ocean House, rode with him on Newport Beach, and walked with him in the moonlight at Rockaway? Was he not brilliant, handsome, talented? And John Stuart—

"Mercy, child," cried Aunt Barrett, close behind her, "that Lawyer Neale is in the sitting-room!"

Kate started up.

"Asking for you," said Aunt Barrett.

"I did not expect him so soon," said Kate, sweeping into the hall, with her rich, dark dress trailing regally after her.

She opened the sitting-room door and went in. A gentleman was standing on the hearth, with his hands idly clasped behind him. They stood a moment in the red fire-light and looked at each other.

He saw a tall, stylish young lady, with a high-bred face, two great violet eyes and some heavy braids of golden hair. She saw a grave, handsome man, younger by some years than she had expected, with a strong, reserved face, delicately dark in coloring, and lighted by the darkest, keenest eyes she had ever met.

"Mr. Neale?"

He bowed.

"You received my letter?"

"I did; and started at the earliest possible moment."

"Thank you, pray be seated."

A red spot had come out on Kate's cheek. She stood with downcast lashes, scarcely knowing how to proceed.

"You were my late uncle's legal adviser?"

He bowed assent.

"And you probably knew why I have sent for you?" said Kate.

He looked at her quietly, with those puzzling dark eyes of his.

"I understand from your letter that you are unwilling to accept the legacy left you in your late uncle's will."

A slight inclination of her superb head.

"I find myself adverse to its ruling conditions."

"So I supposed from your letter," said Mr. Neale, drily.

Kate felt her cheeks coloring—she ought to have done better, easy, self-possessed belle that she was!

"I resign my uncle's estates to John Stuart," she said, desperately. "I cannot marry him, and he is welcome to the share I have forfeited—please tell him."

"He knows, he saw your letter." Kate's eyes opened wide.

"And," said Mr. Neale, quietly, "I am empowered to tell you that John Stuart renounces his claim upon your hand, but, otherwise, your uncle's will must remain the same—you will retain your legacy, for on no condition will Mr. Stuart accept its forfeiture." Kate's violet eyes were lifted slowly to his face, filled with a strange surprise.

"Do you know this?"

"I do."

"Is—that is, it is very strange?"

He smiled. "Mr. Stuart is satisfied—the matter may be considered settled."

They stood on the hearth, looking at each other, both silent. Aunt Barrett found them there, and summoned them to tea in her cheeriest tones. Then they went out together.

Snowy bread and golden butter, the clearest jellies and nicest pastry, the old family silver, and the whitest of cloths and napkins had been brought forth to make that tea-table a very tempting one. Kate sat down opposite Mr. Neale, with a still seared face. Aunt Barrett was looking at him earnestly from over the tea-urn.

"You've changed a good deal in ten years, Robert." He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Yea."

"Where have you been?"

"In Europe and the East."

Kate lifted her brows. So Aunt Barrett had known Mr. Neale before? Very well, then, she was half relieved from the responsibility of his presence. Kate looked at him with more curiosity than she had yet shown. "Rather handsome, rather courteous," she said to herself, "but—but—what a strong face! his will must be terrible, we are antagonists."

Little Fred pulled her dress, as they were rising from the table:

"Kate, he is like Prince Selim in the fairy tale."

Kate shook the child off, the gate was rattling, and some one was coming up the garden-walk. It was Philip Ashley.

Said Aunt Barrett, suddenly: "The stage don't run again to-night, Robert, you must stay."

"Thank you," replied the lawyer.

That was all Kate heard. She stood in the porch a moment later, with Philip Ashley, bending over her white hand, his dark cheek all in a glow. With her India shawl over her shoulders, she languidly sat down there, and watched the red, round moon come up over the distant pines. Ashley was stretched at her feet in indolent grace, relating to her the fashionable gossip of the week, and deploring her absence from town. From his seat in the sitting-room, Neale could see them perfectly, the handsome, young aristocrat and the spiritual face of Kate, made paler and more spiritual by the soft gleams of moonlight slanting down among the woodbine; but he never looked toward them once. By-and-by, a strain of music rung in through the hall, they were singing together, and when the song was done, Ashley arose to go. Again the little hand was imprisoned in his, again he bowed low over it; then the garden gate clanged behind him, and he was walking away to the moon-lit village.

Kate still sat under the woodbine, humming a little snatch of song. The still fields lay before her, flooded with the silver rain of that autumn moon. She heard the roar of the mill-stream beyond the mill, and a lonely night-bird was singing in the distant wood. Presently, Uncle Tom Barrett's grave emaciated stepped out into the porch, with a shawl on his arm, much nicer than the Indian fabric she had on.

"The night air is very damp, will you take this shawl?" He laid it upon the arm of her chair.

"Thank you," she said, looking up in sober surprise.

Off he went down the garden-walk, never waiting to receive the look. Kate arose and ran up to her room. By-and-by, a sudden, red, fiery star blossomed out in the shrubbery of the garden; it was Mr. Neale's cigar. Kate saw his tall figure pacing slowly back and forth under the apple-trees, till her eyes grew heavy with sleep; then, idly wondering what evil spirit possessed the man that he should stay out there so long, tramping about in the

dew and catching all sorts of rheumatics, the fair-haired beauty floated off to the land of dreams.

What a dreadful morning the next morning was, to be sure! It broke in shrieking winds and a wild, pouring rain. An autumn storm was raging in the valley, swelling the Barrett mill-stream, and twisting the pines on Hobart Cliffs till they snapped like so many reeds in the wild east wind. It was a pretty prospect, truly, Kate thought, as she floated down stairs in a blue cashmere wrapper, with her golden hair all twisted in one great knot at the back of her head. What in the world was that lawyer going to do?

"Of course," said Aunt Barrett, "he can't go till it stops raining—I wouldn't hear to such a thing."

Kate said nothing, she was only too glad to have the legal gentleman taken off her hands so quietly, and, really, it was well some one was there to entertain her, mewed up, as she was, in that old farmhouse on such a dismal day. Now, like many other people, Kate sometimes reckoned without her host, and Aunt Barrett, bustling about the kitchen an hour or two after, looked up and saw her standing in the doorway, pouting like a spoiled child.

"Aunt Barrett, do give me something to do! I'm bored to death with the rain and that dismal sitting-room."

Aunt Barrett glanced at her niece's white hands in contempt.

"Where is Mr. Neale?"

"The vandal! The barbarian! Out in the porch, of course, smoking the inevitable cigar. I hate lawyers, they are never more than half-civilized."

"I stand rebuked, begging a thousand pardons!" said a voice behind her.

Kate turned quickly, and found herself looking straight into Mr. Neale's dark, quizzing eyes.

"We might go fishing," he said, gravely; "fish always bite well in such weather."

"You are too kind?"

"Don't mention it, 'tis a weakness I have; consider me entirely at your disposal."

"I decline the honor, pray go back to your cigar."

"It is in ashes, Miss Lansing. I regret that your prejudice against Mr. Stuart extends also to his unfortunate servitor."

Kate flushed. "I beg your pardon."

He smiled at this acknowledgement of the truth of his accusation.

"Granted, but still you are thinking me this very moment a very hateful mortal."

She glanced quickly up, laughing.

"I shall like you better now."

"For your injustice?"

"Y-e-s."

"Thank you?"

When Aunt Barrett entered the sitting-room an hour after—ostensibly, on a household errand; in reality, to look about her—Kate was reclining lazily back in her chair, her crochet-work in her lap, and her long lashes cast down, playing chess with Uncle Tom's executor. A crochet came into the old lady's head, more puzzling than the one in Kate's lap. She looked covertly out at the wild, black sky.

"It will rain a week," she said to herself.

And it did. That storm was the fiercest one that had been known in the valley for years. One wild night, after Neale had been reading to her all the evening from Mrs. Browning's poems, Kate sat down and wrote to a sister-belle in town:

"Such a flirtation as I am having here with a grave, dignified lawyer! He is the most singular of mortals—travelled, well-read, frightfully good-looking, but—a vandal. He talks eloquently, but always on the gravest topics—never pays me compliments—never dabbles in sentiment—is detestable generally, and we quarrel every day. Still, if he goes before this rain is over, I shall die of the blues. Phillip Ashley has left the village, at least I have not seen him for several days. You should hear this grave lawyer of ours read and sing—he has the most superb tenor voice—surpasses Moriani; I assure you. I have learned a score of old ballads to sing with him—it will do for wet-weather-work, you know, and I really like him, he is so odd!"

A strange letter, but very characteristic. The days wore on. Aunt Barrett sat nodding over her knitting, taking no note of anything around her. Wise old lady! She knew it was better to let Kate "gang her ain gate," only, one night, starting from a little doze by the fire, and seeing two still figures near her, deeply engaged in reading from the same book Aunt Barrett took up her needles in an absent way, and suddenly set to crooning a little snatch of song that she had heard Kate sing:

" 'Tis well to be merry and wise,

'Tis well to be honest and true,

'Tis well to be off with the old love

Before you are on with the new."

That was all. But everything has an end, and that wild autumn ruin in the west valley was no exception to the general rule. On the following afternoon the black clouds rolled away from Hobart Cliffs, and a long streak of deep blue sky broke out in the sullen west. Mr. Neale had gone to his room—Kate knew her “flirtation” was over, and she was standing by the window looking at the parting clouds, when little Fred came in with curls flying.

“Kate,” pulling her dress, “it’s all sun now—come down to the mill, and see my boat; I’m going to launch it. O, do come, the water is ever so high.”

“And it is so wet,” said Kate, looking ruefully at her French boots.

But he brought her hat, and slipped his little hand into hers; he knew she would go. Clear and strong the wind blew from the west, a great golden sunbeam struck full in Kate’s violet eyes, as they passed out through the gate. The mill-stream was just beyond the orchard-lane. Swollen by the rain, it came rolling like a mighty serpent from under the frail, quaking bridge. Kate shuddered, it was so fierce and black; strong, too, with a terrible strength. It plunged, it roared, it tore the alders from the banks and bent them under its mad flood, like frailest flowers. Kate watched the rushing and the foaming, for awhile, then drew back, half afraid.

“It is like destiny,” said a voice beside her.

“What is destiny?” she asked, smiling, but not looking up.

“Will?” answered Neale.

“Our lives are borne helpless on the tide of will?” asked Kate.

“Yes, it is man that wins the victories of the world, you know.”

She stood inclined slightly forward, gazing down at the black water—her clear profile and golden hair gleaming in the slanting sunlight. He watched her intently.

“Miss Lansing, say good-by to me.”

She looked up and saw that his heavy cloak was on his shoulders, his travelling cap on his brow.

“Now?”

“Yes, I am waiting here for the stage.”

A pause—then Kate spoke—she saw the stage coming slowly down the hill. “When you arrive in town, please say to Mr. Stuart that I am deeply indebted to him for his kindness, but I still insist that he shall accept—”

“Hush!” interrupted Neale, half-sternly, “he will accept nothing. How long do you remain here?”

“A few days, good-by.”

She turned, faint and dizzy with looking at that wild water—her foot slipped, and he stretched out his arm and caught her, and for a moment held her close to his heart.

“Good-by, but we shall surely meet again!”

She broke from him, the stage paused on the bridge. He turned back for one last look, lifted his cap, then the old vehicle went rolling on its course again, and Kate was left standing by the mill-stream alone.

That evening, Aunt Barrett brought her a letter. It had been lying at the village-inn for several days. Philip Ashley had left it there; it ran thus:

“He regretted that he was obliged to leave the place suddenly; he had just heard of Miss Lansing’s renunciation of her fortune, he consoled with her on its loss, really too bad—he was her friend, he had always been her friend, but his paternal guardian had suddenly ceased to see the matter in a right light—he had found a rich cousin for Philip, and Philip was full of obedience to the paternal, with best wishes for future happiness, etc., etc.”

Kate laid down the letter; but neither spoke nor looked up. It broke upon her slowly, the slight mistake Mr. Ashley had made: then a cold acorn gathered round her red lips, and in her eyes. She took the letter and tore it into shreds, scattering them in the evening wind, and as they drifted away, the image of Philip Ashley went out forever in Kate Lansing’s heart.

“Kate!”

“Well, won’t you?”

“Do see this exquisite autumn scene.”

“Yes, but the galleries are so crowded, and the cry is ‘still they come’—I am suffocating.”

“We’ll hunt up our party in a moment. Look at that gentleman standing before Russ’ Seasons, it is Robert Neale, one of the ablest lawyers in the state.” Kate turned quickly.

A large, elderly man with iron-gray hair and a senatorial aspect, leaning on his gold-headed cane and looking at the picture through gold-bowed spectacles.

“Robert Neale?” gasped Kate.

“Certainly, I’ll present him.”

Mrs. Greyson, the leader of the New York ton, had the grave old gentleman at her side in a moment. He made Kate a courtly bow. “He was happy to see her, knew the family well. Stuart, come here and tell Mrs. Greyson who painted this autumn scene, there is no name on the catalogue.”

A gentleman stepped out of the crowd. One glance, and the gallery, the paintings, the people seemed whirling before Kate. John Stuart! O, the atrocious deception of those days at Aunt Barrett's farmhouse! she saw it all in a moment.

"Forgive!" murmured his deep, familiar voice. "I have deceived you; O, Kate, will you forgive me? Can you ever love me now?"

"I should like to know—" haughtily.

"Yes," imploringly, "I read your letter, and begged to take Neale's place; so he loaned me his name, and Aunt Barrett aided and abetted my ruse; and, darling, I love you!"

It was no place for words; but in Kate's quivering lips, John Stuart read an answer that made his heart bound. Later, when those same lips were pressed with his kisses, when that proud head was lying on his heart, he whispered:

"Kate, will you take me with your legacy now?"

And then the wild-rose face went down into the jewelled hands, and Kate, trembling, defeated, conquered, faltered out:

"I will."

#### KINGETS TEMPLARS.

The origin of the soldiers of the Temple may be clearly traced to the wild enthusiasm of the Crusaders. On the capture of Jerusalem by the Christians, thousands, not of well-appointed warriors, but of old men, women, and even children, set forth toward the Holy City, from the most distant parts of Europe, unconscious alike of the distance and the dangers they should have to encounter. To alleviate the distresses to which these pious enthusiasts were exposed, to guard the honor of the saintly virgins and matrons, and to protect the gray hairs of the venerable palmer, nine noble knights formed a holy brotherhood in arms, and entered into a solemn compact to aid one another in clearing the highways of infidels and robbers, and in protecting the pilgrims through the passes and defiles of the mountains, to the Holy City. Warmed with the religious and military fervor of the day, and animated by the sacredness of the cause to which they had devoted their swords, they called themselves the poor-soldiers of Jesus Christ. This chivalric vow they subsequently ratified in the Church of the Resurrection at the city of Jerusalem, and they there pronounced the additional vow of chastity, obedience and poverty. In the year 1118, Baldwin, the second king of Jerusalem,

granted them their first possession, a dwelling within the sacred enclosure of the temple on Mount Moriah, which the ignorant and superstitious ecclesiastics had designated as the Temple of Solomon.

#### A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

We often read in books of travels of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests; some of which extend unbroken for hundreds and hundreds of miles in all directions. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance. The few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the midst of the stillness, a sudden yell or scream will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger-cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirit. The feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire is increased tenfold under this fearful uproar. Often even in the still hours of midday a sudden crash will be heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are, besides many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes a sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, hollow tree, or a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the Curupira, the wild man or the spirit of the forest which produces all noises they are unable to explain. Myths are the rude theories which mankind, in the infancy of knowledge, invent to explain natural phenomena. The Curupira is a mysterious being whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as a kind of orang-outang, being covered with long, shaggy hair, and living in trees. At others he is said to have cloven feet, a bright red face. He has a wife and children, and sometimes comes down to the rocas to steal the mandiocas.

A man is apt to think that his personal freedom involves the right to make his fellow-men do just as he pleases.



{ORIGINAL.]

## SONG.

BY CAPT. JAMES FRANKLIN FITZ.

O, bid me not forget the hour  
 When first love's opening buds were swelling,  
 Nor crush the perfume from the flower  
 That blooms within my heart's fair dwelling;  
 For love is life, and hope is sweet,  
 While roses blossom round our feet,  
 And all that's fair, alas! is fleet,  
 While Time his dirge is knelling.

O, tell me not those dreams were vain  
 That linked thy heart with mine forever;  
 I dream them o'er and o'er again,  
 Like moons that wax but never wane,  
 In all the agony and pain  
 Of love's long-suffering and savor;  
 And still they roll across my soul,  
 Sweet, phantom guests, to leave me, never.

O, say thou not, "It might have been!"  
 O, never hsp, "It cannot be!"  
 For thou hast so enthralled me,  
 That I would not be free again.  
 And wilt thou bid me, then, forget,  
 Or coyly say, "Ah, no—not yet!"  
 Nay, love, thou hast me in love's net,  
 And I would not, in faith, be free!

{ORIGINAL.]

## DR. WOODBURY AND MISS ROLFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"It was Catherine Rolfe. Yes, Woodbury, I intend to marry her."

"Whether she will or no, eh?"

Layton Mowbray colored.

"Thank you for reminding me that the lady's lips have not yet said yes. But her eyes have said it, and repeated it, an hundred times; those magnificent eyes, for which kingdoms might well be lost!"

He put down his cigar, and gazed thoughtfully up the street, whose gay monotony had been so recently broken by the costly sweep of Miss Rolfe's velvet riding-dress.

Miles Woodbury stifled a half sigh, and turned resolutely to the huge folio on anatomy—dry, and dull, and almost stupid, it seemed to him that day. He looked furtively at Mr. Mowbray, his professional eye taking in at a glance all the fine points of the man's *physique*. Mr. Mowbray was tall and well-formed, with dark brown hair and blue eyes,

aristocratic features, and decidedly the air of a gentleman of fashion. The prestige of a millionaire father, and the ancient atmosphere of "one of the first families," in nowise detracted from his personal advantages.

Whatever had induced him to seek the acquaintance of the struggling young physician, was one of the mysteries. They had been classmates in college—always on speaking terms, but nothing more; the son of the New York ton could have little fellowship with the poor student, who totted half the year as a country pedagogue, that he might gain the wherewithal to defray his expenses at the university.

On obtaining his degree, Dr. Woodbury had located himself in New York, and here he met again his quondam acquaintance, Mowbray. The latter was disposed to be complaisant, and after awhile it became quite his fashion to drop into Woodbury's office, and while away an hour or two almost every day. He was a man of leisure, and after the excitement of the ball, the opera, the concert; had passed away, thus hung heavily; and Woodbury was a good fellow—made an excellent listener—so he said to his friends when joked about his low-bred *confere*.

Dr. Woodbury continued his study of the uninviting volume, and Mowbray, yawningly observing that it was going to rain, buttoned up his overcoat and sauntered away. Woodbury closed the door, and drew from his pocket a knot of crimson velvet, studded with a single flash of jet. He looked at it a moment, touched it lightly with his lips, and dropped it upon the flame-red coal in the grate. Just then the door was pushed open, and a pale young face, shaded by a worn blue hood, was put inside.

"I fear she is dying, sir! O, come quickly!" said the sweet voice of the little girl.

Woodbury started from the reverie in which he was buried, to see the new comers.

"Who is dying, my child?"

"My sister Esther, sir. She has been so bad all night, and the baby has cried ever since he woke. O, dear, dear! what if Esther should die?"

She was crying softly, the tears falling over the pale cheeks, and down on the soft unbound hair, which the wind had thrown about her face.

The young physician put on his dreadnought—it was raining fast—locked the office, and followed the guidance of the girl. She led him a long way through narrow streets,

growing every moment narrower, and more dimly, until she paused at last in a dark street, into whose evil precincts the pure light of heaven seemed ashamed to enter.

The room they entered was meagre and gloomy, scantily furnished, and chilly as a tomb. If there had been a fire that day, it had departed, and left none of its warmth behind. The girl pointed to the still white figure on the bed. Woodbury went up, and laid his fingers on the cold wrist, which gave back no throb to his touch. For a moment he thought she was dead. She stirred slightly, and half unclosed her eyes with a moan of pain. Once she had been beautiful, and still she was young; but all that remained of her girlish loveliness was fast whitening into the snowy shadow and mist of death. The golden hair—once the pride and glory of her young beauty—lay in a wild mass of rippling gold on the pillow; the dark lashes of her eyes touched a cheek as destitute of glow as the heart of a marble tombstone. By her side, half reclining on her breast, its great blue eyes fastened on her face, was a child perhaps of two years; its crimson cheeks and lips contrasting almost fearfully with the dead white of that other face so very near.

"Mama, mama!" it kept moaning. "Mama, miss Lulu!"

"Will she die, doctor? My Esther, will she die?" asked the little girl, drawing close to Woodbury's side. He put his arm around her in silent pity, but the eager eyes, expressing so much of hope, forced him to reply.

"My child, your sister will be with God before the day dawn. How long has she been ill?"

The sweet, anxious face of the girl grew deadly pale, but she was calm—the serenity of confirmed doubt; she knew she was soon to be sisterless and alone.

"She has been growing feeble for more than a year; but for three weeks she has coughed day and night, and her cheeks have been like the roses I used to gather on the old bush at home. O, sir, we used to live in the sweetest little cottage away up among the blue hills, and there was a bright river, and great green trees, where the birds sang from morning till night, and Esther was gayer than any of them; that was before he came—" she stopped short and burst into tears.

A rumble of carriage-wheels at the door smote the air, and directly the soft rustle of garments in the passage told the physician some one was coming. He turned from the

bedside and met the handsome face of Catherine Rolfe. She bowed distantly, he set his stern lips closer together, and went away by himself to the window. Miss Rolfe advanced to the bedside, and looked on the still face of the dying girl. A sudden tremor shook her frame, beneath the wealth of sables and velvets; she turned quickly to the little girl.

"Elsie, why did you not come for me? How long has she been thus?"

"Indeed, Miss Rolfe, I would have come but Esther would not let me. She said she could not ask for charity—and you have done so much for us. O madam, do you think Esther will die?"

Miss Rolfe went to the door, dismissed her carriage, threw off her hood, and took Elsie into her arms, soothing her as best she might with her low, sweet consolations. In the solemn presence of death, there was no remembrance of the pomp and pride of worldly rank. The belle of the metropolis had no scruples in holding to her bosom the child of lowly poverty.

So they sat there in silence through the dark hours, the pitiless rain beating against the window, the blue-eyed babe moaning over its mother, and Esther Armitage slowly drifting out on the shoreless sea. Toward midnight she rallied, opened her mild eyes and gazed around; they fell first on Miss Rolfe. A brilliant smile, making her radiantly beautiful, lit up her face, as she held out her hand.

"How kind of you!" she said, faintly.

Miss Rolfe's jewelled fingers closed over hers.

"You are better now, Esther, are you not?"

"I am easier. Dear lady, in a little while I shall know no more pain forever. My sins forgiven, I shall rest. God is good."

"Yes, and merciful. Esther, is it all well with you?"

"All well. I have no fear; beyond it is light."

Miss Rolfe was weeping softly. Dr. Woodbury drew near the bedside. Esther lay quiet a moment, then she spoke again:

"When I am dead, you will find among my few papers in the little portfolio yonder, a packet addressed to you. It is my simple history. Judge me as you always have, charitably—the dead have a claim to gentle judgment." She paused a moment for breath, then continued, "Everything is peaceful, except my anxiety for my sister and my babe. But I will not doubt. God will provide for them."

Dr. Woodbury came close up to the bedside.

"If you will only give your sister to me?" he said, timidly. "I am alone in the world; no one to love, no one to love me. She shall be all in all to me."

Esther gazed a moment up into the grave, tender face which leaned over her, then she said:

"I do not know your name, but I can trust your eyes; there is truth in them. Take her, and be gentle with her always—dear little Elsie!"

Miss Rolfe was holding the baby; she spoke now, low and sweet:

"I have already told you that Lewis should find a home with me, Esther. Now, in the presence of witnesses, I repeat the promise, and may God deal with me as I deal with your child!"

The pale fingers of the dying mother clasped the rosy dimpled ones of her babe; her voice sank to a whisper:

"Jesus, in thy mercy I trust."

She was dead, even as her lips ceased to move.

Two days afterward there was a quiet funeral from the chapel of a suburban burial-place, and Esther Armitage was laid to rest. Dr. Woodbury and Elsie, Miss Rolfe, the babe, and the officiating clergyman, followed the coffin to the grave.

Elsie went home with the doctor; Miss Rolfe took the child away with her. A nurse was already provided; for Miss Rolfe, being an heiress, without parents to fetter her in any way, acted absolutely in the matter. She was engaged for the opera that evening with Mr. Mowbray. A splendid bouquet of white camellias, and waxen fuschias, with hearts of fire, lay on the table before her—his gift, just brought in.

She looked at them, a latent gleam of tenderness in her eyes, half-raised them to her lips, blushed, and dropped them back again. Then selecting a spray of the fuschias, she twined it in her hair, her thoughts all the time wandering away to the memory of Esther Armitage. She remembered how she had looked the first time she saw her, white and thin, asking for work in a millinery store. Miss Rolfe's sympathies had been aroused by the air of subdued suffering hovering over her; she had sought her out, and given her sewing at prices which seemed almost fabulous to the poor seamstress. She had pressed benefits upon her with an unsparing hand

(for Miss Rolfe, though a woman of fashion, had a noble soul under all the worldly dress), but Esther's exquisite pride refused all charity; she would toll unto death, but to beg—never!

Latterly, Miss Rolfe confessed it with shame and distress, she had lost sight of her *protege*, and knew nothing of her dire extremity, until the night of Esther's death, when an old woman, who lived in the same wretched tenement with her, had informed the lady of her sufferings. She had been so much occupied lately with Mr. Mowbray, that she had forgotten the seamstress, remembering her only too late to aid. But she could care for the child; she *would* care for that; the interest she would feel in its welfare might, in a measure, atone for her forgetfulness of the mother.

Thinking of Esther, Miss Rolfe bethought her of the sealed packet addressed to herself; she had taken it home the night of Esther's death. And with trembling fingers, while she waited for the coming of her lover, she broke the seal fixed by hands now quiet in the grave.

There were several closely-written sheets, and the beautiful woman, sitting there in that luxurious room, with the mellow splendor of amber silk curtains and velvet lounges around her, grew ashen white as she read the contents. The little gold and ormolu clock on the mantel told out the hour with its silvery voice—the hour when Mr. Mowbray might be expected to escort Miss Rolfe to the opera. She did not heed it; she was pacing the floor restlessly, torn with fierce emotion, crushing the silent witness in her hand.

It was over at last; all the struggle was subdued. Lines of stern resolution settled around the scarlet mouth, and the steady light of an unalterable purpose gleamed in her eye. She took the crimson fuschias from her hair, and threw them down in a heap with the drooping camellias.

A little afterward the servant announced Mr. Mowbray. She went down to him calm, cold and self-possessed; their interview was brief, and to the point. She asked his attention while she could read to him the crumpled sheets before her; and she read them to him word for word—the pitiful, touching story of Esther Armitage. He listened, and no wonder that he grew pale beneath the fine scorn which displayed itself in every clear intonation of the reader; no wonder his brow flushed, and his breath came thick and heavy, for the last confession of the dying Magdalen

branded him as the seducer of her innocence, and the father of her child!

He started up, an impulsive denial quivering to his lips. Miss Rolfe motioned him down; her cold self-possession fell upon his heart like ice on flame.

"Be quiet, Mr. Mowbray! It is useless to add falsehood to the list of your sins. Esther Armitage is at rest, with the seal of God's forgiveness stamped on her brow. For you—whom, Heaven forgive me! I almost loved, whom now I scorn—leave me, and never again dare to come into my presence! I have the pleasure of wishing you a very good morning."

Esther Armitage was happy with Dr. Woodbury. He rented a small cottage in a retired part of the city, and here, with an old woman, to whom he had rendered important services, Esther's calm life was passed. He taught her from the books he had, and learned to love her as the one thing left to him in all the world. She went often to see her sister's child, at Miss Rolfe's request; but Dr. Woodbury and Catherine never met, unless by pure accident, and then only ceremonious words passed between them.

Two years elapsed. Woodbury rose rapidly in his profession. Men began to speak of him with respect for his wonderful skill; he was called to the first families, and his way to fortune seemed assured. Miss Rolfe was still unmarried, as greatly admired as ever; but they called her an iceberg, and said that the heart joined to hers would be frozen to stone. Layton Mowbray was in Paris, where rumor said he was making successful suit for the hand of a gay French belle.

Day by day Catherine became more deeply attached to little Lewis Armitage, and the beautiful boy knew no dearer tie than that which united him to his benefactress.

As the summer heats drew on, a malignant fever made its appearance in the city, sweeping off young and old before its tread; and earlier than usual, on the child's account, Catherine prepared to remove to her country-house on the Hudson. The first of July found her established there, and ten days afterward, Lewis was seized with the dread distemper.

Miss Rolfe despatched a messenger at once for Dr. Woodbury, who arrived by express, but only too late. The first glance showed him that the child must die, and without reserve he told Catherine the truth. At the

end of the week, little Lewis lay in the great parlor robed for the grave, and Catherine lay in her darkened chamber a victim of the same fatal disease that had tapped the life fountain of the child.

From her sick bed Dr. Woodbury returned home, to find Elsie in the grasp of the destroyer, and though he worked and prayed incessantly, nothing availed; she died, her burning hands in his, her half-unconscious lips blessing him to the last.

After that he exposed himself recklessly. No fever-den so food that he shrank to enter it; no toll too hard for him to refuse. Back and forth from Rolfe Place to the city he journeyed, giving himself time to neither eat nor sleep, until at last the dread crisis was passed, and the disease began to abate in its ravages.

The struggle with Catherine Rolfe was long and painful. With her the fever did not do its work so quickly as with most of its victims, and for days she flattered between life and death, when it seemed to the anxious physician that a breath might turn the scale either way.

It was over at length; his care and patience were rewarded. He knew that she would live. Feeble and weak as an infant she was, but every day gave her a little more strength, and by the cooler days of September, she was able to sit up for an hour or two by the window. Now that she was better, Dr. Woodbury turned resolutely away from Rolfe Place—the dangerous sweetness of its atmosphere might make him less strong for what was to come in the future. He would destroy, if possible, every tender memory that might come back to him of other days—every sacred breath, and tone, and thrill, must be utterly and forever annihilated.

Once he had treasured as his chiefest prize a knot of crimson velvet that had fallen from Miss Rolfe's hair at a crowded assembly; but he had burned the *souvenir* long ago, and watched it consume to ashes!

A new existence was opening before him. A German nobleman, whose life he had saved during the prevalence of the fever, desiring to testify his gratitude in a substantial manner, had offered him the post of surgeon in a German hospital, the appointment of which was in his gift; and as the position would be one of advantage to a young practitioner, Woodbury resolved to accept it. He called on Mrs. Rolfe to inform her of his intention, and also to bid her good-by. Gladly would he have

gone without this distressing formality, but common courtesy required it of him.

It was a mild day in October; the sweet air luminous with golden particles of sunshine; the crimson and amber leaves of the maples drifting slowly downward, like flocks of tropical birds.

Miss Rolfe sat by the south window, toying with a cluster of purple asters. She had never been more lovely than she was this moment; her brilliancy had given place to gentleness, and the magnificent hair, which had once adorned her head like a royal crown, was shorn away, leaving a mass of short, clustering curls, like a little child's.

She smiled brightly up into his face, and gave him a seat on the divan at her side. There was a painful constraint between them; the conversation drifted into indifferent channels. He was introverted and distrustful; she, puzzled and ill at ease. He rose at last, and touched her hand with his cold fingers.

"Miss Rolfe, I shall not be able to see you again before my departure. I must wish you good-by now."

She grew pale, rising slowly to her feet to return his courtesy.

"Your departure, Dr. Woodbury?"

"Yes. I go to Europe next week."

"Indeed!—to be absent long?"

"For my lifetime, probably."

She crushed the sharp groan that rose to her lips; all the old pride was not yet gone out of her, but her voice was hoarse and unnatural.

"Allow me to wish you godspeed, Dr. Woodbury!"

She dropped his hand and turned away. He went out at the door; some irresistible impulse forced him to look back. Miss Rolfe's face was hidden in her hands, and her whole frame shook beneath the strong flood of emotion that swept over her.

In a moment she was in his arms; everything was forgotten. He only knew that he had loved her for years, that he loved her still, and that his regard was requited. Station, wealth, pride—what were they? He was a man, and she was the one woman of his love.

Dr. Woodbury did not go to Europe. The German nobleman regretted it, but the doctor was happy in refusing. It was better he thought to be the husband of Catherine Rolfe, than a great surgeon. So he chose what seemed to him the best.

### ONLY A JOKE.

"I say, Lotty" (my aunt, always called me Lotty for Lottiria), "what are you writing there?"

"A letter, aunt," I replied.

"A letter, who to?"

"It is an anonymous letter, aunt."

"Ah! my child," said she, gravely, "you should not do it, it is very wrong."

"Wrong, aunt, why I don't think it is when it is only a joke."

"Only a joke, my child; sometimes jokes turn out to be very serious."

"But this won't, aunt, let me tell you. Fred Lacy is in love with Nina Aglesen, but she does not care one straw for him; and, even if she did, she would not encourage him, for he is poor. Well, Lena and I are going to send him a love letter; he will think it came from Nina, and we will have some rare sport."

"Don't do it, my dear. Let me tell you something that happened when I was a girl, though it was only a joke."

I seated myself at my aunt's feet, to listen to her story. She tenderly stroked my curls and commenced:

"My room-mate and confidant at boarding-school was a most beautiful girl; her name was Irene Carlton. She was the daughter of a rich southern planter, and the favorite of the whole school. She told me, one night, that Henry Saffmans, the head clerk at the village confectionary, had told her that he loved her; she was so surprised she could not answer, but promised to do so at some future time. She asked my advice about it, and told me that she really loved him, for, if he was poor, he was handsome and polished, but her parents would never be willing for her to marry him. I told her to do nothing which was likely to anger her parents, and to send him word to discontinue his attentions. She did so, and in a very short time the whole school, in some way, found out about their love affair.

"Lella Brown, my next best friend, and self, resolved to have some 'fun' at the expense of Irene and her lover. We wrote an anonymous letter to Henry; he, of course, supposing it came from Irene, answered it. We received it, and wrote another, and a regular correspondence was established. We took good care to keep them from meeting, for we knew if they did all would be discovered. In his letters, Henry begged and implored for an interview, and all the while Irene was wondering why he did not come; but she was too proud to ask.

"Thus matters continued for two or three months, when Henry, finding that an interview would not be granted, he proposed by letter. That was just what we wanted. The joke was so good that we told it to several others, after promising to keep the utmost secrecy about it. We answered in the affirmative, and told him to engage a priest and come at ten o'clock the next night and be married clandestinely. Silly, foolish girls we were, little thinking of the wrong we were doing, for we persuaded the chambermaid at the seminary, a bright negro girl, to participate in the joke, and personate Irene, and be married to Henry Saffarans.

"At the appointed hour, the girl, dressed in some of our garments, and a large black lace shawl thrown over her head to disguise her, was waiting in the garden for Henry. We girls were concealed behind the shrubbery to witness the grand scene and disclosure, as we thought. We could hardly restrain our laughter as we saw Henry approach and take her hand, which was encased in a kid glove; he whispered a few words in her ear and kissed her through the veil. I was so convulsed with laughter that I really thought I should die. I crammed my kerchief in my mouth, and succeeded in keeping him from hearing me.

"Presently he drew her hand within his arm, and they rapidly walked away. This was more than we expected, and the thought of their really getting married burst upon us with overwhelming force. Here was a fix. Not one of us dared to interfere, and we could plainly see, by the light of the full moon, that they had nearly reached the school church. We concluded to witness the whole thing, if we could not stop it, and we hurried to the church. Clearly, the negro girl, we all knew, was very timid, and would not interrupt the wedding, because she thought we would take all blame.

"Half fearing, half laughing, we witnessed the ceremony. A shudder passed over my frame when I heard the holy man pronounce Henry Saffarans and the negro girl man and wife. Henry clasped her in his arms, and raised a veil to imprint a kiss upon her brow; with a wild yell of rage he threw the girl from him. She staggered and fell, striking her forehead upon one of the benches.

"I rushed in to explain; but, before I reached the priest, Henry fell heavily to the floor; the deception and marriage was too much for him—he was dead! Clearly was properly cared for, and she recovered. We

confessed all, and were pardoned; but it was many years before I entirely recovered from the tragic finale. Irene never recovered, but buried herself in a convent, and she still remains there, the victim of 'only a joke.'"

#### SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Propose to yourself an object that is noble; pursue it from motives that are high. Let what is best in you take the mastery. You shall be ranked with the wise and good long before you are fully either. And as you go on in the course of improvement, the idea of your better self shall become more definite, and the life of this idea of wisdom and goodness shall be dearer and stronger in you. You shall be named after the idea of your life; you are wise, for you are becoming so; you are good, for you are becoming so. In all right courses of life, a man resolutely desirous of becoming a wiser, a better informed, better disciplined, more useful individual, will find his thoughts, both of the end and the way, get clearer as he proceeds in his work. He sees more truly and more brightly what it is he wants; he sees more fully the means for its attainment. And with better prospect both of the end and the way, there comes increased motive for the self-improving effort of the journey.

#### KEEP BUSY.

Men who have a half a dozen irons in the fire, are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse, or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental. And yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

#### THE VOICE OF LOVE.

I love thee, I love thee!

'Tis all that I can say;

It is my vision in the night,

My dreaming in the day;

The very echo of my heart,

The blessings when I pray;

I love thee, I love thee,

Is all that I can say.—THOMAS HOOD.

[ORIGINAL.]

## NOT ALL FOR FAME.

BY FREDERICK J. KEYES.

Believe me—'tis not all for fame  
 The poet weaves his rhymes,  
 Cut, though he may, a deathless name  
 Upon the arch of time.  
 A tear will touch his tender soul—  
 A smile will thrill its strings,  
 And wake a song with their control,  
 Which not to fame he sings.

O, judge him not—thou ne'er canst know  
 How many human tears,  
 Since he has sung, have ceased their flow  
 Along earth's vale of years.  
 How many spirits he has soothed  
 In the last hour's farewell—  
 How many pathways he has smoothed  
 Angels alone shall tell.

Many there are whose songs in vain  
 Seem from their sweet harps given;  
 Who, when this life is o'er, shall gain  
 A fadless crown in heaven.  
 O, never may they feel the gales  
 That fan ambition's flame;  
 Or court the wo of him who sails  
 Along the tide of fame.

## THE MOONLESS NIGHT.

Now black and deep, the night begins to fall,  
 A shade immense! Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.  
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;  
 Distinction lost; and gay variety  
 One universal blot; such the fair power  
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.  
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,  
 Who then bewildered, wanders through the dark,  
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge;  
 Nor visited by one distinctive ray,  
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

THOMSON.

## FINE ILLUSTRATION.

As letters some hand has invisibly traced,  
 When held to the flame will steal out to the night;  
 So, many a feeling that long seemed effaced,  
 The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

MOORE.

## ROME IN THE PRESENT.

And, like an army that's retreating still,  
 Her faint artillery's heard, but has no power to kill.

MELDRED.

How commentators each dark passage shun,  
 And hold their farthing candle to the sun!

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE CAPTAIN'S COUSIN.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

THE curtain fell between the acts, and through the crowded amphitheatre went the inarticulate hum of a mass of persons, who, temporarily constrained to silence, suddenly resumed the power of speech, that treacherous servant, who so often signals to the enemy of the poverty within the fair-seeming citadel.

Two young gentlemen lounging with their backs toward the orchestra, surveyed the house, and commented in low tones to each other upon their mutual acquaintance and the public generally.

"Hold on, Harvey, who's that splendid creature? I never saw her before."

"Where? There are such numbers of splendid creatures."

"None to name in the same day with her. She is in the dress circle, a little to the right of the centre—a blonde, dressed in blue silk, with such a lot of yellow hair in a pearl net."

"O, Mrs. Atherton, you mean. Yes, she is a brilliant of the first water. But you say you haven't seen her, how's that? Of course though you wouldn't, she's a bride of last summer, and you have been on the Potomac for more than a year. She was a Boston girl, and is *par consequence* as witty as she is handsome."

"And married—whom?"

"Old John Atherton. Don't you know, Atherton & Silsbee, the great India firm."

"Yes, indeed. But Atherton—why, he must be a thousand years old. He was white-headed when I was in petticoats."

"He's pretty well on, I suppose. But when every year of a man's life counts him fifty thousand dollars or so, he stands a better chance than we younger fellows. They say though he is very good to her."

"How old is she? She don't look eighteen."

"About twenty, I believe. These blondes never look their age."

"Ha! There's my old chum, Harry Grey, coming into the box. Madam seems sufficiently pleased at seeing him, and whispers very confidentially to him behind her bouquet. What's all that?"

"O, nothing extraordinary. Grey's her cousin. You remember he hails from Boston, although it was New York he honored by setting up his legal tent, soon after leaving college."



"Yes, and very capital cigars he used to keep in that same legal top, as I can vouch from personal experience. I've hardly seen him since, for he went abroad a little before I did, and we did not meet in Paris as we had arranged. How long has he been here?"

"About three months. He came with the avowed intention of entering the army, and he's just the fellow who ought to be there. Lots of pluck, steady as a gun in any sort of row. I've seen him tried, fine-looking, strong, high-strung—in fact, just the stuff for an officer."

"Exactly. Well, why don't he go? There's room enough for such men in the army."

"Why don't he go?" repeated James Harvey, slowly, as he closed his lorgnette, and moved toward his seat. "Well, you had better ask that question of Mrs. Atherton."

His friend followed, still gazing upon the beautiful woman of whom they had been speaking, and mentally noting, that lovely as he had thought her at the first glance, she was incomparably more so now that her cheek had flushed, her eyes brightened, her lips carved themselves in a hundred enchanting smiles while she chatted gaily with her cousin.

"Yes, she's a beauty, sure enough, but I didn't think of you, Harry Grey, when Booth just now told about the fellow who, instead of

'Mounting barbed steeds,  
To fight the souls of fearful adversaries,  
Capers nimbly in a lady's bower,' etc.,"

muttered Captain Hemmenway discontentedly, as he again fixed his eyes upon the stage.

Neither of the young men had noticed a gentleman, who, seated close beside the spot where they had stood, must involuntarily have listened to the above conversation. A man of perhaps sixty years, but gray-headed, bent, and careworn beyond his years. A man who bore the brand of a life devoted to money-getting and money-keeping upon every line of his shrewd, reticent, but not unkindly face. This man, whose name was John Atherton, had listened with a careless smile to the gossip of two young gentlemen who had posted themselves beside him, until its closing sentence, the few meaning words uttered by James Harvey as he closed his lorgnette. Then he started angrily, the smile dying out, in an expression of indignant astonishment. For a few moments he sat quiet as one who recovers from a painful shock, then turning half round so as to lean an elbow upon the back of the seat, he shaded his face with his

hand, and fixed two keen gray eyes upon that beautiful woman in the gallery above, who listened so languidly to Booth's fiery impersonation of Richard, so earnestly to the whispered remarks of the young and handsome man who sat behind her, his arm upon the back of her chair, his lips upon a level with her ear.

And through the hour that followed, John Atherton never stirred, never relaxed for a moment that searching inquisition.

Not a glance, or a whisper, or one of those soft smiles escaped him, not the least of their movements, when, the curtain fallen, and the crowd rushing out, they rose to their feet, and Henry adjusted with tender and deliberate care, the little *stikken* cloak, whose skyeys and swan's-down trimming, so well became the pure complexion and golden hair of the wearer.

And when, leaning with affectionate familiarity upon her cousin's arm, Mrs. Atherton slowly followed the departing crowd, her husband, too, arose, that look of painful scrutiny hardened upon his face as if it had never known any other expression, and making his way roughly through the crowd to the outside of the theatre, hailed the first disengaged carriage, and directed the driver to use all convenient speed.

Arrived at home, Mr. Atherton quietly let himself into the house, entered the drawing-room, and pushing a chair behind the closed curtains of the bay windows, seated himself there, making sure that the heavy folds were re-adjusted so as to wholly conceal him. Yes, he deliberately hid himself with the intention of seeing and hearing the interview that would take place between his wife and her cousin, who would, he felt sure, come in and sit awhile with her, as he had many a time found him sitting on his own late return from the club, or business engagements, or the little basement study where he spent half the night sometimes in pondering new schemes for swelling his already colossal fortune. Yes, he had often, very often, as it now seemed to him, found Harry Grey with his wife on these occasions, and he had always felt pleased to see Lily so bright and happy, and grateful to her cousin for so pleasantly entertaining her.

But now—well, he should soon both see and hear, unsuspected, all that passed between them. It was not the resolution of a high-minded man, or even of an honorable one, and yet no man of more austere integrity in matters of business than John Atherton, was ever

the trusted guardian of other men's privacy.

But this was not a matter within the scope of moneyed morality, and so, left without law or precedent to the guidance of his natural impulses, John Atherton's conduct was that of a man whom Nature, Education and Life had trained to treat remorselessly and ignominiously upon the flowers, if so he might the more readily grasp the fruit he craved.

Hardly had the room resumed its quiet air of unoccupancy when the sonorous roll of carriage wheels reverberated through the frosty air, followed by voices and footsteps as Mrs. Atherton attended by her cousin, entered the house and the apartment.

"Stop, Thomas, you need not light the gas at present. Put another lump of coal on the fire, and sit it."

The man obeyed and left the room. Mrs. Atherton advanced, and stood leaning upon the mantel-piece, warming first one and then the other of her little feet.

How lovely she looked thus illuminated by the flashing rays which, leaping forth to meet her, wandered lovingly through the light curls of her golden hair, in the depths of her innocent eyes, over many a curve and dimple of lip and brow, of cheek and chin.

Beautiful exceedingly, and so said sadly the steady eyes that watched from their covert hiding place, so said smilingly the merry eyes of Harry Grey, as he significantly remarked:

"Good child though you are, Lily, I should think the rest of the women would hate you prettily."

She did not pretend to misunderstand his meaning, but smiled archly, as she asked:

"For not making you more attentive to them, Harry?"

"That's the one thing you couldn't do with me. The very effort would defeat itself."

"What, rebellious! But you know, Harry, that some time you are to fall in love with the nicest of girls, and I am to be the confidant, superintend the whole affair, adjust all the little quarrels, see that you behave yourself properly, and finally bestow my blessing at the wedding."

"Very fine, madame, but you should not wish to see me married, for my wife would be very unhappy."

"Unhappy!" dropped incredulously from Mrs. Atherton's lips, while her eyes added "with you?"

"Yes," returned her cousin, coolly. "That is, supposing she loved me, for I should never

return her love, and if she was indifferent to me, still she ought to be unhappy, for then she would clearly see what a miserable sort of fellow I really am."

"But why shouldn't you love her, Harry?" asked Lily, softly, as she sank into a low arm-chair and looked dreamily into the fire.

Her cousin pushed a low hassock close beside her, and seated himself near enough to play with the tassel of the *sortie de bal* still resting on her shoulder, while he answered gaily, and yet, as the concealed listener fancied, with more meaning in his tone, than in his words:

"Because family affection takes the place of love in my heart, Lily."

"You are wise to be content with it. Nature gives us enough objects of affection in our very birth, and if we seek for others among strangers, it is a chance but we regret the venture," said Mrs. Atherton, hastily, and then added, as if to change the subject:

"Who was that speaking to you, as we came out of the theatre?"

"Tom Hemmaway. We were classmates, and fast friends until I went abroad and lost sight of him. He's in the army. Did you hear what he was saying to me?"

"No."

"He told me they were looking for me on the Potomac, and asked when I was going."

"Well,—what did you say?"

"I said I was only waiting for a commission."

"You mispronounced the word, sir, if you said that. You meant, I suppose, that you are waiting for permission, and that you will never get."

"Tyrant!" and Harry Grey, dropping the tassel, made playthings instead of the little white fingers with their many rings. "But after all I am far more likely to go to the war, than to the altar as you just recommended."

"I didn't recommend, I predicted. Do you suppose, Harry, that I am in a hurry to lose you?"

"To lose me? But I should still be your cousin, you know, Lily," suggested Harry, craftily watching her expression as he spoke.

"My cousin—yes. But it wouldn't be the same."

"That is just it, Lily. It would be a change, and for my part I desire no change. I would be glad to live out my life as I have the last three months. And yet, when I see all these fellows going off to the war, and know that is where

"I ought to be too; it makes me feel as if I were skulking."

"But no matter what foolish fancies you take in your head, remember I have your promise not to go without my leave. How could I live without you, Harry?"

"If it is indeed true that I can make your life the happier or the brighter, Lily, it makes but little difference what the world says of me."

The words were very low, but they reached distinctly the ear of the hidden auditor, and in the long silence that followed, it seemed to him that the throbbings of his own heart repeated them again and again in horrible iteration. At last the other voice responded in tones as low, and still more agitated:

"It is only your presence that makes me care for life at all. Before you came home I was so lonely, Harry, and now I am so happy. I thank Heaven every day for having made us cousins."

"Ah, Lily, I fear I am too apt to complain that Heaven did not do a little more—"

He did not finish the sentence, nor did Lily ask a solution of its enigmatical words, but looking dreamily into the fire, and patting softly the hand that held her own, she said:

"Yes, I was so very lonely the first six months after I came here. Mr. Atherton is away all day you know, and there is no one of my new acquaintance of whom I care to make an intimate friend; no woman, and as for the men, even if I liked any of them well enough, it wouldn't be proper I should give him the place I have given you, Harry. No one else can ever be my own dear cousin."

"And no one else can give you a cousin's love, or as you truly say, is ever privileged to feel it. Yes, Lily, I will echo your thanksgiving, and say blessed be cousinship."

"Of course you will. How else could we be together all day and every day? How else could I ask your advice about all sorts of things, and fret to you when I feel blue? How else could I give you all the love and confidence I know how to feel? I am so sure that you know better than I about everything, that your opinions are the laws of my life."

She spoke earnestly, and turned her eyes wistfully upon him, seeking as it might be, even from him, confirmation of the strange words she uttered.

Harry Grey dropped the little hand he held, rose to his feet and stood looking down at her, while he solemnly said:

"God pity us both, dear cousin, if you have no better guide than I. O, Lily, I cannot

rule my own life aright. You little know the weakness, and the wickedness of the heart on which you would lean. I love you, Lily, I love you better than you can guess, and that very love bids me begone from you."

"No, Harry, no. Don't talk like that. It is right, it is good that you should love me, as the brother whom God never gave me would have loved me. And that love, instead of bidding you leave me, should bid you stay and take care of me. If you were gone, Harry, I should not care enough for life to keep my hold upon it. I would cry myself to sleep as I used when I first went away from you to school, and never wake again. If you love me, never leave me."

"Lily, Lily, you little know how sorely you try me," groaned Harry, dropping again upon the cushion, and hiding his face upon the arm of her chair. "Child, you know not what wild fancies your words awake."

She did not answer but by laying her white hand softly upon the bowed head.

So they sat, motionless, silent, each listening to the dreary measure of his own heart's murmur, while the flickering firelight, mocking at human grief and struggle, danced exultantly across the glittering golden curls, made tiny rainbows with the great slow tears welling up and brimming over from the sad blue eyes, caught upon the diamond of the engagement ring on Lily's finger, as it lay among the dark masses of her cousin's hair, and snatched from it a gleam of lurid light, sought vainly to peer into that hidden face, and settled instead upon the clenched hand whose tense lines and swollen veins as truly spoke of the conflict raging within.

Then the fire-rays leaping and flashing exultantly, shot into the gloomy depths of the apartment, and glanced upon a face peering from behind a curtain, a face so white, so hard, so still, with eyes that glared so balefully beneath their shaggy brows, that it should have been the face of a dead man re-animated for some evil end by an accursed spirit.

Quenched and affrighted, the rays shrank back, the sparkles died out of hair and tears, and flashing gem, and silken fold; a red glow succeeded to the glancing flame, and a fold of black darkness shrouded fittingly that dead face beyond, whose eyes still gloomily fixed themselves upon those two quiet figures beside the hearth.

Harry was the first to rouse himself. Gently removing the little hand from his head he pressed it lightly to his lips and arose.

"Lily, dear sister Lily, bid me good-night."

"And—you will not go to the army?"

"No, not without your leave. But, Lily, never doubt my love, when I have thus sacrificed my manhood to it."

"On me be the blame, Harry. I can bear it."

"Not so. I alone must bear the burden of my own weakness—and yours too, Lily. Good-night, darling."

He was gone, and a moment after Lily crept softly from the room, and up the stairs.

Then for a while the shadows had possession of the place. Lighted by the newly flickering fire they came gliding swiftly from the corners where they had hid, darting along the walls, pointing with stealthy fingers, cowering behind the furniture, brooding like dark memories upon the arm-chair and the cushion there before the fire.

Was it one of these silent shadows, or was it a phantom that came at last stealing forward through all the length of the great room, until it stood within the light of the alighting fire?

Nay, neither shade nor phantom, but a poor old man, bowed and aged a year for every hour, since those words were spoken:

"You had better ask that of Mrs. Atherton."

A heart-stricken, crushed, helpless old man he looked, as he stood there in the dull light, his eyes hungrily fixed upon the chair where she had sat, his eager, eager eyes, that searched still, as they had searched through all those hours, for the key to those light words.

A glove lay on the carpet. He stooped and raised it. Small and white and soft and odorous! It was the very model of the hand it had covered, and John Atherton pressed upon it the long, lingering kiss that he never yet had pressed upon his wife's cold lips. Then, as some shaft of memory stung him to the quick, he flung it upon the smouldering embers, muttering as he saw it writhe and shrivel, the fingers contracting at the last with a gesture of mortal agony:

"She gives him the hand to kiss, and leaves me the glove."

Then spurning away the hassock with his foot, the unhappy man threw himself into the arm-chair where Lily had sat, and covered his face with both his hands.

If, watching thus alone, with the darkness brooding like a gentle mother over his great grief, that bruised heart found expression in burning tears and stifled moans, the merciful Night shrouded them from human eye and

ear. The loving, pitying Night, whose cool touch soothes the wounds the Day has made, the silent, secret Night, sole confidant of many a mortal agony, and, who never betrays one of her many trusts. The Night so full of promise, and hope—for is not her calm and quiet a promise perpetually renewed of the endless calm and quiet which shall close the heat and turmoil of life's long day?

The Night closed softly down about the poor old man, and whispered gentlest counsel in his ear, and so the hours sped on until came gray Dawn, thrusting aside the shadows with dim fingers of light, making way for the coming Day, Day who brings action as Night brings counsel.

Then John Atherton stirred, and uncovered a face still ghastly white, but no longer stern, eyes that had lost their eager out-look during those long hours of introspection.

"Poor child, poor lonely child, poor little Lily!" whispered he, and in his voice was all a mother's yearning love, who sees her child unhappy, and though she would give a life to comfort her, may not do it.

That day Mr. Atherton wrote a letter to Mrs. Grey, the aunt who had educated Lily as her own child, and loved her with a mother's love. A letter of many pages and much thought, but when it was done the writer shook his head, and thrusting it in the fire, wrote again much more briefly, in fact no more than this:

"You will do us all a great kindness by answering this in person. All is not well with us, but I will beg you to ask no explanation of these words other than your own quick discernment will furnish you. I shall not mention that you are expected."

Three days after receiving this note, Mrs. Grey rung at the door of Mr. Atherton's house, and desired the servant who answered it to help the driver in bringing in a trunk, whose bulk promised a visit of some duration.

"Is Mrs. Atherton at home?" was the next inquiry.

"No ma'am, she is out riding with Mr. Grey."

"Very well. I will go to her room, and take off my bonnet. I presume she will be home to dinner."

"Yes ma'am. Shall I send the chambermaid?"

"No, not for me, thank you. That is all."

In a few minutes more, Mrs. Grey entered the drawing-room and seated herself beside the window to watch the return of her niece.

A handsome woman she was, but of a beauty more appropriate to her son who indeed resembled her strongly. A woman of tall and dignified figure, with firm, clear eyes looking well the resolute chin and square forehead, but somewhat in contrast with the sweet and womanly mouth.

A woman for an empress,—or for a mother, one might have said, who watched her sitting there, her eyes fixed spectatively upon the street, her white and shapely hands already busied with the soldier's stocking. She was knitting.

At last came hoof ringing down the frosty street, then merry voices, then Lily, chattering in her close green bodice and low hat, with great masses of golden hair coiled in the net that hung beneath it.

More beautiful her aunt thought than she had ever before seen her, for her bright eyes were full of light, her cheeks flushed with the winter wind, and her little pearly teeth flashing in the sunlight as she tossed merry taunts over her shoulder at her laggard cousin.

The grave eyes watching her from the window softened with a loving smile.

"No sin or sorrow has touched her yet," thought Mrs. Grey, and turned to the door to meet an affectionate embrace, loving kisses, and a torrent of surprise and joy that she had come, mingled incoherently with regrets that she should be so inhospitably received.

But was the mother's heart over-jealous, or was it true that her son's manner lacked somewhat of warmth and gladness—that a shadow of constraint darkened all his words of welcome?

The dinner hour arrived and with it Mr. Atherton, who welcomed his guest cordially, but without mentioning that she had been expected. Mrs. Grey was equally reticent, and although no effort was used to conceal it, neither was any mention made then or subsequently, of the brief and enigmatical invitation, resulting from Mr. Atherton's painful vigil.

Two weeks passed quickly on, and Mrs. Grey busied herself with visits to the hospitals, to the New England Rooms, to the meetings of the Soldier's Aid Society, to every place where she could, by word or hand, help on the great work, which has devolved upon the women as well as the men of this, our native land; and yet she never lost sight for a moment of the errand that had called her away from her own wide sphere of usefulness, never forgot that John Atherton, the silent

and reserved man, who would never have so spoken from cause lighter than life or death, had said to her:

"All is not well with us; to you we look for help."

So with all her comings and goings, with all her busy schemes, and active co-operation in the schemes of others, the mother watched. Watched, while her fingers wrought at the soldier's shirt, or the soldier's stocking, watched while deep in conversation with her host or his guests, watched while in the twilight hour she indulged in a brief rest, and sat with eyes dreamily fixed upon the blazing coal, and thoughts apparently far away. Watched always, yet never seemed to watch, until the dark bright eyes had read to the very depths the secret that Harry hid so well, and Lily was too unconscious of, to hide.

Then, she was ready to act upon her knowledge, and she began by making her niece accompany her in one day's visit to the hospitals, by making her listen to the brave words of brave men, who had given all but life to their country's cause, and only longed for the hour when they might return to the field, to offer life itself; men who had left ease and comfort, men who had left profitable business, men who had left wife and child, and home, and habit, young men, mature men, men of every class and condition, but of only one voice, and that the voice which long ago summed up all patriotism in words which no use can tarnish, no repetition exhaust:

"Dulce et decorum est  
Pro patria mori."

Then, both in body and mind, the ladies reached home, and went to Mrs. Grey's apartment to rest a little before dressing for dinner. Then while the elder lady sat beside the couch where lay her niece, and softly smoothed the bright hair, she gently said:

"Did you notice, Lily, that almost every man with whom we spoke, said in answer to my questions, that his mother, or his wife, or the girl he was to marry, encouraged him to enlist, and not only were willing to give him up to the service of his country, but were devoting themselves to making good his place at home?"

"Yes, aunt, I did."

"And don't you find it a noble and a beautiful trait in these women? Think, some of them are giving up their only sons, some of them the fathers of their little children, and their only staff and support in life."

"Many a woman risks the life she lives better than her own, in this contest, and side by side with the name of every hero who dies for freedom's sake, ought to be set the name of the woman, who, instead of blinding her love about him as a clown, laid it as a blessing and a godspeed upon his head.

"Lily, shall we not be brave as they? Why is Harry loitering like here?"

The color flushed into Lily's pale cheeks, but she only echoed in a frightened whisper, "Harry!"

"Yes, dear. Why are we to withhold our precious offering, when even the willows are casting in their mites? Lily, tell me, why does not Harry go to the army?"

"O aunt, how can I tell?"

"Dear child, do not try to deceive yourself or me. He does not go, simply and purely because you will not let him."

"Does he say so, aunt?"

"Certainly not. I have never humiliated him or myself by forcing such an avowal from his lips, but my own eyes and ears have told me that, and more than that, my poor child."

"But if he does not wish to go—" began Lily, timidly, while the little hand that had fallen into her aunt's grew hot and cold by contrast.

"Do not try to persuade me that my only boy is either a coward or indifferent to his country's honor. The blood he shares with you should forbid such a thought. My mother died before you were born, Lily, but her story should never die in our remembrance.

"She had been married but one year to a man whom she loved with all her heart's strength, when the last war with England was declared, and the children of the Revolution were summoned to defend its work. There was much excitement, and much stirring talk, then as now. My mother listened, considered, and resolved. She read the heart of her brave husband, though he said never a word of leaving her, for their first child was then expected, and they were of those who gain their daily bread by daily toil. So it was she who at last said:

"John, I think the country needs you more than I do."

"But what can you do when I am gone?" asked the young husband.

"Look after the farm, and pray for you," was the brave reply. And not a tear dimmed her eye, not a sob or a lamentation choked her voice, as she bid him good-by, and watch-

ed him marching down the road with a company of his townsmen.

"Three months, Lily, and the news was brought to your grandmother that her handsome brave young husband had been shot through the heart at Lundy's Lane, and buried on the field of battle. He who brought the tidings, himself a soldier, wounded in the same fight, said that her face never changed color as she quietly said:

"Thank God that he died so well. But the next moment she hastily arose, as if to leave the room, and swaying heavily forward, fell upon the floor in a deathly swoon. They thought for a while that she was dead, and when at last she revived, the strong heart gave way, and she cried and sobbed so frantically, that the woman, growing frightened, sent for the old doctor, who, knowing the nature with which he had to deal, simply reminded her that she had no right to risk the life of her unborn child as she was doing. Then she checked her grief at once, and though in that one night her black hair turned to gray, no one ever saw her cry again.

"Before morning two poor fatherless little girls came into the world—your mother, Lily, and myself; and for our sakes, and by God's strengthening aid, that brave woman bound up her broken heart, called back her scattered energies, and crept back to life and labor.

"She lived to see us both married happily, then died; met by any sharp disease, but as one might who half unconsciously loses his hold upon the wreck which has upheld him, and glides noiselessly beneath the peaceful waters. I never heard her laugh, I rarely saw her smile; and though she had till that day been a fresh and comely country girl, no trace of color ever again reddened her cheek. But her expression was very sweet though inexpressibly sad, her voice was very soft and kind, and her life one constant effort to do her whole duty with her whole strength.

"That is what your grandmother gave for her country's sake, Lily."

The child was sobbing now, not for that great grief of long ago, but for the fresh new grief swelling her own poor heart. When at last she spoke, it was more in answer to the spirit than the letter of what she had just heard.

"But, dear aunt, she went sorrowing all her days; would you darken my life so?"

"Better it be darkened by sorrow than by sin, Lily," and the mother's voice fell stern, and sad, and full of meaning.

Then came a long stillness, until Lily, slipping from the couch to the floor, laid her head upon her aunt's knees, and moaned through her sobs.

"O aunt, life is so long and dreary, and I have no place or hope in it."

"You have both, child. You have a wide place to fill, and the hope of so using this long life, that at its end, He who has placed you here, and appointed your task, may say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant!'"

"Never, never!" I am not good or faithful."

"Who among us is? But we may all become so, dear, and we may help others to become so. Shall I help you, Lily?"

"Dear aunt, if only you would! But I am so weak and cowardly, and I begin to think, so wicked."

"No, child, not wicked, only idle and thoughtless. What you need is work, constant, engrossing, elevating work. That is what will wake up the dormant woman in your girl-nature, Lily."

"But where is this work?—what is it? Give it me, and see if I will not do it. Yes, something to occupy all my time, and all my strength, and—all my thoughts."

The last words fell suddenly from the feverish energy of the first, but Mrs. Grey's keen glance saw the kindling of a light in those blue eyes, that many waters should have no power to quench, the fire of an awakened energy upon those scarlet cheeks, and she knew that though at the first it might be a burning and devouring flame, time and the right would subdue it to a benign and life-sustaining glow. So she kissed her child, and left her to the communion of her own awakened soul.

That evening, when Harry Grey entered his cousin's drawing-room, he found only his mother there, who, after a little pleasant chat upon indifferent topics (for Mrs. Grey was no scene-maker), said simply:

"Lily is not quite well to-night, but she said if you called, you might come up to her boudoir for a few moments."

"Not well?" exclaimed Harry; and as he sprang eagerly up the stairs, his mother looked after him with a sad, sad smile.

"But they are both young enough to forget, and they both would choose the right whenever it is pointed out to them," murmured she, resuming her knitting with a sigh.

"Dearest Lily, what is it? How pale—no, how flushed you look! But you were pale when I first came in. You are ill?"

"No, Harry, but I have just waked up."

"You have been sleeping, then?"

"Yes, all my life, and have just waked to find what an idle, selfish life it has been, and how I have tried to make yours so, too."

"Child, what are you saying?"

"The truth, dear—the truth that has been so long of coming, but, thank God, has come to me at last! Harry, I have been to see the men in the hospitals to-day, and I have heard how their wives, and mothers, and sisters, have sent them all to fight for freedom, and—and you may go, too, if you like, dear Harry."

"Lily, Lily, do not sob so! You'll break my heart. I will never go, if you love me, and bid me stay."

"But it is because I love you, because you are my own dear brother, that I give you to the country. Never mind my crying a little, I mean it all just the same; women always cry—there, now it's over. Don't speak, please; wait a minute."

She choked her sobs, dried her eyes, and even attempted a smile as she uncovered her face, and met her cousin's wistful gaze.

"And because," continued she, "my own dear brother is going to be a soldier—the best soldier in the whole army, I am very sure—I am going to be sister not only to him, but to all the rest. There is so much to do, Harry, and I have time, and strength, and money, to do my share of it. Only I am ashamed to think how much I might have already done, if I had only thought about it sooner."

"But my little delicate Lily in a soldier's hospital?"

"Every man there will be your comrade, Harry, and in serving him, I shall be showing that I love my brother. It is a better way, too, of showing my love, than by trying to keep you here with me. But I suppose sisters are often a little selfish over an only brother, are they not, Harry?"

With woman's strength she looked him frankly in the face and smiled. With man's obtuseness he saw no deeper than the smiling surface, and thanked Heaven in his heart, that Lily had never suspected him of a love that might not be as frankly outspoken as her own.

Then, too, man's noble nature, that had slept so long to the wooing of a siren song woke within him, and as Lily, watching with jealous eyes, saw the straightened form, the brightened glance, and resolute lips, that silently spoke the soldier's longing, and the man's ambition, she felt half proudly and half sadly, that it was easier to toss the falcon



from her wrist, then to turn him back even to that fair resting-place.

Another week elapsed. Captain Grey had received his commission, indeed it had been offered to him the very day Lily spoke, and he conditionally declined, when Mr. Atherton one morning, instead of leaving the house directly after breakfast, followed his wife and her aunt to the little morning room, where they busied themselves with Harry's outfit, and standing with an arm upon the mantel-piece, watched for a while his wife's graceful movements, with something of the same keen scrutiny that had more or less lingered on his face ever since that night when Mr. Harvey and Captain Hemmenway so unconsciously evoked it.

Mrs. Atherton, a little surprised, yet not disconcerted, met her husband's eyes with a gentle smile, for the ugly shadows that had filled her heart that night had melted away in the pure, healthy sunlight that had broken in upon them; and moreover a vague sense of wrong doing and short coming had of late tinged her manner towards her husband with a gentler kindliness, a timid deference, that soothed the old man's heart, and pained it, too, for John Atherton had read the story of his young wife's life more clearly than she had done; and if at first the knowledge thus gained had been bitter and harsh, those feelings had now passed, and left only pity, and love, and inexpressible tenderness for the fair girl, whose May was so ill-mated with his December.

"Lily," said he at length, "how would you like a hospital of your own?"

"Of my own, sir?"

"Yes; your aunt thinks it would be a good thing not only for its inmates, but for you. I have a large boarding-house now vacant in a quiet part of the town, which you shall have, if you wish to try the experiment. I will furnish whatever funds you need to fit it completely, and to hire a sufficient staff of competent nurses. When all is prepared, we will request the Sanitary Committee to send such applicants as you may designate to you, instead of to the general hospitals. How do you like it?"

"O Mr. Atherton, you are so generous and noble, to think of such a thing!"

"Not half so much of either as you will need to be, to carry out the idea, my child. You will find it very fatiguing, I am afraid, and perhaps very disagreeable, to give the attention and supervision necessary in the head of such an establishment; and if you un-

dertake the matter at all, I shall depend upon you to see that the money I supply is properly and judiciously expended."

"Do you think you can trust me to do so, sir? I am very inexperienced and ignorant."

"You are very young, my dear. But I think there is a good deal more in you than any of us yet know, and I think this hospital scheme is a good way to bring it out. At any rate, you can try, if you please; and if it is too much for you, we will offer the use of the house to one of the regular hospitals, and you can subside into an irresponsible visitor."

"No, no, indeed! I am quite able, and more than willing, to undertake it all myself, and—I thank you so very much."

She came shyly towards him, put her hand in his, and for the first time in all their lives, lifted her face for a kiss. Tears crept into the old man's eyes as he touched her forehead lightly and briefly as a father might, and then gathering her a moment to his breast, smoothed softly the golden hair, while he whispered:

"Poor child! Poor little Lily!"

The hospital did not fail, but is at this moment a prosperous reality; and many a weary wounded man, tenderly cared for there, and sent away at last with clothes and money to carry him home, or with kind words and brave exhortations to accompany him back to his duty, has blessed God, who had put it in the heart of "the soldier's sister," as she bids them call her, to thus succor him.

And when Captain Harry's name appeared in the despatches, and hung upon the public lips, as one of the bravest, and kindest, and most trustworthy of the many mothers' sons who are fighting for us who stay safely here at home; and when his letters came, full of hope and confidence, and open, manly love for his mother and his "noble sister," as he called her, that mother may be pardoned, if, with a rare impulse of self-approval, she sometimes whispered in her secret heart:

"It was I who saved my son—I who have given a hero to my country's cause."

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"Class in the middle of geography, stand up!" said a schoolmaster. "What is a pyramid?" he asked. "A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other."—"Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was."—"Where's Wales?" "All over the sea."—"Very well," said the schoolmaster, "stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country."

[ORIGINAL.]

## I SIGH FOR THE ABSENT.

BY BLANCHÉ D'ANTON.

I sigh for the absent,  
O, when wilt thou come?  
My heart is a wanderer—  
Thou art its home.

I'm waiting, love, waiting,  
The tide's drifting by;  
Thy footstep is wanting,  
I linger and sigh.

I sigh for the absent;  
O, when wilt thou come?  
My heart is all lonely,  
And thou art its home.

Home, thou art dearer  
When tempests assail!  
Love, thou art nearer  
When bosoms bewail!

O, I am lonely,  
My heart is with thee:  
And with thee only  
It ever may be.

Warmth glows the fireside  
To welcome thee home;  
Love is the wanderer—  
When will he come?

They whisper thou faded  
When I was away:  
Tarry, O, tarry  
One brief, fleeting day!

Give me thy blessing:  
No more will I rove;  
Tarry, O, tarry—  
Thee only I love.

## AUTUMN.

Summer's gone and over,  
Fogs are falling down,  
And with russet fingers  
Autumn's doing brown.  
Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the Book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.  
Round the tops of houses  
Swallows, as they flit,  
Give, like yearly tenants,  
Notices to quit.  
Skies of fickle temper  
Weep by turns and laugh—  
Night and day together  
Taking half-and-half.—Tom Moon.

[ORIGINAL.]

## VIOLETS:

—OR—

## CINDERELLA'S GOD-MOTHER.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

"Bess! Bess! Bess!"

The voice was sharp, quavering, querulous—it rang shrilly down the old rickety staircase; and the child who was standing on the landing, looking thoughtfully at a bit of silver in her hand, turned quickly.

"Well, grandpa?"

"Five cents for matches, Bess, and five for crackers," said the querulous voice. "If you lose the money, you can't have any supper. Grandpa's a poor man—a very poor man; know it—hey?"

Who wouldn't have known it? The room was the darkest, the meanest in all that reeking, swarming tenement-house. A bare, dreary garret, with great crevices in the walls, and crevices in the floor—filthy, and almost unfurnished. As for Grandpa Martin, who sat crouching over a few coals in one corner, he was a little, toothless, ferret-eyed old man, wrapped in a tattered dressing-gown, which he had either begged or borrowed of a poor German student in the room below. He had a sharp, cunning, miserly face, and greedy, clutching hands, like a vulture's talons—there was nothing lovable about Grandpa Martin.

The child Bess, watching him in the doorway, was the exact counterpart of a hundred and one children; which you will find any day in the noisome, crowded tenement-houses of our great cities.

A little, half-starved thing, with a thin, brown face, set in a mass of short, unkempt, tangled hair. The brow was bold and dark; and the eyes large and joyless. She looked like one of Musillo's brown beggars, with her torn cloak drawn up over her head, and her hardy face upraised.

"Hold the silver tight!" growled Grandpa Martin; "you're a dreadful expense to your grandpa—you'll bring him to the work-house, gell, all acause of you. I haint got any money—didn't you know it—hey?"

The child's face flushed, hot, fiery; but, strange to say, she looked neither grateful nor plying.

"You never give me money, grandpa," she said, suddenly.

"Ten cents—your's got ten cents!" cried grandpa Martin, shaking his cane at him. "I'm a poor man, remember—cane-sticks and matches—I'm a very poor man, goli—goli along!"

The child turned and darted down the stairs, grasping tight the precious bit of silver, her sullen eyes cast down, and her little teeth pressed deep into the red of her lips. She ran across the street like a wild thing.

It was just sunset. At the squalid shop on the corner the crackers and matches were purchased. Best stone back up the stairs, and laid them down at the garret door. One knock, to summon Grandpa Martin, and then she turned and bounded back, never stopping till she had reached the street again. She looked up at the old garret with those great, sullen eyes of hers.

"I shan't eat any supper to-night," she said, stotically.

She hurried away up the street. How gay and happy the city looked! It had been some gala-day—she did not know what—and the crowds were immense. Aladdin never saw such wonderful sights as were in the windows. The child did not know where she was going—she did not care. The pavement was cold and damp to the little bare feet, and the night wind was sharp as a needle; but for all that, the bright, busy thoroughfares were better than that dismal garret, and crèes Grandpa Martin. How the splendid carriages rolled by her, with their prancing horses! What brilliant throngs of ladies she saw in velvets and laces! What magic glimpses of fairy-land those bright shop windows were! She stopped before one filled with a dazzling show of jewels and trinkets, and dropping her chin on her hand, looked in.

Down the steps of a tall building opposite, two gentlemen came sauntering, arm in arm. One was a stout, fat, proud-faced young aristocrat, with the brightest of blue eyes, and the whitest of hands—a flashing, high-titled, handsome fellow, dressed in the most unexceptionable manner, and evidently very well aware that he was somebody. And so he was. In Mrs. Grundy's mouth, Jack Montburn's name meant a millionaire, a scholar, a gentleman, and the best match in the city.

His companion was younger by four or five years—he could not have been more than twenty, certainly. He had a bright, boyish face, with curved, red, sensitive lips, and grave hazel eyes—a color that was almost girlish—and dark curly hair. Montburn carried a

baton in his delicately gloved hand; the other wore no gloves, and was holding a great cluster of purple violets. The two young gentlemen crossed the street.

"Kion Bohemians broad happy set of fellows, Ross," said Montburn, carelessly; "I think I shall turn artist or something. Did you hear Kate Raynor criticizing your No. 50 in the art gallery this morning?"

"Not I," said Ross, looking tenderly at his violets; "haven't been in the galleries—dance take it! you see, I can't find anything for a fairy god-mother for my Cinderella, and I have come to grief."

"Bah!" said Montburn, "you ought to paint better things than Cinderellas. What is the world doing to wait for it?"

"I want," said Ross, "a little, weird, elfish, pleasant face—what do you call it. I tell you I'll finish that picture before I start for Rome, and I'll make it a master-piece, too."

Montburn laughed at the boyish impatience in the words.

"How would I do for a god-mother? I don't mind sitting, if you like—that is, if you'll be kind enough to tell me if Kate Raynor isn't the handsomest girl in the city."

"Of course," answered Ross; "everybody says so. I'll paint her portrait when I come back from Rome."

"Very good of you," said Jack, with a glance; "her admiration of your No. 50 knows no bounds. Keep out of my way, wait you, Ross? I'm desperately in love with her."

Ross laughed carelessly. "Are you? O, well—don't fear me. My expectations would not quite satisfy Miss Raynor—I'm never sure of more than one dollar at a time. Shall we take a car?"

They were close by the window where Bess stood. She heard their voices, and turning, looked at them.

The little, dark, upturned face, hard and old beyond its years, and the wild, dark, back-blown hair, had certainly a very elfish effect, seen in the dying daylight. Ross sprang forward with a cry:

"My fairy god-mother!"

"By Jove!" said Jack.

You should have seen the child's face then. She did not look at Bess nor at Montburn—only at the great cluster of purple violets in the young artist's hand. So barren and lonely her life had been, that a fairy god-mother was a myth to her, like the flowers, decorated, purple, superb—they were a reality; she stared at them with hungry, wistful eyes.

"The very thing!" cried Bess; his hazel eyes dancing.

Montburn shrugged his shoulders.

"*Ghacum a son gout!*"

"O, keep still!" said Ross, aside. "Little princess, where do you live?"

A scowl contracted her dark brow—she answered, slowly:

"With Grandpa Martin."

"That's luminous," said Montburn.

"And what is your name?" asked Ross.

"Bess," slowly.

"Remarkable intelligence!" said Jack.

"Come, Ross, we shall have the whole street staring at us."

Ross looked desperate. "Little dear, can't you tell me what quarter of the city you live in?"

She turned, and pointed down the street.

"Off there, somewhere."

Montburn laughed.

"A tough subject!—you'd better let her go."

Bess raised her eyes for the first time to the handsome, blonde face of the speaker—her great falcon eyes full of defiance. Years afterwards how well he remembered that look!

"Can you read, little gipsy?" demanded Ross, not at all discouraged.

"Yes," said the child,

"That's good. Here's my name and address on this card. You must come to me to-morrow morning—I want you to sit for a picture. That is the building, just opposite, and the room is No. 10; if you forget, look at the card. Will you come?"

He took out his purse, and held toward her a glittering gold piece. She took it quietly.

"Yes, I will come."

Montburn looked ready to roar with laughter.

"O, Ross, monument of simplicity! Are you so easily sold? This is her forte, probably—of course she will not come!"

The child's dark face flushed fiercely. She lifted her eyes to Ross, full of passionate fire.

"*He lies!*" she hissed, through her set teeth.

It was Ross Lansing's turn to laugh now.

"Never mind, little tempest—don't lose the card, nor forget the number."

"Here's a car," said Montburn. "Good-by, fairy princess!"

Montburn turned, and Ross was following, when the great, wistful, childish eyes, looking so hopelessly at his purple violets, arrested him.

"Do you want them?" he said, with a good-natured smile, holding them toward her.

How the eyes sparkled! The little dirty hand closed round the flower-stem. Whether she thanked him or not he did not know, he was off so quick.

"What a spit-fire!" said Montburn, looking back through the car window. "I wish you joy of your bargain, Ross."

Ross shrugged his shoulders, and looked back, too. The child stood on the sidewalk, with her hood drawn over her face, and the violets in her hand, gazing after them. She stood there till the car was out of sight.

That picture of Cinderella on Ross Lansing's studio was his especial pride. The principal figure, golden-haired and blue-eyed, was excellent; and now, with such a fairy god-mother as Bess, he felt sure of a *chef-d'œuvre*. She had just the elfish, sparkling face that he had been in search of for weeks.

"If she only comes," said Montburn, dryly.

Just as the clock struck ten, the next morning, a light tap echoed on the door of No. 10.

Ross was at his easel. "Come in?" he said, without raising his head.

No voice—no sound. Presently Ross looked up, and there the child stood close to his elbow, with her great, wondering eyes riveted on his Cinderella in a sort of dumb, admiring awe.

"O, you've come, then?" said Ross, good-naturedly. "Ten o'clock; well done, little god-mother!"

Bess looked round the studio. "Where's that other one?"

"Montburn?" said Ross, laughing. "He don't live here."

She frowned a little; then stretching out her brown hand, laid something down beside Ross on the easel. It was the gold piece he had given her the night before.

"I can't stay," she said, gravely; "Grandpa Martin is sick—he won't let me sit for you. I had to run away to bring this back."

She turned and walked to the door.

"Here—stop!" cried Ross, his great brown eyes opened wide with amazement. "What the deuce do you mean? Won't the old fellow let you come at all?"

She looked wistfully back.

"I'll come some time—perhaps."

"But—confound it!—"

She was bounding off down the stairs. Ross sprang after her, and ran headlong against Montburn, who was just coming up.

"Remarkable child!" cried Ross. "She has brought back the money, and left Cinderella to her fate."

Montburn laughed.

"Possible? Who would have thought the little scarecrow so honest? Let her go, my boy; these sort of children are always vagabonds."

Ross looked ruefully at his picture.

"It's a shame, by Jove! but I can paint her from memory, I suppose. Sit down, wont you?"

Jack Montburn seized his friend by the shoulders, and wheeled him round to the light.

"Congratulate me, old fellow! Kate Raynor has promised to be my wife, and I am the happiest man in all Gotham."

Ross wrung his hand. "I do congratulate you."

"And you'll be my best man?" said Montburn.

"I don't know—I go to Italy so soon. But come, I'm off down town with you, now that I've no god-mother for Cinderella."

He lifted his picture from the easel, and set it down with its face to the wall; then, throwing his cloak over his shoulder, he looked the floor of the studio, and they went down the stairs together.

Seven years, like so many straws, had floated away in the gulf of Time. Seven years is a vast while to look forward to—very little to look back upon.

Had you seen Jack Montburn lounging into the opera-box seven years from the night when he was first presented to the reader, you would have said the old gentleman of the hour-glass had dealt gently indeed with him. He had married, at twenty-five, Kate Raynor, the belle of New York, and one year later, laid her to rest under the grasses of Greenwood, and now he was again in Mrs. Grundy's matrimonial lists—a handsome, wealthy widower of thirty-two. The blonde, high-bred face was as handsome as ever; the brow was as smooth, the manner as gay and gallant—no, Jack Montburn had changed but very little with the changing years.

But the gentleman at his side—who would have known him? Bronzed to a Southern olive hue by the sun of other lands, taller and handsomer—that grave, dreamy face, with its mustached lips and earnest eyes—you would never have recognized it as the face of the boy-artist, Ross Lansing.

The brightest eyes that the city could boast were levelled at Montburn's box. He was bowing right and left, and yawning furtively behind his white kids; but Lansing, the real

cynosure of said eyes, sat stately and careless, looking at the stage, and impervious to bright glances as a statue. Montburn touched his arm.

"All Japonicadom is here to-night; how they stare at you! You're positively a lion, Ross."

"I do not know any one," said Ross, carelessly; "couldn't call a half-dozen people by name in all the house. My seven years' absence has played the deuce with old friendships."

"There are hosts of new belles," said Montburn. "Some rare prizes among them, too—I'll introduce you."

"Not any, thank you," said Ross, with a grimace. "I have grown uncivilised—have quite forgotten how to pay compliments or talk pretty nothings—shouldn't get on at all."

"Bah!" said Montburn, "you've got too high an ideal, my boy. It won't do to look beyond the clouds, you know."

"I'm wedded to art, and all that sort of thing," answered Ross, yawning. "I am a favorite of the gods—never had the misfortune to fall in love with any one. Whom they design to kill they first make mad, you know, and love is madness in the superlative degree. Hear that, will you?" A burst of melody bubbled out from Brignoll's silver throat, and Ross raised his glass and levelled it toward the stage. At the same moment, there was a rustle of silks, and a strong odor of French perfumes, and a party entered the adjoining box.

Three persons. One a tall, stately, elderly gentleman; another, a stylish, middle-aged lady, in black velvet and diamonds; the third, a young girl.

"By Jove!" whispered Montburn, under his breath, clutching Ross by the arm.

What a gorgeous face she had! A low, wide brow, crowned with bands of soft, purple-black hair; dark, almond-shaped eyes, with a dusky, slumberous calm hiding under their broad lids; a full, red mouth, arched haughtily. Irregular the features might have been, but they suited well that calm, proud, prophetic face; and the figure—tall, slender, elegant—nothing could have been more perfect. Her dress was a mass of shining silk, but she wore no jewels—nothing but a great cluster of purple violets braided into the dark hair, violets fastened at her corsage, and violets in the small, delicately-gloved hand—a bouquet of them, as fresh as if they had just been plucked from the moss of some woodland waterfall. Ross leaned towards his companion.

"Who is it?"  
 "I don't know. Heavens! what a dress!"  
 whispered Montburn, with his eyes fastened  
 upon her.

"Suddenly the elderly lady in black velvet  
 raised her eye-glass, and surveyed this onto  
 young gentlemen. She bowed, both re-  
 turned it.

"Mrs. Lawrence Vaughan, the business  
 wife," said Ross; "she used to put me in my  
 younger days. Can that dark beauty be her  
 daughter?"

"No; she has no daughter," said Montburn.  
 "Vaughan—Vaughan—the very lady, open  
 my soul, that Tom Mason was talking of last  
 night! She has got a protegee, or something  
 she said, who had just made a grand debut in  
 the fashionable world, and created a vast sen-  
 sation. This must be the one."

"But who is she?" said Ross.  
 "An heiress, I believe; and all the fortune-  
 hunters in the city are after her. I've for-  
 gotten the name. Faith, there's no handsomer  
 women in all the world than our American  
 women!"

Ross did not answer. His bright, dark eyes  
 were bent on the neighboring box, with a  
 look that might have forced anything human  
 to a returning gaze; but the proud face never  
 turned—she was listening to the dreamy  
 Italian music, as oblivious to the close prox-  
 imity of the gentlemen, as if they had been in  
 the Red Sea.

"Cleopatra" whispered Montburn.

"Crowned with violets," said Ross.

She looked up suddenly—their eyes met;  
 his, bright, eager, admiring; hers, calm, deep  
 and dark as an Alpine lake. Something leaped  
 up to her face like lightning—not a blush,  
 but a sudden flash of light—a radiance—  
 but Ross could not analyze it; it was gone in  
 a moment, and the eyes were turned away  
 again. That was all.

The music rose and fell stormily. Mont-  
 burn and his friend never spoke again during  
 the evening, neither was there any more gas-  
 ing at the neighboring box; but I do not think  
 a movement of the young beauty there escaped  
 either. Every rustle of her dress, every flutter  
 of her fan, every bend of the proud head,  
 was known instantly to those two silent, ab-  
 stracted mortals. Ross sat looking dreamily  
 at the gas-lights; Montburn's head was rest-  
 ing on his hand. It was strange how both  
 managed to watch Mrs. Vaughan's box so  
 closely, but they did.

By-and-by each touched his companion:

The Vaughan party were rising to go. Ross  
 and Montburn rose also, and walked out be-  
 hind them. (The sweet agent of those purple  
 violets was washed back to Ross—she might  
 have touched them, he was so near the air  
 wearer. Mrs. Vaughan turned, and tapped  
 his arm.

"My dear Ross, I am delighted to see you!  
 How do you like Italy, and isn't Brignell im-  
 perb? I am coming to visit your studio to-  
 morrow—en revoir!"

She was in her carriage, a moment later,  
 rolling off down the street. Montburn and  
 his friend went quickly away to their hotel.

That studio was a large, airy room, with a  
 skylight and one great window, hung with  
 heavy amber silk. The carpet was dark, soft  
 and yielding. Two divans, piled with gar-  
 gantuan, gold-tasselled Turkish cushions, and a  
 fustian of Tyrian purple, with a low velvet  
 footstool, stood in the corners. Beside these,  
 there was a carved rock filled with loose  
 drawings; books in dark, rich bindings, piled  
 up in the shadow of the amber curtains, and  
 a few antique chairs of solid oak, black with  
 age, high, straight-backed, exquisitely carved,  
 and covered with thick purple velvet. Ross  
 was luxurious in his tastes.

The walls were hidden in paintings. A few  
 he had brought from Europe. A Rubens, a  
 Correggio, an exquisite head by Domenichino,  
 one of Murillo's Saints, and a little further on,  
 a Madonna by Raphael, with a bust of the  
 great painter beneath it, on a slender pedestal  
 of alabaster.

Ross himself looked in perfect keeping with  
 the place. He was sitting in the morning  
 sunlight, with his handsome head thrown back,  
 a black velvet smoking-cap with a gold band  
 and tassel, on his heavy curls, and a black  
 velvet dressing-gown, lined with gold-colored  
 silk, wrapped around his superb figure. An  
 unfinished picture was on the easel before  
 him; an Italian grayhound crouched at his  
 feet, whining, unagitated—Ross was looking at  
 the head of Domenichino, without seeing it.

Presently a sound of footsteps came up the  
 stairs; there was a rustle of dresses outside  
 the door—then some one rapped. Ross rose  
 languidly, and opened the door. How the  
 blood rushed to his brown cheek as he saw  
 who his visitors were! He dashed off that  
 velvet smoking-cap, and admitted them with  
 a low bow—Mrs. Vaughan and her dark-eyed  
 protegee.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Vaughan, light-  
 ly. "Why, really, what a nice place! How

Martin, Mr. Lansing. I have brought you a subject, you see, Ross. Do you paint portraits?"

Ross bowed to Miss Martin.

"Sometimes," he answered.

"Then you must paint Bess. I heard you were coming home, and I forced her to wait until you came, because you paint so splendidly."

Ross looked amused, but he bowed in acknowledgement.

"I shall be only too happy to accept the task."

What dark, dangerous eyes Miss Martin raised to his at that moment!

"Shall I come to-morrow?" she asked.

"If you please."

"At what hour?"

"One."

A slight inclination of the superb head. She gathered together the folds of her splendid India shawl.

"We are out shopping," said Mrs. Vaughan, "and cannot stop, of course. What lovely pictures!"

She surveyed the walls languidly, through her eye-glass. Down in one corner, with its base resting upon the floor, was Ross's old painting of "Cinderella." It looked as if it had been there a long time—it was dusty, cobwebby, forsaken in appearance, but yet very pretty. The Cinderella had a marvellous pink, sweet face, and the fairy god-mother, though not half finished, was piquant and elfish to the last degree, with her thin, wiry, pursed-up lips and knitted brows. Miss Martin went up to the picture.

"Is it yours?" she said, turning her calm, beautiful face upon Lansing.

He colored like a school-boy. "A mere daub. I painted it long ago, when a boy, and the god-mother is imperfect. I lost my model—an odd little gipsy that I found on the street, so the face was drawn from memory."

Mrs. Vaughan came and looked over his shoulder.

"Bess," she said, abruptly, "it looks like you!"

Like that tall, stately, elegant girl? There was a resemblance—the brows and the dark eyes were alike. Miss Martin laughed a little odd, silvery laugh.

"Who was the child, Mr. Lansing?"

"I do not know—I never saw her afterward."

They went away a few moments after. Ross stood by the window with downcast eyes, and

a cigar clasped idly in his white fingers, till long after the carriage had rolled away. Tilly, the Italian hound, impatient of the silence, crept to his side and thrust her nose into his hand. He started, and dashed back his hair, with an imprecation.

Late in the afternoon, Montburn walked into the studio.

"How are you, Lansing? Are you going to paint the portrait?"

"What portrait?" abruptly.

"Pshaw, man, I know. I had the bliss of passing an hour at Mrs. Vaughan's this morning, and I freely own that Miss Martin is the most magnificent creature I ever met."

Ross, mixing colors on his palette, mistook blue for brown, and uttered a sharp "Confound it!"

"It's a queer story," said Montburn, tapping his polished patent-leathers with the neatest of riding-whips. "Tom Mason tells me that Miss Martin was terribly poor once. She lived with some relative—a rich old miser, who all but starved her to death for years; but the old boy was good enough to die at last, and leave her all his property—some fifty or sixty thousand dollars. Vaughan, who was his banker, you know, sent the girl to the convent school, and there she has been ever since."

"So you have been hunting out Miss Martin's antecedents?" said Ross, dryly.

Montburn colored. "Well, I don't mind confessing it. I'm not susceptible, as a general thing; but this dark beauty has stirred me a trifle."

Ross knew it very well. He shrugged his shoulders with a little satirical gesture, and whistled softly. Neither mentioned Miss Martin again.

Punctual to the moment, when the clock struck one on the ensuing day, Mrs. Vaughan swept into Ross Lansing's studio with Bess. The latter threw off the magnificent cloak, untied the dainty ribbons of her bonnet, and sat down before him—a dainty subject indeed to his artist-eyes. Her dress was of heavy velvet, black as midnight, and the shining silken hair was brushed in smooth masses away from the haughty face, and fastened in one great classic knot at the back of her snow-white neck. Ross looked from the imperial figure to his blank canvas, in a sort of delicious despair.

She sat an hour. Mrs. Vaughan waited patiently. An hour face to face with that peerless belle—an hour to gaze into her proud



eyes, and hear her voice winding in and out through his task, in a silver thread of sound! She did not talk much, neither did he; but yet it was the shortest period of time Ross had ever known.

She arose, at last, to go. When should she come again? The next day, if convenient, he answered, decisively. He would like to finish the portrait as quickly as possible, because of other engagements. So the sittings were multiplied to three and four per week.

Never alone—Mrs. Vaughan was her constant companion. Sometimes Jack Montburn came in time to escort them to their carriage. How gay and gallant and handsome he was! But then, it must be a very easy matter to be gallant to rich bankers' wives, and wealthy, beautiful belles.

The canvas changed rapidly beneath Ross Lansing's hand. What a charming portrait it was! Lifelike to a degree that made you think it was about to step forth to you, living and breathing—faithful, as if the artist had staked his all of fame and fortune on its truth. Montburn was enraptured with it.

"Why, bless me, Lansing, you've quite surpassed yourself," he said, "I'll be hanged if you haven't!"

"I have had a surpassing subject," said Ross, drily.

"Very true. When will this be finished?"

"With one more sitting."

"And you are glad, of course?" said Montburn, carelessly.

Ross toyed with his palette-knife, and finding he was not likely to get an answer, Montburn spoke again.

"Mrs. Vaughan's select dinner-party happens to-night, I believe. Do you attend?"

"I have an invitation here," said Ross, twisting a bit of paper over his finger.

"O, you must go!" cried Jack. "Mrs. Vaughan is famous for her dinner-parties. All the *elite* attend them."

"And you?"

"I? I wouldn't miss it for a kingdom—we shall meet there."

Ross sat listlessly in his studio till five o'clock; then he called a carriage, and drove to Mrs. Vaughan's. It was a brown-stone front, with great parlors, gorgeous in crimson and gold. He found the party assembled there very carefully selected, for Mrs. Vaughan was exclusive; and then she had too much good taste to crowd her guests. She turned quickly when Lansing's name was announced, and held out her hand.

"I am glad, indeed! All my guests are asking for you."

No very welcome intelligence to Ross, who was an exceedingly reserved mortal; but he had the grace to face the matter boldly. At table he found himself between two travelled professors, who nearly bored him to death with their European reminiscences. His sole enjoyment consisted in glancing now and then at Miss Martin, who sat opposite, near Montburn. She was in the black velvet dress he admired so much; her white arms were clasped with broad bands of pearl and gold. A band of gold ran through the masses of her black hair, and, fastened to it, on one side, was a cluster of purple violets.

"That is surely her favorite flower," thought Ross.

The table, with its massive plate, its glittering glass and Sevres, was superb—so was the dinner and the company. Now I am afraid Ross did not know or care for any of these facts. Once safely back in the parlors, he thought to rid himself of the two professors, but they clung to him closer than the old Man of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor. Ross was in despair—he looked around. The door of the music-room was open near him, and the unhappy fellow darted through, and left the travelled gentlemen to talk it out between themselves.

The music-room looked dim and lonely; but a low ripple of song stealing through it, told Ross he was not alone there. A piano stood at the farther end, under the glittering gas-light, and beside it he saw two figures—one, slender and lovely, in black; the other bending above her, tall, masculine, with a look of passionate devotion on his fair, blonde face. It was Jack Montburn and Miss Martin.

While Ross stood irresolute in the centre of the room, wondering if he was intruding, the song suddenly ceased, and, quick as thought, Jack Montburn bent over his companion, and caught the jewelled fingers flying across the keys.

"Miss Martin, pray hear me—pray let me speak to you! I love you—I want you for my wife!"

She broke away from him, then rose up, very calmly.

"Mr. Montburn, I am sorry—very sorry for this! I cannot be your wife."

Montburn half-staggered back.

"You do not mean that my suit is rejected altogether?"

His tone of real anguish evidently touched

her. "I must reject it," she said, gently; "I do not love you."

"You love another?" he cried out.

She flushed crimson.

"Mr. Montburn, you knew me once as a street vagabond—you know me to-day as a petted heiress; it does not matter who I love—you and I can never be anything to each other."

Pale as death, he looked one moment into the calm, relentless eyes; then he turned abruptly, passed close by Ross, without seeing him, and left the room.

Miss Martin sank down on the music-stool, and buried her face in her hands. A quick footstep echoed beside her; two strong hands drew her white fingers down in a firm clasp; two dark, passionate eyes looked steadily into hers.

"Bess!"

She struggled to free herself. Ross Lansing raised her up to his breast. The love, the tenderness in those great dark eyes of his, beat down the pride in hers.

"Bess, my first love—my only love, will you drive me from you? Darling, no one can ever love you as I love you!"

She grew motionless. He could not see her face—it was hidden on his shoulder. Presently he whispered:

"I am waiting!"

The proud, beautiful, blushing face was upraised slowly.

"For my answer," he said.

She took up a tiny jewel-case, lying on the piano, and held it up to him. Within it lay a bunch of withered purple violets, pressed carefully, and tied with a little satin ribbon.

"Do you remember?" she said.

O, how it all burst upon him then!

"Bess!" he cried out.

"Your fairy god-mother!" she said, smiling through her tears.

He clasped her close, and kissed the red lips.

"My wife!"

And so, indeed, she was, a few weeks later. Jack Montburn did not attend the wedding. He was in Europe then—he has been there ever since.

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#### WOMAN.

Not she with traitorous kiss her master stung;  
Not she denied him with unfaithful tongue;  
She, when apostles fled, could danger brave,  
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.

BARRETT.

#### HAPPINESS.

It is truly wonderful how cheap happiness used to be. It lay about, like the sunshine, within arm's length of everybody. It used to grow in the field and by the wayside; we have found it there—but not lately. Sometimes five speckled eggs in a grassy nest constituted it; sometimes four beautiful blue ones in the lilacs. It used to swim in the transparent waters of the brook, and turn up its silvery and mottled sides, like a polished sabre, sprinkled with the color of fame—which is generally understood to be crimson. We have found it, many a time, beside a mossy stone, when it looked very much like a spring flower; we have seen it coming down in the snow, and heard it descending in the rain. What a world of it used to be crowded into a Saturday afternoon! An old newspaper with cedar ribs, a tail like three bashaws, and a penny's worth of twine, have constituted, many a time—many an old time—the stock in trade of one perfectly happy.

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#### LOVE.

Small is the soul's first wound from beauty's dart,  
And scarce the unheeded fever warms the heart;  
Long we mistake it under *liking's* name,  
A soft indulgence, that deserves no blame.  
Excited though the smothered fire at length  
Bursts into blaze, and burns with open strength;  
That image, which before but soothed the mind,  
Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd;  
Mixing with all our thoughts, it wastes the day,  
And when night comes, it dreams the soul away.

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#### FOOLSCAP.

Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is; but few probably know how it came to bear this singular cognomen. When Charles First found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government also, at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water marks the royal arms. The parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, under indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's cap and bells" substituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament Journal, still bears the name of foolscap.

## GREEN VELVET AND BLUE SATIN.

Sometimes things did not go on quite so smoothly, however, at Malmalson, when any of the Bonaparte family visited Josephine, for a most cordial hatred seems to have existed between her and the ladies of the imperial family, partaking somewhat of female rivalry and jealousy.

One evening in particular—when the beautiful Pauline was to be formally presented to Josephine, on her marriage with the Prince Borghese—must be noted in the annals of Malmalson. Pauline, clever, witty, and most lovely, had accepted the hand of the Borghese, almost a fool in intellect, solely on account of his money and his title. Sacrificing her heart to her ambition she determined to make the first use of her new honors by endeavoring to humiliate poor Josephine; and in order to carry out this admirable resolution, announced her intention of visiting her on a certain evening shortly after her marriage. Days were passed in preparing the splendid toilette which was to crush her sister-in-law. At length the memorable evening arrived. Josephine, fully aware of the intention of Pauline, took her own measures accordingly. She arranged herself for this trying ordeal, of a graceful against a beautiful woman, with consummate tact and a perfect knowledge of that peculiar style of dress well calculated to display her faultless shape, which she has almost immortalized. She wore a white muslin dress, edged and trimmed with a narrow border of gold; the short sleeves, which displayed a finely-turned arm, were looped up at the shoulder by large cameos, an enamelled serpent encircled her throat, on her head was a kind of diadem formed of cameos and enamel, confining her hair somewhat in the style of the antique busts of the Roman empresses. She looked so extremely graceful and classical in this attire, that when Napoleon entered the saloon he was delighted, and saluted her with a kiss on the shoulder—a somewhat *bourgeois* caress, by the way. The evening wore on, and yet the princess did not arrive. Napoleon, having remained beyond his usual time, retired at last to his cabinet. Shortly afterwards the princess made her appearance, looking transcendently lovely. But on this occasion she had not trusted to the charms of unadorned beauty, as she literally was resplendent with jewels. Her dress, composed of green velvet, was embroidered in the front with masses of diamonds, her arms, her neck, her head were also encircled with splendid

jewels. As she advanced across the room towards Josephine, who, as the wife of the First Consul, did not rise until she approached, Pauline gazed around full of pride and gratified vanity, conscious of the effect created by her beauty, her youth, and dazzling splendor.

The salutations were cold between the rival ladies. Pauline seated herself, and to break the stiffness of the reception, began conversing in a low voice with Madame Junot, who was placed near her.

"Well, Louise, how do I look to-night? What do you think of the Borghese jewels?"

"Think? why they are wonderful—actually *éblouissantes*," returned Madame Junot.

"But do you really, now—flattery apart—think this dress becomes me?"

"Vain Pauline! why, you knew perfectly before asking me that question you never looked better in your whole life."

"Well, it is not exactly vanity that makes me ask you so particularly," replied Pauline; "but it is because I want to astonish Madame Bonaparte, and you know I have spared no pains to mortify her by this display of my new jewels. Yet how elegantly she looks in that simple India muslin dress, with those cameos, too, like a Grecian statue; she does understand to perfection the style that suits her. That white dress contrasts so well, too, with the blue satin of the furniture—it is perfect. Good heavens! what shall I do?" she suddenly exclaimed, in an agonized whisper, and turned quite pale.

"What is it?—what can be the matter?" asked Madame Junot, quite alarmed.

"O, Louise, why did you not tell me? How cruel! not to remind me! To let me come here in this room dressed in *green velvet*, when the furniture is blue satin! O, this is too much! I shall never forgive you! How dreadful I must look by the side of Josephine! This is more than I can bear. I must go away at once."

Pauline was conquered. Elegance had won the day even against beauty. She took a hasty farewell of Josephine, and hurried out of the room, consoling herself a little in her retreat by displaying her jewels before the whole establishment assembled to do her honor. She passed down the alley formed by the household, preceded by lighted torches, and followed by her husband, whom she early taught to aspire no higher than to the honor of being her chamberlain; and thus ended in absolute failure this notable wedding visit of the Princess Paulina Borghese.

[ORIGINAL]

## THE OLD OAK TREE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Down by the mossy brook-side,  
Just under the ferny hill,  
Where the birds sang sweetly ever,  
And the brook ran deep and still,  
There was a gnarled tree olden,  
With branches leaning low;  
And 'twas there I played at sunset,  
In the light of years ago,  
When my heart was full of a joyous flow,  
And my round cheeks blushed in the rosy glow.

'Twas a tree which bore oak-acorns,  
With glossy leaves 'twas crowned,  
And I gathered up the acorn-cups  
As they fell on the grassy ground;  
And with leaves, and shells, and flower-bells,  
I spread a gray old stone  
With a banquet sweet, that a fairy queen  
Might well have supped upon—  
And a mossy rock might have been her throne,  
And her orchestra the wind's low moan.

And the sunbeams golden yellow  
Fell through the leaves aslant,  
And the winds and bird-notes sounded  
Like a grand cathedral chant!  
Low breathings were in the forest,  
Weird sounds in the dark pine trees,  
And I listened with awe, for well I loved  
Life's guarded mysteries;  
And the wind its love tale told the leaves,  
And the streamlet's bosom kissed the breeze.

But autumn came, and the shining leaves  
Grew brown in the frost king's breath,  
And the acorn cups and the glossy fruit  
Were laid on the breast of death.  
And the streamlet's silver flow was hushed,  
The birds sought southern bowers;  
The green grass mourned and withered up,  
And paled the summer flowers!  
And cold winds shrieked the long, dark hours,  
And clad in gloom was this world of ours.

But the memory lingers around me yet,  
In dreams I play again,  
Where the forest dark and the old oak tree  
Are chanting that lost refrain!  
Those acorn-cups and green-veined leaves  
In fancy glad I see,  
And again is surging through my soul  
That spirit-minstrelsy!  
To the Great Unknown my wild thoughts flee,  
And I worship again life's mystery.

Don't put your watch under your pillow; a  
man should never "sleep upon his watch."

[ORIGINAL]

## THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

## A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

THE lights were brilliant in every apartment save one, in Mrs. Trevellyan's handsome and aristocratic mansion in — Avenue, one evening in the winter of 1836-7. The holidays were not yet over; and gay revels had been enacted in the houses of many of the rich lady's intimate friends. At ten, the company were invited to assemble in a large room, connected with a smaller one by folding doors, where some beautiful tableaux were to be exhibited. The first of these was a wedding. Mrs. Trevellyan's only daughter, a beautiful girl just entering her sixteenth year, was the bride. A rich, white satin dress was almost covered by a magnificent veil, fastened with a wreath of orange blossoms. A single large diamond sparkled upon the finger of her ungloved left hand, and the handkerchief she held was bought at Stewart's the day before, at an almost fabulous price. So, at least, proclaimed Miss Everdeen, the young lady's dress-maker; and Mrs. Trevellyan's known wealth made it probable. The bridegroom was a youth whose years seemed to number scarcely more than her own. The priest was a remarkable looking man. A long white beard, such as was never seen at that period upon fashionable men, and, indeed, upon any other, flowed down, graceful and curling upon his breast. He was tall and stately, with eyes that seemed to read the very souls of those upon whom he looked. They were now, however, fixed earnestly upon the book that held the marriage service.

This man had been introduced to Mrs. Trevellyan's circle, only about three months before this party. His apparent wealth, his eminently social powers, the respectability of his associations, were all vouchers for his fitness for such a circle, and every one was delighted at such an acquisition as Mr. Walter, to the fashionable clique, of which Mrs. Trevellyan was a distinguished member.

Ada Trevellyan had a mind far above the mere fashionable existence in which she had been trained. Inwardly, she longed for something higher and purer; and her taste and principle frequently revolted from the persons who made a part of the life which she was compelled to endure. She had been fairly

baited into performing a part in this tableau, disliking as she did every exhibition of herself. She consented, on condition only that Sidney Ward, her own cousin, a boy of her own age, should stand with her, and that Mr. Walter, whom she greatly revered, might act the part of priest.

Indeed, the elderly gentleman and the young girl had struck up a surprising friendship. The poor child had never known the blessing of a father's love, and when she became acquainted with Mr. Walter, his manner towards her was so truly paternal, that she at once adopted him into that position, as nearly as possible.

Something about Mrs. Trevellyan baffled even the far-seeing Mr. Walter, as it had done many of her acquaintances before. A nervous shrinking from some subjects; a jealous watching of those who did not treat her so cordially as she had reason to expect, all conspired to render her manner a singular one, for one whose means and appliances of enjoyment were so numerous, and whose associations were certainly of an unexceptionable sort.

He resolved, for Ada's sake, to watch the mother closely. The daughter, he was convinced, was all that she appeared. No secrecy, no false lights held out to deceive—she was pure and truthful as an angel. Such, at least, were his feelings toward her now. The future sometimes overshadows our angels.

It was no wonder that Arthur St. John was touched by the loveliness of the young bride of the tableau. He had just returned from abroad, and the quiet loveliness of this young girl contrasted so strongly with many whom he had met in foreign countries, that he felt glad that he had brought back no chain to bind him to them. Ada Trevellyan in her serene and modest, yet self-possessed manner, seemed to him

“— a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel's light.”

He made instant acquaintance with Mr. Walter, whom he saw that she regarded as a friend; and through him he was thrown into her society, until the chain was riveted that bound his heart to hers.

Mrs. Trevellyan looked on approvingly. Mr. St. John was a desirable match for her daughter, and she gave her consent almost as soon as it was asked. Ada withheld hers until she was convinced that he was all he appeared. It was a good match in the eyes of

the public—that stern judge whom so few dare defy. And thus Ada Trevellyan's young life seemed to promise fair for its flowing summer and mellow autumn.

Even this, satisfactory as it seemed, did not dispel Mrs. Trevellyan's nervousness. It lay deeper than any event, however joyful, could dispel. Had one followed her to her chamber that evening, and watched her as she locked the door and paced wearily up and down, until the morning hours began to appear, it might have seemed strange for a woman whose outward resources of fortune were so large, and over whose life no shadow seemed to darken.

She sat down to a small escritoire and began rapidly turning over papers. A packet of letters, stained and gray, she held for a moment, in a trembling hand, and then pressed them to her lips and sighed deeply. Then she opened a loosely folded note, glancing over the contents with a look of indescribable scorn and disgust even. She threw it down and trampled upon it, tearing it in her rage. Many others she opened, and, lighting a fire on her hearth, seemed to enjoy the flame that hid them forever from mortal eyes.

Thus passed the night. In the morning, Mrs. Trevellyan, cool, collected, grand as ever, passed out of her room, giving a single look backward at the ashes upon the hearth. She entered the opposite room where her daughter still lay sleeping, and awoke her with a kiss. There was a bright, happy smile upon Ada's lips that told of a heart at ease, and she greeted her mother with a gay good morning.

Mrs. Trevellyan swept from the room, unconscious that the very piece of paper that she had fancied was burned upon the hearth of her own chamber, had been caught by her dress and dragged into Ada's room, where it was disengaged and left close to the bedside.

As unconscious was Ada that the little torn missive which she picked up on rising, contained a secret that affected her life so deeply; a great and terrible secret that would forever bar her from Arthur St. John, and would seem to condemn her to a perpetual loneliness throughout her life. She sat upon the bed, her eyes fixed upon the words that seemed to burn and flash upon her with a great, lurid flame. The breakfast bell rang, but she did not hear it. The trampling of servants below, and of guests passing down stairs, did not arouse her. The iron had entered her very soul.

By-and-by she began to realize that if she

did not go down, there would be inquiries that she could not then answer—perhaps intrusion into her very chamber, by curious guests. She rose up, therefore, dressing herself mechanically, and descended to the breakfast room. What a face met the assembled guests! Every particle of the rich, rosy bloom that usually overspread it had passed away, and in its place was a dull, gray hue.

One little girl among the guests whispered her neighbor, "There, I always told you that Ada Trevellyan painted. Look at her now! She has forgotten it this morning!"

And her more candid neighbor, struck with surprise that Ada could be guilty of such a thing, begged her not to speak of it until she was certain.

Thus much the young and light-hearted girls saw, but no more. They did not see the sorrow that had thrown over that beautiful face a grayness as of death, nor, indeed, would they have thought it possible that one so favored of fortune as Ada could have a sorrow.

How often have I gazed over the dwellings that cluster upon that beautiful slope yonder, and thought if they could be unroofed, what depths of silent and unknown affliction would be unveiled. Not always does the face reveal the inward struggle. It is only when the hitherto happy heart is startled by the first terrible woe, that it shows itself as Ada Trevellyan's did, in the altered countenance.

Mrs. Trevellyan, occupied by her guests, did not notice the change. She had looked upon the bright, joyous face already, and it had satisfied her that Ada was happy. She forgot her own terrible night, and was gay and brilliant as usual. Ada was glad when the company arose from breakfast, and she could retire to her chamber. There she again and again read over the cruel missive that had already given her so much pain. Each time she read it she realized more and more, how her whole life must be a martyrdom of the heart; how a dark and gloomy cloud must henceforth settle upon her, marking her separation from others, as truly as though she had been born an Ethiopian. She again opened the torn letter, and read thus:

"I little thought, when I married you, Frances, that there were passages in your life that would shame my choice. I have learned them all. One who was once my enemy became my friend and told me all that you had so well concealed from me. I have determined to part from you without ever seeing your face

again. I will not take from you the means of support. I reserve only enough for myself to land me safely in a foreign clime, where the way is open to be again rich, so I leave all my wealth to you. Take home the child you have concealed from me so long. I hear she is fair and good now. Beware, Frances, how you teach her, by your example, to be otherwise. I hear, also, from my friend, that you have borne me a child within the last month. I thank Heaven it is not a girl. I would not take a babe from its mother; but when it is unwelcome to you, send it to me. All the love I ever felt for you has died out of my heart; but your innocent babe may love you, and so, perhaps, will the child of your shame. I hear her name is Ada. Do not call her Ada Trevellyan, but by her true name, whatever that may be. You will hear from me no more.

"RALPH TREVELLYAN."

There was not a single sentence that was not weighed and measured by the poor girl who sat there the picture of despair. She had so worshipped the name of Ralph Trevellyan as her dead father; for so had her mother taught her to think. And where, then, was her true father? Where was the little brother whose birth was duly chronicled here, but who had had no other memory?

There had been many things in Mrs. Trevellyan that had pained Ada. Her pure and severe taste often rebelled at her mother's more showy and meretricious fashions. It required all her skill to modify a dress that displayed the shoulders too much, into a more delicate and modest one; and there were many things in her mother's manner toward gentlemen, from which Ada shrunk with instinctive aversion, and for which, had it been a mere acquaintance who practised it, she would at once have discarded her. But that her mother had been absolutely guilty, and had married her father with a falsehood upon her lips, was a thought too mighty for utterance. It seemed to blight her young life with a doom too heavy. In her blameless career there seemed no need of such a punishment.

She tried to recall her childish days. She remembered living with a person whom she called Aunt Mary. She had been quite happy with her, in a pleasant country village, where a grand and stately lady sometimes came in a carriage, and fondled and made her presents. She remembered, too, that it was with a secret joy that she always saw her depart; for she loved no one so well as Aunt Mary. To this

Aunt Mary, the lady always gave money to buy clothes for the little girl; and the plain but prettily chosen dresses were far more prized by her, than the richly trimmed silks in which she could not visit the pastures and woods.

Then came the parting from this good aunt; and, strange to say, she had never since beheld her. Often she had pleaded to be taken back to her, as she firmly believed she was going to be, after a few weeks' visit to the lady she was now to call her mother. Her memory went back to that time; and, on comparing it with the date of her father's letter, she found it tallied precisely.

O, had she been the child of that good and humble woman! O, that she had never been brought from that obscurity, to meet mortification, pain, grief and despair! She loathed her gorgeous chamber and all its rich appointments, and would gladly have exchanged it, with its silken curtains, its grand *Psyche* mirror, its magnificent dressing-case with the gilt bottles, the priceless perfumes brought from afar, for the simple little white bed and toilet table at Aunt Mary's. O, why, why could she not go back to that quiet place? She forgot that she could not carry back the quiet heart she brought from thence.

Her heart seemed breaking, until as the remembrance of Arthur St. John floated into her mind, it awakened such fond and tender thoughts of the love which, for the last few days he had been showering upon her, that the strain which had been tightening at her heart gave way, and the beneficent ministry of tears came to her aid. The great scalding drops flashed down upon the rich carpet with its white Egyptian lilies—such tears as it seemed scarce possible for human eyes to shed.

What was she to do? To whom could she confide this weight of trouble? Certainly not to him who had just promised to share every woe and pain. No, she must keep the secret that was burning upon her heart and brain, even if it destroyed her.

Where was the man whom she had always thought her father? Could she but find him, she could have this terrible question settled. The letter he might have written in anger. Perhaps it was all a jest—a miserable, witless jest, it is true—yet she had heard the fashionable ladies of her mother's clique relate as sorry jests as this would be.

Poor child! the more she thought, the more bewildered she became. The world seemed so strange, the people in it seemed maniacs.

Life and death, heaven and earth, human beings—everything she had known, assumed a new aspect in her eyes—a strange, sad aspect, clouding the bright morning she had known, and darkening the future.

She had taken up a hasty belief that Mr. Trevellyan, notwithstanding his avowed purpose, had not left the country. The more she thought of it, the more convinced she became, that after years of absence he would return to watch the household he had left in anger and disgust. A strange thought shot rapidly through her mind, but was instantly repelled. No, it could not be! Yet it returned again with deeper force, until she was almost satisfied that her conviction was true.

Another thought occurred to her. With the coming of sorrow, her mind seemed to grow preternaturally clear and far-sighted. Things that seemed trifles in her happiness, now assumed an importance that she would not have thought possible. In one of her lonely rides on horseback—for she often rode out alone, disdaining to wait for an escort—she had encountered, or rather had seen her mother at a distance, coming from a small and quite mean looking house in the suburbs of New York. When her mother's carriage turned from the narrow lane which it could not enter, Ada saw a boy of ten years or thereabouts, standing at the door of the cottage, looking after it earnestly. Something, even then, had reminded her of her mother, in the boy's quick flashing black eyes, and the shape of his high forehead. Now it came back to her like a flash of lightning. It was just ten years since Mr. Trevellyan had left his home. That boy was her brother! She would visit him this very day, and examine the resemblance more minutely. In ten minutes she was dressed, and taking a coach at a stand near, she was soon at the place she remembered so perfectly, because she wondered at her mother's presence there, although she had afterwards forgotten to ask her what it meant.

The woman of the house was absent, but a young girl and the boy she had seen, were there. A few questions brought out all she cared to know, viz., that he was not the brother of the girl, but had been left by a woman whose name she had never heard. The house was poor and mean—the children badly clothed. They had better clothes, the girl said, and put them on when Ralph's aunt came.

Ralph! his father's name! what more could she need to know? She walked home that day, for she needed to compose herself before



seeing her mother. On the way, she met Mr. Walter. He seemed really glad to meet her, and begged her to go with him to see a picture which he had heard about. The artist was poor and unknown, and they could perhaps bring him into notice.

"Alas," thought Ada, "what influence shall I have when this wretched story is known? I, who have been living on another's right, and have no claim to anything?"

But she went. The artist was out, and they stayed long to examine and admire the picture. Ada's heart was too full to be interested as Mr. Walter had hoped she would be; and once, on looking at her, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"You are unhappy, my child," he said, kindly. "Is your grief of such a nature that you cannot make me a sharer?"

Why not? Why had she not thought of him before? Yet she hesitated; for how could she criminate her mother? But then again, she reflected how kind and fatherly he had been to her—how earnestly he had advised her for the best in engaging herself to Arthur St. John—(ah, there was a sore spot!) and, her second impulse was to tell him all. She could never have a better opportunity than now. At home, she would be liable to intrusion; but here there was not much to fear, for the artist's card showed that he would not return until three, and it was now scarce past one.

Her voice trembled when she began; and she was obliged to stop. Soon she thought of the torn letter. It was in her pocket, and would spare her many blushes in telling. In her confusion and distress, she had forgotten that she had taken it with her.

Mr. Walter read it very hastily, she thought. He merely glanced at it; then taking her hand, he said, "My dear child, I knew all this before. I am glad you confided in me, because I am the right person. I am Ralph Trevellyan." The surprise was so sudden that it took Ada's breath almost away. She could hardly credit his words; but he assured her it was so.

"I came back to this country," he added, "just before I was introduced at your house. I determined to watch your mother, and if she seemed sad and repentant, and if she had taken care of my child, I meant to forgive her, and perhaps live with her again. As I soon heard that the child died when quite young, I was satisfied that she was no farther to blame. Her life, though frivolous, appeared to me correct; but I could not tell her who I was.

Something in her repelled me. I became attached to you—wishing often that you were my child. I was glad that she had taken you home, and was loving you so much. But I could not take my place in the family again; and as soon as your marriage should have taken place, I should have left the country again as Mr. Walter."

A hard task remained now for Ada to tell him her suspicions about the child. When his emotions had subsided a little, he told her that he would go and see the boy, and force the woman to explain. Meantime, she must go home and rest. He would keep near her and protect her from everything she dreaded.

On her return, she was thankful to find that her mother had gone out without inquiring for her. She hoped that she would not return until Mr. Walter had accomplished his errand. It was not long before she saw him crossing the street, leading the boy by the hand. She ran down eagerly, and found him in the drawing-room. She had time to say but little, and scarcely to hear his story, when her mother's carriage stopped at the door. Ada ran to her chamber for the letter as he desired, and when Mrs. Trevellyan entered alone, the three were awaiting her.

She turned deadly pale at sight of the boy who was seated by Mr. Walter, or Mr. Trevellyan, as we must now call him. A scene followed, such as perhaps was never witnessed before. The guilty woman could say nothing in her own defence, save that her husband's desertion maddened her, and she was determined not to keep his child. But she appealed to Ada, if she had not done her duty by her. The poor girl, worn out by the terrible emotions of the morning, could not reply.

Mr. Walter went over briefly his own plan. He should take his child abroad, but would leave Mrs. Trevellyan in possession, as before. He had no wish to injure her in the opinion of the world. He would extend the same protection to Ada as to his own child, if she wished it. His home was in a foreign land, far from those who would distress her by any knowledge of her birth; and she was welcome to share it. He should see Arthur and tell him all. It was but his due. No marriage could be happy where there was a secret. He had proved that fully. For the rest, however, Arthur might decide; Ada should be a daughter to him.

Happily he needed to have no care about Arthur. He came to Ada, manfully, and told her that, although it was a matter of bitter re-

gret that such things had been, yet that not even that should come between her and his love. He was ready to go with her anywhere, and if Mr. Trevellyan wished it, he would joyfully go too. And so it was settled. All that Mrs. Trevellyan stipulated for was secrecy for the past; and as it could no longer affect Ada's prospects, they granted it.

Arthur and Ada were married privately. The public wondered, but they were never enlightened, until the woman who had lost her livelihood by having little Ralph taken from her, told the whole story to several people after the wedding party had sailed for Europe.

Mrs. Trevellyan, when it became known, sold all her possessions in New York, and went, no one knew whither. Many supposed that she had followed her daughter; but as Mr. Trevellyan had never disclosed his place of abode to her, the surmise was incorrect.

Abroad, Ada outlived her grief in the love of her husband and her adopted father. If sometimes the memory of her mother clouded her happiness, it was soon restored by the unwearying attentions of those she loved and honored.

### THE MORSE.

The morse is much larger, uglier, and more singular than the seal. The name of sea-elephant would be much more suitable to it. Of the elephant it has the colossal, heavy, and ungraceful form, the thick and wrinkled skin, and the characteristic sign, the tusks. From its enormous snout, which is flattened like the face of a lion, dart forth two large teeth of ivory, differing from those of the elephant in curving downward instead of upward; they are also more greenish and porous. The morse is amphibious, and has, like the seal, fins that answer the purpose of hands; with his tusks he fastens himself to the masses of ice and to the rocks when he wants to heave himself out of the water. His size varies from nine to twelve feet. He is covered with a thick layer of fat, which renders him valuable for the Norwegian fisherman.

The morse fishery is generally regarded as more productive and less dangerous than the whale fishery. The morse is not ferocious, and does not attack men, but he defends himself with indomitable courage. At Hammerfest last year some fishermen having discovered a young morse in a cavern close to the sea, seized it, and threw it into their boat. The father and mother, furious at not finding

again their little one, rushed after the boat, and one of them, transfixing it with his formidable tusks, made it heel so much, that one of the fishermen fell into the sea. The morse darted on him with fury, and it was impossible for the fishermen to save their companion. Besides the oil which the fish of the morse produces in abundance, the fishermen turn to profit the skin of the animal, with which the traces of vehicles are made, and the ivory of its teeth, which they employ in various manners. The Russians are very skilful as workers in ivory. They fabricate small trinkets, little boxes, carved so as to resemble lace, and especially chains formed of little rings. These chains thus executed in ivory remind us of Chinese workmanship. The most of these productions of art arrive from Siberia, where the prisoners carve the ivory of the morse, as the galley-slaves at Toulon do the cocoa-nut shell. These animals are found in great numbers on the southern coasts of Spitzbergen; one fishing-boat kills usually two or three hundred every season.

### EFFECTS OF MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

A scientific writer says that bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke; Chilo, Diogenes, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip the Fifth. The doorkeeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that had produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize, for which he had competed, had been awarded to another.

Ambition is frequently the only refuge that life has left to the denied or mortified affections. We hide at the grasping eye, the darling wing, the soul that seems to thirst for sovereignty only, and know not that the flight of this ambitious bird has been from a bosom, or a home, that is filled with ashes.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRAVELLERS.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

Two travellers, journeying through the land—  
 Each having the same goal in view—  
 Fell out and quarrelled by the way,  
 About the path they should pursue.  
 Each looked with softly kindling eye  
 To where in smiling beauty lay  
 The city with its calm delight—  
 Yet doubted each the other's way.

One walked in silence grim and stern,  
 With visage lengthened and severe,  
 And thought the only passports there  
 Were earned by pain and sorrow here.  
 The other wore a smiling face,  
 And grew in sweetness day by day,  
 Using the gifts which God had given,  
 To cheer and beautify the way.

One chose the hardest, dreariest way,  
 And closely shut his wilful eyes  
 To all the beauty of the earth,  
 And all the glory of the skies.  
 The other walked through flowery meads,  
 The sunshine ever on his path;  
 His happy vision ever saw  
 The rainbow o'er the cloud of wrath.

One crucified with pious zeal  
 All love of Nature and her laws;  
 And bore his cross so all the world  
 Might see how great the burden was!  
 The other loved all beauteous things—  
 The seasons rise, the seasons fall;  
 And bore his cross with heart so light,  
 Men doubted he had one at all!

The city reached, they turn—when lo!  
 Each gladly greets with sweet surprise  
 His fellow-traveller—wiser grown,  
 The scales well stricken from his eyes.  
 Each finds some hidden good in each  
 Since he has gained this calm retreat;  
 And softly says, "Thank God, at last  
 Here all diverging pathways meet!"

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE HALF-WAY ROCK.

## A TALE OF SCOTLAND.

BY WM. B. OLIVER.

HALF way between the Island of Mull and the possessions of the lords of Argyle, in Scotland, a huge black rock rises up from its ocean bed, like a dreary watch-tower. Seen

at low water mark, this is the effect it would have upon the beholder. When the tide rises, its steep, craggy sides are submerged nearly to the summit; and sometimes, when the storm king is calling his spirits around him, even the highest point of the rock is invisible.

On a fair, sweet, summer morning, in the year 1472, a boat was seen on the still waves rolling peacefully near Mull. The island was then a gem of beauty. Careful hands had trained the sweetest flowers and formed beautiful arbors, such as might have suited the Vale of Tempe, rather than the rude wastes of Scotland. There were several persons in the boat, but the beauty of the scenery did not seem to attract them; they appeared to be watching for some object which at present was invisible. They landed upon the island, and two or three of them sprang upon a high rock and looked with earnest gaze around. In the centre of the island stood a stone building, evidently the summer resort of some person of distinction. From its towers the prospect must have been enchanting, commanding, as it did, a wide sea view and the sight of some of the fairest homes in Scotland. A path wound around the habitation and then diverged toward the sea. Just where it slanted downward to the ocean—a little grove of hardy firs protecting her from sight until the men were close to her—stood a beautiful young lady, with one white arm encircling a tree and the other hanging listlessly at her side, the hand grasping a spray of beautiful flowers.

"You are the very lady we were sent for," said he who was apparently the oldest of the party. "You will please to follow us."

"To what purpose?" she asked, with a voice that quivered, in spite of the resolution she assumed.

"We know not, lady," answered the chief. "We but obey the orders of our superiors; and we are to take you, living or dead."

"But my husband, the Lord of Maclean—he is at hand, and must be consulted upon my departure. Allow me to go to him for an instant, at least."

"Not for a second, lady. Our orders are imperative; and if you do not willingly follow us, we must use force."

The lady uttered a single shriek, upon which the man produced a stout silk handkerchief, with which he covered her mouth. One of the other men handed him a leather strap, which in a few minutes secured her hands. Then taking her firmly by the arms, the two

walked her with rapid steps to the boat's side. Lifting her gently, even tenderly, in their arms, they handed her safely over to the boatmen, who stood waiting to receive her, and the little vessel was soon dancing over the waves.

From the upper window of the castellated mansion upon the island a young woman was sitting with a lovely child, apparently about a year old, just falling asleep in her arms. A single glance from the window revealed to her what had happened.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "my poor mistress! Why did she go out without some one to defend her from these savage men? Ah, I remember, the lord went away this morning on business, as he said, and they have taken the occasion to bear her off!"

A few moments of intense thought seemed to bring other images to her mind. "The child!" she cried. "Little Hector, they want him, too. But please God, they shall be foiled this time. I know a place where I can hide the darling, where his own father could not find him."

Removing a panel in the wall, so nicely fitted that no one not in the secret could discover it, she entered a spacious room in which stood a large couch. She was about to lay the sleeping child thereon, when a sensation of chill passed over her. "No, this will not do," she said; "the other is sunny and warm, if smaller."

She re-entered her own room, took a pile of blankets from a closet, and opening another panel at the further side of the room, disclosed another secret chamber, smaller and warmer in its location than the first, but without any furniture. Throwing the pile of blankets upon the floor, she placed the child upon it, wrapping him warmly. During the day she visited him frequently, carrying food and drink to the little prisoner, but carefully closing the panel whenever she returned.

Evening came at last, and she stole out unperceived with the child in her arms, and a companion by her side.

"Keep close to me, Dugald," was her repeated injunction to the youth who walked beside her. "Our poor mistress, if she be not killed by those cruel men, must see her baby again. We will take him to Argyle, where he will be safe with his grandfather; and perhaps the old lord will do something to recover his lost daughter."

Dugald was a skilful rower, and it was not

long before he and Jean were walking up the noble avenue of Argyle, where we will leave them at present.

Helen Campbell, the daughter of Lord Argyle, had been affianced to young Hector Græme, with the reluctant consent of her father, who would have preferred a richer suitor. But Hector, though scarcely a mate for her in rank, was, in all other things, her equal. She loved him with the pure unselfishness of a first attachment, with which ambition has nothing to do. Had he been king of Scotland, it would have added nothing to his worth in her eyes; nor could she conceive why her father should object merely on the score of distinction or wealth.

At the time of her betrothal the houses of Argyle and Maclean were deep in those deadly feuds so long existing between them. Bitter indeed was the strife that led to open combat. Maclean was conquered by the Lord of Argyle, and was compelled to swear eternal peace. But he coupled his promise to avoid future hostilities with the demand for the hand of Argyle's daughter; and unmindful of her engagement to Græme, he at length acceded to the terms of Maclean.

It was not in the nature of Helen Campbell to transfer her love to a second party. She shrunk from the proposition, like a true-hearted girl as she was; but every objection was overruled by her father, who desired her to forget Hector Græme, and prepare to meet Maclean as her husband.

Forget Hector? As well might he command the waves to cease from flowing around Maclean's island home. But her father banished Græme from the castle, and forbade him from entering the walls again; and calling upon his daughter to redeem his sacred promise to Maclean, the unhappy girl prepared to obey.

Hector was gone, her father displeased at her reluctance, and life altogether looked so blank and dreary, that she cared not what became of her. Sadly, and with a listless indifference foreign to her character, she suffered her faithful Jean, who was burning with rage against her old master, to dress her for the wedding, and became the wife of Maclean—the mistress of the beautiful island-home.

Without a wish, a hope, a fear, she lingered out the first year of her marriage. She was dead even to memory. It was rare that she remembered Hector; and Jean, who accompanied her to her new abode, was careful not

to feed the bitter memory by any mention of his name.

Maclean was kind and thoughtful of her comfort, and she was a true, if not a loving wife—grateful for every proof of his consideration, and giving him no reason to suppose that she wished any other home. In the second year a child was born that brought a ray of delight to Helen. She was never tired of her boy, and all other loves seemed absorbed in this new affection. Jean, ever faithful, relieved her of all wearing care; but her dearest pleasure was to watch his unfolding beauty and intellect.

Meantime the brothers of Maclean, who were never satisfied with his marriage, were daily besieging him to part from his wife, and wed another who should bring to the clan of Maclean a wealth and power that would enable them to open new sources of conquest. It irked the proud Macleans that their brother should wed with one whose father had been their bitter foe. Once the daughter out of the way—and the wicked brothers cared not whether by death or otherwise—they could attack him again in his stronghold, now rendered safe by his daughter's alliance with their brother.

He who deliberates is lost; and Maclean found himself dwelling upon the advantages of his kinsmen's proposition. His next step was easy. He listened and listened to their representations, shut his heart wilfully to right feelings, and finally consented, though with a show of reluctance, that they should take Helen away from him with her child, and that he should fulfil the brilliant prospect they had promised him. He consented with the proviso that Helen's life should be spared, to which they readily agreed.

Maclean was to absent himself on an appointed day, and then the deed of carrying her off was to be accomplished. The promise once given was eagerly seized upon by the brothers, and Maclean weakly and sinfully absented himself, so that the unhappy lady might have no one to call upon to defend her from the ruffians who had thus plotted her destruction—sinful as if he had plotted it with them, and more cowardly than they. Even the requisition that he made of them to save her life, was but another type of his selfishness; for he feared future consequences, when these very persons might betray his part in the shameful league against the innocent woman who had been forced to give up her first love for him.

The boat that held the almost distracted lady sped on its way toward Argyle. In the midst of her agony, a glance showed her this fact, and the knowledge calmed her suffering. "He is taking me to my father," was her first thought, as the silvered oars gleamed brightly at each stroke. Alas, poor lady! Not such was the meaning of the demons that had entrapped thee. All at once the boat ceased to dance over the waves, and again she felt rude hands upon her shoulders and around her waist. Shrinking from the touch with all the instinctive delicacy of a virtuous woman, she was about to entreat them to desist, when a shadow fell upon her; and looking upward, she saw that the boat was close to the terrible rock that lay midway between her two homes. At this sight she seemed to comprehend their designs. In mute agony she ceased to resist.

"It is but death, after all, then," she murmured, as she divined their murderous intentions. "God help me! It is better than I feared."

One thought to her husband and child, one prayer for her soul, thus suddenly to be called before its judge, and the poor lady felt herself borne up the wet sides of the rock. Here she was left standing alone. The summer breeze blew aside the floating dress of white, and the summer sun was scorching the fair, delicate face into fever; but she stood bravely up, watching the men as they slipped down the wet rock into their boat, and left her with the tide rising rapidly around her. It came higher every moment. Every dash of the waves wetted her dress, until its weight grew heavy and threatened to drag her downward into the water. Far away in the blue distance, a little speck that looked no larger than a sea-gull, was floating towards her. The sight gave her a sensation of something like hope. It was cheering to see anything alive, she thought, for she did not doubt that it was a living thing. It came nearer, enlarging every moment, and the forlorn desolation of her situation seemed less painful. Gracious Heaven! it is a boat, with living beings in it, and the sheen of sparkling wet oars, and the glad sound of musical human voices, coming nearer, still nearer. It comes close to the terrible rock, and through the clear air she can distinguish one voice, whose slightest tone could once stir the pulses of her heart—the voice, dear and unforgotten, of Hector Grame! She looked down the dizzy height to where the little boat was rocking beneath, and a wild tempest of passion broke over her. Was she

to die, and Hector looking on powerless to save her, and he not to know who was perishing there above him? And now that the waters were touching her slender waist—even now, she felt that God had sent Hector Græme to save her.

At that moment Hector looked up, and she caught his gaze. The next, he was coming up the slippery sides of the rock, followed by the boatmen. Another moment and he was pillowing the drooping head upon his breast, while the boatmen were lashing ropes around them both, and the two remaining in the boat were holding the ends, ready to draw them gently and carefully down the dangerous descent. Neither of them had spoken, although strange thoughts had flashed through the minds of each. Hector was wondering how the wife of Maclean could be left alone on that dreary height, and Helen could only marvel why he alone should have been sent to her rescue—Hector Græme, of all the world.

But she soon grew insensible to all things. The strain upon her nerves had been too great, and she fainted. When, after hours of unconsciousness, she at length awoke, her father's face was bending over her, her father's voice was in her ear; and as a tired child rests on the bosom of its mother, she laid her wearied head upon his shoulder and wept.

A sweeter surprise awaited her waking. Her little child was close beside her with its nurse, and Hector Græme was standing near. She extended her pale hand to him, and called him her preserver, and he only simply said, "I am so glad." There was so much to say, that he lost the power of speech.

Lord Argyle was summoned from Helen's room a few days after this event to meet his hopeful son-in-law. The face of the latter was drawn into a mock solemnity, that, knowing that his child and grandchild were safe and well, was to the earl perfectly ludicrous. He came to announce the sudden death and burial of his wife, shedding a few crocodile tears as he told the sad story of her death. He went on relating it, until a glance at the earl showed him that he was listening to it with a grim composure that he could not understand, when he recalled the depth of fondness which Helen had ever received from her father. There was little conversation between them after this, and Maclean rose to go. At the door of the apartment Lord Argyle detained him a moment to invite him to meet a few of the nearest relatives on an appointed

day not far distant. Maclean promised, and they parted.

When the day came he was almost the first guest that arrived. He seemed very uneasy at the strange calmness of Lord Argyle, but struggled to imitate what he could not feel. Guest after guest came, until the wide apartments were filled. Maclean whispered his brother that Lord Argyle must be insane, to draw together such a concourse of people so soon after Helen's death. The brother heard him with a grim smile, thinking perhaps of the place where he had left her, and how easily he had persuaded Maclean that he had hidden, but not taken her life. Suddenly a curtain at the further extremity of the grand suite of apartments rose, and a picture was exhibited that chained the eyes of all, and made some hearts sink with terror and despair. Before them was Helen Græme in a rich attire, with the glow of health upon her cheek, and a wild sparkle in her eye, looking more lovely than ever. Her child sat at her feet, glancing roguishly into her face, and holding fast by her dress. The Lord of Argyle gazed steadily upon the face of Maclean, and saw it redden and pale by turns, until the guilty man, unable to bear this proof of his deceit and falsehood, uttered a wild cry, and would have left the room, had he not been withheld by strong arms.

"Let him go, my friends," said the earl. "He has been punished sufficiently; but arrest the two who would have murdered my child."

Maclean's brothers were conveyed to prison to await trial, while their miserable dupe mounted his horse and rode away. Careless of danger, he urged the timid animal over the side of a precipice, and both were dashed headlong at its foot. One struggle, and Maclean was gone to appear at a mightier tribunal than he had escaped on earth.

Hector Græme's old passion for Helen Campbell, as she was again called, revived. He lingered late upon the evenings in which he called to arrange shooting excursions with her brother, the young Lord L'Orne. Helen did not wear the mockery of mourning, but she did not forget that she was a widow and her child an orphan; and her sweet, quiet face was almost sad in its seriousness and gravity.

A year had gone by, and at its termination a tender tale, that had its beginning years ago, was told to the end. Helen Campbell's hand lay in her lover's, as it had lain before, and he only waited a kind answer to press the lips

at had once yielded to his kiss. The answer came lovingly from those lips. Almost forgotten was the dreary past in the sweet promise of the future. But she told him that she could not stay in sight of that terrible rock; and when the ceremony was completed that made them one, Hector took her and the child to France, to drown the memory of by-gone sorrow.

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#### CARELESS WASTE.

We know a family of two persons in which is daily cooked food enough for twice that number. The surplus stands about the pantry exposed to flies, dust, heat, frost, and casualties; or it is re-cooked, at twice the original cost; half of it to be eaten, and the remainder, with vegetables, mouldy bread and fruit, etc., to be consigned to the pigs. Here is a waste of food which requires a pretty long purse to maintain. Yet both husband and wife are constantly complaining of hard times. They lack money, and fear positive want. Well they may; for if anything is sure to bring want it is waste.

When the flour barrel is empty, the molasses keg drained, the sugar spent and other things gone, neither husband nor wife seem to think that an unnecessary part of the whole has been devoured by the pigs, nor that, if Mrs. Eve would have one kind of food for each meal, and put on the table only half the usual quantity at once, they both would enjoy their meals far better, and have the surplus in good condition to be relished at future meals. Nobody relishes bread that has been handled, broken, rejected. But, newly-cut, wholesome looking, it is always enjoyed by the hungry. A meal consisting of but few kinds, is more enjoyed, as well as more healthful, than if composed of all kinds. Profusion is as unfavorable to enjoyment as it is to health and the purse. Simplicity and economy ensure domestic comfort and prosperity; but a thriftless habit brings sure ruin. Don't laugh, Mrs. Eve, saying, "I wonder how neighbor Show-off would like that!"—it means you, *you*.

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A young lady who talks eloquently about love, is probably incapable of feeling much of it. Deep feeling does not overflow in words. Many a young woman sincerely believes that she is capable of a never-ending attachment, when she likes only the excitement of having a lover and hearing her virtues extolled by others.

#### SOCRATES.

The Socrates of our imagination is a very different man from the Socrates of cotemporaneous Athenians. To them he was no more than an idle loungee in the public places and corners of the streets; grotesque, severe, repulsive in his person; affecting in the oddities of his walking and in his appearance many of the manners of the mountebank. Neglecting the pursuit of an honest calling, for his trade was that of a stone-cutter, he wasted his time in discoursing with such youths as his lecherous countenance and satyr-like person could gather round him, leading them astray from the gods of his country; the flimsy veil of his hypocrisy being too transparent to conceal his infidelity. \* \* \* The good woman, Xantippe, is, to all appearance, one of those characters who are unfairly judged of by the world. Socrates married her because of her singular conversational powers; and though he himself possessed extraordinary merits in that respect, he found to his cost, when too late, that he was altogether her inferior. Among the amusing instances related of his domestic difficulties were the consequences of his invitations to persons to dine with him, when there was nothing in the house wherewith to entertain them; a proceeding severely trying to the temper of Xantippe, whose course would unquestionably be defended by the matrons of any nation. It was nothing but the mortification of a high-spirited woman at the acts of a man too shiftless to have any concern for his domestic honor. He would not gratify her by accepting from those upon whom he bestowed his time, the money so greatly needed at home.

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#### MEAN IN BUSINESS.

There is no greater mistake that a business man can make than to be mean in his business. Always taking the half cent for dollars he has made and is making. Such a policy is very much like the farmer who sows three pecks of seed when he ought to have sown five, and as a recompense for the meanness of his soul, only gets ten where he ought to have got fifteen bushels of grain. Everybody has heard of the proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish." A liberal expenditure in the way of business is always sure to be a capital investment.

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The child who cried for an hour didn't get it!



[ORIGINAL.]

## THE TRAGEDY OF EASTER SUNDAY.

BY ERNEST VANE.

OF all the public feuds which have claimed the notice of historians, none have surpassed, in intensity or duration, that between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines. Through long years it flourished, bearing bitter fruits and stinging thorns, until Innocent III. ascended the papal throne, and, by the purity and sanctity of his sway, promoted something like repose among the unquiet spirits that surrounded him. Florence, like many other cities, accepted his protection; and for a while the haughty nobles laid aside their differences under the benignant rule of the new pope. Men greeted each other cheerily, who once had met only with a brow of anger or a lip of scorn; and they who little knew how long hatred and jealousy never slumbers save for a few brief periods, anticipated the time when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, and a little child should lead them, as is declared in Holy Writ.

Vain dreams! Scarcely six months had passed in this apparent calm, when the sleeping lion awoke, shaking from his brow the peaceful flower-crown, and arousing all the bad passions that had shaken the cities of the south like a whirlwind. The cloud that had so long hovered over Florence darkened into night.

One of the young nobles belonging to the Guelph faction had been ardently attached to the daughter of a Ghibeline family. Never seemed two beings more fitted for each other. Francesco Adimari was the personification of manly beauty and intelligence. He occupied a princely residence in the upper Val d'Arno, and to this abode he soon meant to convey his bride. The family of Castiglione were also preparing, upon a magnificent scale, to receive him as the chosen bridegroom of their beloved Leonora—the worshipped daughter who was sole heiress of their wealth and affection.

It wanted but a few weeks of the time that was to intervene before the wedding day, that Francesco Adimari was returning from the Castiglione palace. Absorbed in contemplation of the approaching event, he did not raise his eyes from the ground, until he heard his name uttered by a woman's voice.

He looked up astonished, for he did not

recognize the voice. A lady, closely veiled, was standing at a window, in what he now saw to be the Fieschi palace. She called him again to enter; and, thinking that some accident might have led to the seeming impropriety of calling in a stranger, he entered somewhat hastily. A lady whom he knew by sight as the mistress of the palace which belonged to a Guelph family, and the same whose voice had called him, was herself at the door; and, with the freedom which he would expect from only an intimate acquaintance, she led him to an apartment where some of her ladies were seated at work.

A veiled figure stood at the upper part of the room, toward which the lady impatiently drew him. She suddenly raised the veil and showed him a face such as his wildest dreams had never imagined. The face he had just left, and which had satisfied his fastidious taste fully, faded into insipidity as he gazed upon the glorious features of Ippolita Fieschi—features perfect in themselves and borrowing a new charm from the expression of regal dignity and saintly purity that irradiated them.

But even the wonder of that exquisite face did not abate his astonishment at its palpable exposure to his admiration. Not a word was spoken, but the beauty wept and sobbed at this strange exhibition of herself, showing him plainly that she had no share in this out-rage of delicate propriety.

His only resort was to turn to the exhibition of the pantomimic show, and mutely ask the why and wherefore.

"You are surprised, my lord prince. I have only this beautiful face of my child, to plead for the breaking of conventional rules. It has been my favorite plan to make her *your wife*."

Francesco started, and the rich blood surged over his face and brow, as he thought of his affianced wife.

"I see what you think, but it does not deter me from pursuing my plan. The heiress of Castiglione is an alien to your principles. My child is a Guelph—a friend to your race."

She uttered this in a soft, specious tone that carried command, mingled with entreaty, to the ear of the susceptible Italian. Dazzled, bewildered, enchanted, he forgot the vows he had paid but a brief hour before—forgot the proud beauty who had bent her stately head to press her lips upon his brow as he knelt before her—forgot honor, truth, all, before the witching spell thus cast upon him.

He knelt to the fair Fieschi, as he had knelt to Leonora; deprecated the grief that seemed to assail her, and plighted his vows to her as easily as if they were not already another's. How proudly the lady of the palace smiled, and how sweetly the young girl allowed him to dry her tears! The long cherished plan had worked charmingly.

That this curious little episode excited the anger and indignation of the friends of Leonora Castiglione, cannot be wondered at. Twenty-four noble Ghibelline families espoused her cause, and all decided that an affront so grossly offered could never be effaced, save with the blood of him who dared to bestow it. And they who had met to talk over this strange affair, swore to execute vengeance upon the false and fickle lover.

Meantime, how sped it with the young and beautiful heiress of Fieschi? She was no party to the high-handed scheme of her mother. She wept continually at the sacrifice of her delicacy in being offered to Francesco. She knew already of his betrothal, and his fickle conduct filled her with contempt and resentment. She sat alone in her chamber, refusing admittance to all, save a young girl who was her faithful attendant. To her, she poured forth her unavailing complaints of the way in which every feeling of her soul had been outraged.

False as the recreant knight had proved, Leonora still loved him. She, too, sat in her lonely chamber, with only her little maid to console her. The girl brought her a sealed note, a day or two after Francesco's desertion, which she eagerly opened, thinking it came from him.

It was from Ippolita Fieschi; entreating her to believe that she had no part in the late unworthy transfer of the attentions of her recreant lover, expressing only disgust at the whole affair, and declaring that she would not submit to an alliance with him, whatever might be her peril in refusing.

Leonora answered her epistle. Her love, she told her, was unaltered; and she was filled with terror at the threats of her friends to execute vengeance upon Francesco. Would Ippolita help her to avert it from his beloved head?

A little scorn mingled with Ippolita's pity for the forsaken girl; but she readily acceded to her request for an interview, and they met secretly, at night, to devise some plan for his safety.

The morning of Easter Sunday arose in the

full, serene beauty of the Florentine spring.

—“Nobler joy is won

By this glad morning's birth,  
And gifts more precious by its breath are shed  
Than music on the breeze, dew on the violet's head.  
Gifts for the *soul*, for whose illumined eye  
O'er Nature's face the coloring-glory flows;  
Gifts from the fount of Immortality,  
Which, filled with balm, unknown to human woes,  
Lay hushed in dark repose,  
Till thou, bright day-spring! made its waves our  
own,  
By thine unsealing of the burial stone.”

Every church overflowed with worshippers. They who came too late tried vainly to enter, and lingered around the tree-shadowed fountains. Among these was a young noble who had vainly asked the hand of Leonora. He had been the most bitter toward her false lover—had contrived to be present at the meeting of her friends—and had sworn to revenge the affront put upon her whom he desired to make his own. Something whispered to him, in this very hour of idle lingering, that if he could but chance upon Francesco Adimari, at a moment so unguarded as this would be, while the churches were full, he could gratify his own vengeance for having supplanted him with Leonora, and perhaps win the gratitude of the Castiglione sufficiently for them to induce her to marry him. A bold, bad man was Cesario Fiori; capable of executing all the plans which his black heart conceived. A few of his friends were lounging about the square, desperate, daring men like himself; and to them he imparted his hastily conceived design.

Ripe for anything that promised the downfall of one like Francesco Adimari, whose handsome face, perfect figure and insinuating manners had often excited their envy, they applauded Cesario's mad scheme, and offered to join him in its speedy execution. And, as if impelled onward to that unknown, terrible fate, their intended victim appeared in sight. That day he had mounted, for the first time, a proud Arabian steed which he had just imported. The trappings of the animal were of the most superb description; silver richly chased, and in great profusion. As he came onward, prancing, with his superb ornaments flashing in the sun and his head erect, as if proud of his handsome rider, he was suddenly checked in his career. A group of men, with drawn swords, stood in his path. In vain he tried to trample them under his hoofs. The swords, bright and dazzling in the sunlight,

blinded his eyes, and a strong and powerful hand held his rein. The flashing swords had already done their work upon his rider, who now lay upon the ground pierced by a hundred stabs.

What a sight for that serene and peaceful sky to witness! And lo! in the distance there are two figures hastening onward to the scene of horror. They approach the prostrate man with looks in which the concentrated terrors of a lifetime are visible. With hands clasped in each other, they kneel beside him—one with wild shrieks, the other pale, silent, horror-stricken. Were those white, shrinking, faded women the two who, but the day before, were called the beauties of Florence, unmatched in their peerless loveliness?

The crowd had now gathered around them. Some men lifted Leonora from the ground, and were about to take her away, when they were checked by Ippolita, who proudly commanded them to resign her to her care.

"I am her father, lady," said a voice near her.

Ippolita turned in the direction of the voice and saw an old man who was shrinking from the terrible sight before them. Much as he had desired vengeance, this summary mode of obtaining it had disgusted and repelled him. The sight of Francesco's blood had paled his cheek and brought great drops of sweat to his brow.

"Her father! Old man, you have killed your sweet child. Did you not see that her love for him was undying? Yet you concerted with others to take the blood which these ruffians have only caused to flow a little sooner than your slow, refined cruelty demanded!"

"Heed her not, Leonora. Who is this who comes between me and my child?"

"No matter!" cried the girl. "She is one who, at least, has been kinder to this poor child than her own have been."

And she tenderly gathered the almost dying form of Leonora in her arms, as she knelt beside the bleeding corpse of Francesco.

All now was wild confusion. The churches were giving forth their thousands of worshippers, and the authorities were making their way into the crowd to see that the murdered remains were properly disposed of. Leonora struggled for a moment to retain her place beside Francesco, but fainted with the effort.

Ippolita drew her to the fountain, and the cool spray revived her for a few minutes.

"I am dying, Ippolita!" she said, as she

leaned upon the arm that caressed her. "I shall see him soon, in a world where sorrows like these are unknown. He will be *miac*, there—mine alone. But for your fatal beauty, Ippolita, he would have been still alive; but you are not to blame, dear friend. It was your mother's cruel act—cruel alike to him, to you and to me. We were so happy but a few short weeks ago, and now, what a wreck is here!"

She was nearer death than Ippolita could have believed. The shock had broken her heart. She died with that cool spray still bathing her fair young brow, lying only a few steps from him whom she had loved so well.

For thirty years after this outrage, the streets of Florence were bathed in blood. For thirty years, the war between the two hostile clans ran high and madly. Over the dead body of Francesco hundreds had sworn to avenge his terrible death; and they kept their oath.

All through those dreadful years, a pale, nunlike girl sat at a window of the Fieschi palace—her face still beautiful, but like the beauty of the dead. No one saw her but her faithful nurse. For years she had not heard a voice but hers. To her, she was ever gentle and sweet; but she would admit no one else to her presence.

When the storm that had desolated Florence had partially subsided, she passed away. So peaceful was her end, that the old nurse who held her hand did not know when the long-troubled spirit quitted its frail casket.

#### A BRAVE MAN'S ANSWER.

The brave Pierre Stuppa, the Swiss general, having been deputed by the Thirteen Cantons to solicit the arrears of pay which had been owing for a long time to the Swiss officers from the French government, M. de Louvois, the war minister, who was present, said to the king (Louis XIV.), "Sire, those Swiss are very importunate. If your majesty had all the money that your royal predecessors have given to that people, it would form a road from Paris to Basil." "That may be," observed Stuppa, with an air of firmness; "but, at the same time, if your majesty had all the blood that the Swiss have shed in the service of France, it would form a river from Paris to Basil." The king was so struck with the observation, that he ordered M. de Louvois to pay the whole of the money, without the least deduction or the smallest delay.

## The Florist.

"For us kind Nature wakes her genial power,  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower!  
Annual for us the grape, the rose, renew  
The juice nectarious, and the balmy dew;  
For us she mines a thousand treasures brings,  
For us health gushes from a thousand springs."

### Chinese Orysanthemum.

This is one of the handsomest autumnal flowers, and easily cultivated in almost any soil. It stands the winter without covering, but is best cultivated in pots, where it can receive protection when in bloom, in severe weather in autumn. In warm seasons it flowers well in October and November, in a sheltered place, in the open ground. The plants may be cultivated in the garden till they are in bud, when they may be safely transferred to pots; but it would be better to commence their cultivation from the slip or cutting, in the spring, and sink the pots into the ground, in a shady place, until the time of taking up. The varieties are endless, early and late, tassel-flowered, quilled, flat-petalled, etc., with every shade of light purple, yellow, white, lilac, bluish brown, red brown, etc. For common culture, divide the roots in the spring, and plant them out, where they are to stand, in a warm exposure, in good rich loam. As they are coming into bud, give them occasional waterings with liquid manure.

### Helianthus—Sun-Flower.

*Helianthus*, from Greek, signifying the sun and a flower. Nothing can be a more complete ideal representation of the sun, than the gigantic annual sun-flower, with its golden rays. It is dedicated, with great propriety, to the sun; but the idea, entertained by some, that the flowers are turned to the sun at all hours of the day, is erroneous. There are varieties of indigenous perennial sun-flowers, that produce a profusion of yellow flowers in autumn; which, being generally tall-growing plants (from four to six feet high) might be an additional ornament to extensive shrubberies. *Helianthus multiflora*—Many-flowered.—The double variety of this plant has large deep-yellow flowers, in August and September, of the size and form of the dahlia. It has thick, fleshy roots, every piece of which will make a strong plant when planted in the spring.

### Sky-blue Commelina.

Tender annual, or perennial, if the roots are taken up and housed. The splendid blue flowers of this plant cannot be excelled, and its profusion of blossoms renders it deserving of cultivation in every flower-garden. The plant blooms from the middle of June to October. The roots are tuberous, and keep well through winter, if taken up after the blooming season, and preserved like dahlia roots. Plants from the old roots grow, in good soil, from two to three feet high; those from seeds reach only from one to two feet.

### Calandrinia.

*Calandrinia grandiflora*.—This is a half-hardy annual; grows two feet high; blooms from June to October. It is a fine plant for growing in masses. When the fine, rosy lilac flowers of this very beautiful plant are fully expanded, being produced in vast profusion, and continuing for so long time in bloom, they make a pleasing appearance, and never fail to give ample satisfaction. To have it in its greatest perfection, the seed should be planted in pots, and placed in a hotbed early in the spring. In June the plants should be turned into the ground. The soil should be a rich sandy loam. *Calandrinia discolor* is in habit very much like the other; the foliage is purple on the under side; it requires the same treatment.

### Zinnia.

Handsome border annual plants, requiring the same cultivation as the marigold. *Zinnia elegans* with its varieties, are all handsome flowering plants; in bloom from July to October; two or three feet high. The colors of some of the varieties are very brilliant, and particularly the scarlets. The colors are white, pale to dark yellow, orange to scarlet; shades from rose to crimson, from crimson to light purple, lilac, etc. The flowers are handsome when it first commences the process of blooming; the central, or disk part of it, which contains the florets, as they begin to form seed, assume a conic shape, and a brown, husky appearance, which gives the flower a coarse, unsightly look.

### Mallows.

Some of the species are showy plants. All the species are of the easiest cultivation. *M. alcea*.—A pretty, hardy perennial, from Germany, with purple flowers from July to October; three feet high; easily propagated by seed or divisions of the roots. Varieties of the same, with pink and white flowers; lower leaves angular; upper, five-parted, cut; stems and calyxes velvety.

### Scarlet Chelone.

A half-hardy perennial, from Mexico, three feet high, from July to September, with orange scarlet flowers. It will be necessary to cover it well with fine boughs or straw, in the winter, or they may be destroyed by the cold. All the species are handsome border flowers, of easy culture in a loam and peat soil, and can be propagated by parting the roots, or by seed.

### Side-Saddle Flower.

This very curious plant is found growing in our wet, boggy meadows and swamps. It will succeed in any wet corner of the garden (if there is any such), and it is well worthy a place, on account of the singularity of the leaves, which are tubular and hold water. The stigma of the flower resembles a woman's pillion of olden time; hence the common name.

## The Housewife.

### Cranberry, Grape and Currant Jelly.

They are all made in the same manner. Take the fruit in its prime; wash, and drain it till nearly dry; then put it in an earthen jar or pot, and set the pot in a kettle of hot water to boil, taking care that none of it gets into the jar. When the fruit breaks, turn it into a flannel bag, and let it drain slowly through into a deep dish, without squeezing. When the juice has all passed through the bag, put to each pint of it a pound and a half of white-sugar. Put to each quart of the syrup the beaten white of an egg. Set the syrup where it will boil gently; as fast as any scum rises, take the syrup from the fire, and skim it clear. Boil fifteen or twenty minutes, and then try it in cold water; if it sinks, it is done. Pour into tumblers, sealing them over with white paper smeared with the white of egg (which will make the paper stick to the glass), and place them in the sun till made.

### Home-made Yeast.

Take a handful of loose hops (a pinch only of pressed ones), and tie in a bit of muslin; boil twenty minutes in two quarts of water; take them out, and throw in four sliced potatoes, and boil till soft; strain all through a sieve, and add a half-teacup of salt, and the same of brown sugar; scald these, and let it stand till lukewarm; add sufficient yeast to rise it. When quite light, or when it ceases to bubble up, put it in a jug or covered jar, set in a cool place, and it will keep good a fortnight in hot weather, and a month or more in cold.

### Apricot Sweetmeat for Tarts.

Take a pound of ripe apricots, remove the stones, break them and blanch the kernels; add one pound and a half of green gages, and one pound and a quarter of lump sugar; simmer it until the fruit becomes a jam. It must not boil, and must be kept well skimmed; clarified sugar will be found the best to use for this preserve.

### Pickled Plums.

Seven pounds of plums, three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, and one ounce of cloves. Place the plums in alternate layers with the sugar and spice, in a deep dish. Scald a quart of vinegar, and pour it over them once a day for three days. Then put them into a kettle and let them come to a slow boil. When cold they will be ready for use.

### Pickled Peppers.

Take two dozen large size garden peppers (green); slit them carefully on the side; take out the pulp; put on a tablespoonful of salt, and cover them with boiling water every morning for nine days; then fill them with cabbage cut fine, and a little salt. Sew them up and lay them in vinegar.

### Coloring for Jellies, Cakes, etc.

For a beautiful red, boil fifteen grains of cochineal in the finest powder with a dram and a half of cream of tartar in half a pint of water, very slowly, half an hour; add in boiling a bit of alum, the size of a pea, or use beet root sliced, and some liquor poured over.—For white, use almonds finely powdered, with a little drop of water, or use cream.—For yellow, yolks of eggs, or a bit of saffron steeped in the liquor and squeezed.—For green, pound spinach leaves or beet leaves, express the juice, and boil a teacupful in a saucepan of water.

### Cleaning Tin Ware.

Acids should never be employed to clean tin ware, because they attack the metal, and remove it from the iron of which it forms a thin coat. We refer to articles made of tin plate, which consists of iron covered with tin. Rub the article first with rotten-stone and sweet oil, then finish with whiten- ing and a piece of soft leather. Articles made wholly of tin should be cleaned in the same manner. In a dry atmosphere planished tin ware will remain bright for a long period, but they soon become tarnished in moist air.

### Icing for Cake.

For a large cake, beat eight ounces of fine sugar put it into a mortar, with four spoonful of rosewater, and the whites of two eggs, beaten and strained; whisk it well, and when the cake is almost cold, dip a feather in the icing, and cover the cake well; set it in an oven to harden, but do not let it remain long enough to discolor; keep the cake in a dry place.

### Lemon Jelly.

To a pint of water put an ounce of white isinglass, pulled into shreds and rinsed, and the rinds of six lemons. Stir till dissolved, and then add a pint of lemon juice, and sweeten with white sugar. Boil four or five minutes; color with tincture of saffron; strain and fill glasses when nearly cool.

### Treacle Pudding.

To a pound of stoned raisins add three-quarters of a pound of shred suet, a pound of flour, a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of treacle, grated ginger, and pounded spice; stir all up well, and boil it four hours in a floured cloth.

### Icing for Tarts.

Beat the yolk of an egg and some melted butter well together; wash the tarts with a feather, and sift sugar over as you put them into the oven, or beat white of egg; wash the paste, and sift some white sugar.

### Grape Tart.

Take the youngest grapes before stones are formed; pick and scald them the same as currants or gooseberries, and finish the same as other tarts. More sugar will be required than usual, on account of the extreme tartness of the fruit.

## Curious Matters.

### Wonders of Sleep.

In Turkey, if a man fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blow toward him, he becomes narcotized, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstances, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Dr. Appenhenim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Craves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman thirty years of age, who, from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to a disease, but chiefly to abuse of opium, until at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his, who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A student at Edinburg, upon hearing suddenly of the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noonday, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed, fell asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Hamadt slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once four days. Dr. Maenish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep; and Dr. Elliotson quotes a case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours into three parts—eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to meditation, and eight to converse with the world. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorized rays of its polarized light are permitted to fall into their apartments; hence the name of lunatics. There certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state, for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma inevitably become infected with its noxious air; while travellers who go through without stopping escape the miasma. Intense cold produces sleep, and those who perish in the snow sleep on till the sleep of death.

### Curious Discovery.

Not long since, a lad, the son of George P. Reed, of Roxbury, while picking berries in May's Woods, in climbing over a ledge of rocks, put his hands into a cavity under a flat rock, in order to draw himself up, when accidentally looking into the cavity, he saw something bright. He picked it up and found it was a curious piece of silver money. Upon seeking further and removing the dirt he

succeeded, to his great delight, in finding twenty-five pieces more. The money proved to be of the Pine Tree coinage of Massachusetts, 1652, being of the denominations of shillings, sixpences, three-pences and twopences.

### The Moslem Solomon.—A curious Problem.

Three brothers were heirs to their father's oxen, seventeen in number. By the Mohammedan law of inheritance the eldest brother was entitled to one half, the second to one third, and the youngest to one-ninth of the whole number. As the animals could not be divided without destroying them, the subject was referred to the decision of the Commander of the Faithful, Ali. The caliph added an ox to the number, and then made the division. This gave each brother more than his share—the eldest nine, the next six, and the youngest two—and yet left to the prince the ox he had added.

### A queer People.

In a large district of Mexico bordering on the Pacific, and extending one hundred and fifty miles inland, the entire population consist of the Pinta, or painted race—their faces and their skin on every part presenting the appearance of colored calico. The cause of this peculiar characteristic is declared to have resulted from the perpetuity of scrofula by a lack of adequate cures, and the intermarriage of such persons throughout that region of country.

### Stitches in a Shirt.

The following is a singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt:—stitching the collar, four rows, 3000; sewing the ends, 500; button-holes, and sewing on buttons, 150; sewing the collar and gathering the neck, 1204; stitching wristbands, 1228; sewing the ends, 68; button-holes, 148; hemming the slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1468; stitching on shoulder-straps, three rows each, 1880; hemming the bosom, 898; sewing the sleeves, 2534; setting in sleeves and gussets, 3060; tapping the sleeves, 1526; sewing the seams, 848; setting side-gussets in, 494; hemming the bottom, 1104. Total number of stitches, 20,649.

### Remarkably prolonged Sleep.

Dr. Cousins, of Portsmouth, England, has under his care an extraordinary case of this nature. The subject of it is a farmer, aged forty-three. He has never suffered from any head affection, and his general health has been excellent. At various times during the last twenty years he has been subject to unusually prolonged sleep. The longest period of somnolency is five days and nights; three is not uncommon, and even four, but the average time is about two days. He never dreams; memory is retentive, and when he becomes conscious after these attacks, he remembers everything that happened just before.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### LADIES' DRESSES.

Many are still alive who can recollect those extraordinary gowns, with waists under the arms, and those equally extraordinary bonnets, which came over the face like cows upon very smoky chimneys; those dresses that clung so close to the wearers that they looked as if they had been dragged through a horse-pond, and which were so short that one would think all the ladies of that age had, with one consent, followed the example of St. Martin, and cut off half their garments to cover the poor. Go on to about 1830, and see how the bonnets rose to menacing heaven, and spread out to the east and to the west, and how those clinging garments had turned plethoric in the sleeves. These, of course, are sights which must be painful to every well-regulated mind in 1863; yet each fashion in its turn received implicit credit. Was it then good dressing? Certainly not. Then come down to ten years ago, and you will find that the close-clinging dresses had filled out and expanded; the sleeves were vandyked, and great bows were out of fashion, while the head was covered with a small and modest bonnet. You ask if that is good dressing. We say it is. Women dressed well ten years ago, but they would not let well alone. They had got rid of St. Martin's gowns; they had got rid of bonnets which expanded to the east and to the west, and which rose to the zenith; they had got variety of color. Having all these advantages, they yet listened to some powerful but tasteless adviser, and so then they made their gowns stiff with cages of whalebone and iron, reviving the costumes of Elizabeth and Marie Antoinette, which we thanked our stars had marched off, never, as we fondly hoped, to reappear. But here are the old antediluvian hoops again; and the small, graceful bonnet is changed for one which pokes up like a coal-scoop. It was formerly a coal-scuttle, but now you will agree with us it is more like a coal-scoop. So there our ladies are. Ten years ago you were well-dressed ladies! but you would not let well alone, and now you are dressed.

### TIME FOR CUTTING FLOWERS.

Never cut your flowers during the intense sunshine, nor keep them exposed to the sun or wind; do not collect them in large bundles, nor tie them tightly together, as this hastens their decay. Do not pull them, but cut them cleanly off the plant with a sharp knife, not with a pair of scissors. When taken indoors, place them in the shade, and reduce them to the required length of stock with a sharp knife, by which means the tubes through which they draw up the water are left open, and the water is permitted to ascend freely, whereas if the stems are bruised or lacerated, these pores are closed up. Use pure water to set them in, or pure white sand in a state of saturation, sticking the ends of the stalks in it, but not in a crowded manner. If in water alone, it ought to be changed daily, and a thin slice should be cut off the ends of the stalks at every change of water. Water about milk-warm, or containing a small quantity of camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, will often revive flowers that have begun to fade. Place a glass shade over them during the night, or indeed at all such times as they are not purposely exhibited. Shade them from very bright sunshine, and when uncovered, set them where they may not be exposed to a draught of air. A cool temperature during the summer is favorable for them, and the removal of the slightest symptoms of decay is necessary. When carried to a distance, carry them in a shallow airtight tin case, or cover them with paper to exclude them from air and light. Charcoal saturated with water is also a good media to stick them in, and the thinner they are kept the better.

JUST so.—The fast men of Charleston call Davis and his Richmond concern "old night-caps." Yes, and well ruffled, just now.

A FACT.—In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure? In the case of a watch.

A QUESTION.—When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?



## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DANDY.

Captain Gronow, a celebrated dandy, who flourished in the reign of George the Fourth, has published a second volume of his recollections and adventures, which is rather entertaining reading for hot weather. We clip a few extracts from his book, for the purpose of showing its general tone:

In London, in bygone days, a worldly man or woman would, without scruple, cut their father or mother did they not belong to the particular set which they considered good society. Mr. S— was once riding in the Park, many years ago, with the Marquis of C—, then one of the kings of the fashionable world, and some other dandies of that day, when they met a respectable-looking elderly man, who nodded somewhat familiarly to S—. "Who's your friend?" drawled Lord C—. "That?" replied S—; "O, a very good sort of a fellow, one of my Cheshire farmers." It was his own father; a most amiable and excellent man, and who had better blood in his veins, and a larger fortune, than any of the lordlings by whom his unworthy son was surrounded.

I remember Horace Churchill (afterwards killed in India with the rank of Major-General), who was then an ensign in the guards, entering Hoby's shop in a great passion, saying that his boots were so ill made that he should never employ Hoby for the future. Hoby, putting on a pathetic cast of countenance, called to his shopman:

"John, close the shutters. It is all over with us. I must shut up shop; Ensign Churchill withdraws his custom from me."

Churchill's fury can be better imagined than described.

On another occasion, the late Sir John Shelley came into Hoby's shop to complain that his topboots had split in several places. Hoby quietly said:

"How did that happen, Sir John?"

"Why, in walking in my stable."

"Walking in your stable?" said Hoby, with a sneer; "I made the boots for riding, not walking."

Hoby was bootmaker to the Duke of Kent; and as he was calling on H. R. H. to try on some boots, the news arrived that Lord Wellington had gained a great victory over the French army at Vittoria. The duke was kind enough to mention the glorious news to Hoby, who coolly said:

"If Lord Wellington had had any other bootmaker than myself, he never would have had his great and constant successes; for my

boots and prayers bring his lordship out of all his difficulties."

A London detective, named Townsend, was, for his daring exploits and general good conduct, selected by the Home Office to attend at drawing-rooms, levees, and all state occasions; and he became a kind of personage, and was much noticed by the royal family and the great people of the day; every one went up to speak to Townshend. He was eccentric and amusing, and somewhat inclined to take advantage of the familiarity with which he was treated; but he was a sort of privileged person, and could say what he liked.

On one occasion the Duke of Clarence recommended Townshend to publish his memoirs, which he thought would be very interesting. Townshend, who had become somewhat deaf, seemed rather surprised, but said he would obey his royal highness's commands. A few weeks afterwards, Townshend was on duty at Carlton House, when the duke asked him if he had fulfilled his promise. His answer was, "O, sir, you've got me into a devil of a scrape! I had begun to write my *amours*, as you desired, when Mrs. Townshend caught me in the act of writing them, and swore she'd be revenged; for you know, your royal highness, I was obliged to divulge many secrets about women, for which she'll never forgive me."

When the Duke of Clarence became king, and was going down to prorogue parliament, the master of the horse had not got the state carriage ready in time, and the king, in a fit of anger against Lord Albemarle, swore he would order a hackney-coach, and go to the house in that humble vehicle. Upon which Townshend, to the amazement of every one, cried out from behind a screen, "Well said, sir; I think your majesty is d—d right."

The king, very much surprised and amazed, called out, "Is that you, Townshend?"

"Yes, sir; I am here to see that your majesty has fair play!"

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LITERAL.—Jemmy remarked to his grandmother, that old Mrs. Cranshaw had the appearance of a person with one foot in the grave. "Well, really, upon my word," said the antique lady, "I thought I noticed she walked a leetle lame, lately."

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SAFE CRITERION.—You may depend upon it, that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good, and whose enemies are all of a character decidedly bad.

**HAIR DYEING.**

The practice of dyeing the hair is very often adopted, sometimes to alter the original color, sometimes to conceal the advance of age; in either case it is, in our opinion, most objectionable. It fails in many cases to produce the desired result. The result desired is the improvement of the personal appearance, and this is rarely, if ever, attained by changing the normal color of the hair. The human figure is harmoniously built, the human face harmoniously colored, the hair and complexion are adapted to each other; blue eyes, white skin, fair hair, are blended well together; so are black eyes, dark yellowish skin, and black hair; so are brown eyes, rich brown hair, and highly colored complexion; auburn hair has its own peculiarity of skin—in all instances we trace a beautiful harmony in keeping with the general character and expression of the face. Now when we interfere with the natural arrangements, and break the bond of union which subsists between the hair and the complexion, the result is always striking and often absurd; it is simply a disfigurement to make that black which is naturally red—that dark which is naturally fair: it is a failure—never answers the end proposed.

These remarks, of course, do not apply with the same force to the revival of the original color of the hair, when that tint has faded by age or other cause. To dye black, black hair that has turned white or gray, is simply to restore what existed before. But the objection to hair-dyes is still strong. First of all, the hair in its decay usually keeps pace with the rest of the body; it is not the only sign of life's winter when the snows settle on a man's brow; there is the general advance of decrepitude—the withered, wrinkled face, the sunken eye, the feeble frame: to observe all the indications of age in striking contrast with the locks of youth, excites neither admiration nor respect. And then, again, with the use of hair-dyes—supposing there be no signs of age, and the hair turned to gray or white through sickness or sorrow—there is the difficulty of securing exactly the original color, and the impossibility of concealing the dye as the hair grows and discloses at its roots where art began and nature ends. And lastly, there is the risk of changes or inconvenience from the use of the dye, and injuring the texture of the hair. "Composed as they generally are," says a French writer, "of very active remedies, they burn the hair, alter the piliferous capsule, arrest the natural secretions, and fa-

vor the production of baldness. They also produce inflammation of the scalp. I have often met with cases in which females, who had been in the habit of using these dyes, were reduced to the sad alternative of maintaining a disagreeable and painful eruption, the result of the ingredients employed, or to abandon the disguise they were intended to produce."

Nitrate of silver enters largely into the composition of black hair-dyes; this, combining with other properties in the hair, produces a chemical change; but the result is not always black; violet has been found—worse still, bright, sunny green! We do not say such instances are common; nor that nitrate of silver enters into the composition of all hair-dyes. Hair-dyes there are the secret of whose composition is supposed to be known only to their manufacturers, and the success of which is loudly vaunted; but we say, Of all hair-dyes beware: at best they can only deceive; and at the worst, they may seriously injure, not only the growth of the hair, but the general health of the body.

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**THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—The Bank of England covers five acres of ground, and employs 900 clerks; and should a clerk be too old for service, he is discharged on half pay for life. There are no windows on the street, light is admitted through open courts; no mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the centre of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines in perfect order, always in readiness in case of fire. This bank was incorporated in 1694. Capital £18,000,000 sterling, or \$90,000,000.

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**CHILDHOOD.**—There is a magic charm in its winning ways—honesty and truthfulness in its expression of affection; there is something grand and lofty in that young, untainted soul, which should pass through life uncorrupted by the deception and sensuality of the world.

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**THE WORLD.**—The world is as a coconut; there is a vulgar outside fibre, to be made into door-mats and ropes; the hard shell good for beer-cups; and the white, delicate kernel, the real worth, food for the gods.

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**LOVE.**—Love has made a grave, gouty statesman fight duels, the soldier fly from his colors, a pedant a fine gentleman, and the very lawyer a poet.

**SHEFFIELD CUTLERY.**

A Sheffield pocket-knife passes through many hands before it is complete; there is a division of labor in its manufacture that has its advantages and its disadvantages. The advantages are, that each man, spending a lifetime in one branch of the trade only, is a better workman in that particular branch than another who has divided his attention amongst three or four branches. And thus it comes to pass that Sheffield cutlers are famous, above all others who do not make a similar division of labor, for the excellency of their manufactures. But out of this same division of labor there arises a grievous evil. Every class of workmen is necessary to the making of a knife. If the drillers cease to drill, the knife cannot be made; if the strikers cease to strike, the same result follows. And thus it comes to pass that the trade of Sheffield is crippled by a trades-union tyranny. The workmen, knowing their strength, have trades-unions for each branch of the trade. If the makers at a particular manufactory feel aggrieved, they "strike," and the works are stopped till the master comes to terms, the men on strike being supported meanwhile by their brother makers at other manufactories. If a few unhappy makers chancing not to belong to the union remain at work, another branch of the trade "strikes," and it not unfrequently happens that the non-unionists find their houses half blown up at night by some "infernal machine" dropped down their cellars. The punishment devised for dry-grinders being non-unionists or "knobsticks," as they are called, is gunpowder, which, being placed under their grindstones at night, explodes with the first spark of labor in the morning, and blinds or maims the workman. Such outrages are very dreadful, but they are the price Sheffield pays for her superiority in the manufacture of edge-tools; and until education shall teach her workmen better, there is little hope that her social life will be worthy her commercial greatness.

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**CARD PLAYING.**—Playing cards in Shakespeare's times was a favorite diversion with the higher ranks. The principal games they played are now extinct, such as Pinero, Gleek, Maw, Ruff, and Knave out of doors.

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**WORLDLY CHARITY.**—The charity of the world is so completely covered with ashes, that if it possesses warmth within, it gives little or no heat without.

**AN ILLINOIS FARM.**

Mr. M. L. Sullivant of Champagne county, Illinois, owns a farm which is seven miles long and five and a half wide; it contains twenty-two thousand acres. In May last, eleven thousand acres of this farm had been enclosed, and subdivided into fields of a section or two, more or less, each. He had a large force building fence, and a month later he expected to have twenty thousand acres enclosed with board fence. He depends mainly on raising corn and breeding cattle for profit; and has at the present time over five thousand head of cattle. Of the eleven thousand acres above mentioned, eighteen hundred were devoted to corn, three hundred to winter wheat, forty to oats, and fifteen hundred to meadow. The rest are in pasture. Twenty-two thousand bushels of corn were sold at forty-two cents per bushel this spring, amounting to over nine thousand dollars; and five hundred tons of timothy hay brought five thousand dollars. There are also four thousand worn-down government horses pasturing and recruiting on this farm. Seventy-five span of horses, seventy-five yoke of oxen, and some mules, are used for working it. Each department of this great farm is under the charge of an able farmer. A blacksmith shop repairs all the iron parts of the implements, machines and tools; a carpenter shop is constantly occupied with the wood-work; a cook feeds the army of hands, and the great dining-hall is under perfect systematic management; the gardener raises tons of vegetable for the men; the forty ploughs are under the charge of a man constantly in the saddle, to see that each ploughman has his allotted work, and everything is in running order; and the whole is under the charge of a general superintendent, who reports daily to the proprietor. Accounts are kept of everything, and at the end of the year it is known with perfect accuracy what every bushel of corn has cost, how much labor every animal has done, and in what direction the greatest profits are made.

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**APT ILLUSTRATION.**—It is a pretty conceit of a modern writer, that "we paint our lives in fresco; the soft and facile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock."

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**THE DIFFERENCE.**—Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the beast by nature.

**HOW THE SULTAN MARRIES A DAUGHTER.**

The marriage of princesses, on whose expenses, as the Hattî Hamayoun of 1858 stated, no saving could be effected, deserves special notice. If one of the sultan's daughters has attained the age at which Turkish girls are generally married, the father seeks a husband for her among the nobles at his court. If a young man specially pleases her, he is given the rank of lieutenant-general, nothing lower being ever selected. The chosen man receives, in addition, a magnificent fully-furnished palace, and sixty thousand piastres a month pocket-money; and in addition, his father-in-law defrays all the house-keeping expenses. The bridegroom is not always over and above pleased at being selected. If he be married, he is obliged to get a divorce—he must never have a wife or mistress in addition to the princess; and, moreover, he is regarded as the servant rather than the husband of his wife. The sultan himself announces to him his impending good fortune, and it is bounden duty to bow reverentially, kiss the sultan's feet, and stammer a few words about the high honor, the unexpected happiness, etc. He then proceeds with a chamberlain, who bears the imperial Hatt, to the sublime porte. A military band precedes him, and soldiers are drawn up along the road, who present arms. At the head of the stairs the bridegroom is received by the grand vizier, conducted by him into a room where all the ministers are assembled, and the Hatt is read aloud. This ceremony corresponds to the betrothal.

**SURGERY IN AFGHANISTAN.**

The Afghans, from their rough and hardy life, acquire by experience very practical, though, to be sure, uncouth, methods of righting themselves, their horses and cattle, when they may suffer from accidents. Their operations for the reduction of dislocations in the human subject are most original; and, if report speaks at all truly, equally successful.

For a dislocation of the thigh, the unfortunate patient is sweated and starved for three days in a dark room, the atmosphere of which is heated by fires kept burning night and day; and the effects of this high temperature are increased by drenching the patient with copious draughts of warm rice-water or gruel. During the interval that this treatment is enforced on the patient, a fat bullock is tied up and fed *ad libitum*, with chopped straw flavored with salt, but is rigidly denied a drop of

water. On the third day the patient is made to ride the bullock or buffalo astride, a felt alone intervening between him and the animal's hide; his feet are next drawn down and fastened tightly under the animal's belly by cords passing round the ankles. All these preliminaries arranged, the animal is then led out to water, and drinks so greedily and inordinately that its belly swells to nearly double its former size. The traction produced by this on the dislocated limb is sufficient to bring the wandering bone to its socket.

The method of reducing a dislocated shoulder is quite as curious and interesting. It is managed thus: the hand of the dislocated limb is firmly fixed as closely to the opposite shoulder as it can well be, by cords tied round the waist. Between the bend of the elbow and the chest is placed an empty "masak" (a goat-skin water-bag, in common use throughout Oriental countries as a means of carrying water), which is gradually filled with water; the weight of this suffices to overcome the resistance of the muscles before they have borne it a quarter of an hour, and the head of the bone flies back to its socket with the usual sound. Most masaks, when full, weigh close upon a hundred weight, and many much more than this. For a reduction of dislocation of the ankle joint, the injured extremity is placed in a hole dug in the ground and covered over with soft earth, which is firmly pressed down by stamping. The limb is then pulled out by force, with the joint returning to its natural position.

**A WORD OF EXPLANATION.**—If a young lady "throws herself away," *understand*, she has married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," *understand*, that she has married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

**WELL TURNED.**—A gentleman, entering a ball-room, accidentally tripped over the feet of several ladies. Gracefully recovering himself, he exclaimed with a smile, "In all my classical course, I never met with so many feet in a line!"

**DIPLOMACY.**—Diplomacy may work as much calamity as a battle; a few ink-drops may cost a nation more misery and exhaustion than a river of blood.

**MUSICAL.**—A Western poet has composed "The Song of the Dying Horse Chestnut." It is very affecting.

**SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.**

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. A crystallized part of the oil of roses—so graceful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent, called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea,) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Capt. Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst, rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted, it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.

**A HAUGHTY DUKE.**—The late Duke of Hamilton's father was a whig of the old school, and probably one of the haughtiest men of his day. He cherished an idea that he was the legitimate king of Scotland, penurious and miserly as he was; and at his death, in 1852, his body was embalmed and deposited in a sarcophagus brought from the pyramids of Egypt.

**A TOUGH BABY.**—The Kinderdook Rough Notes tells of a Dutch baby in the village, killing a rat which had boldly attempted to rob it of his bread and butter. The baby had a piece of bread in one hand and a hammer in the other, and when the rat seized the bread, the baby hit it on the head with a hammer, killing it instantly.

**OVER-MUCH ZEAL.**—Zeal, not rightly directed, is pernicious, for as it makes a good cause better, so it makes a bad cause worse.

**A QUESTION.**—Is a recruit supposed to be raw until he is exposed to the fire?"

**ABOUT BEARDS.**

During hundreds of years it was the custom in England to wear beards. It became, in course of time, one of our insularities to shave close, whereas in almost all the other countries of Europe more or less of moustache and beard was habitually worn. It came to be established in this speck of an island, as an insularity from which there was no appeal, that an Englishman, whether he liked it or not, must hew, hack and rasp his chin and upper lip daily. The inconvenience of this infallible test of British respectability was so widely felt, that fortunes were made by razors, razor-strops, hones, pastes, shaving-soaps, emollients for the soothing of the tortured skin, all sorts of contrivances to lessen the misery of the shaving process, and diminish the amount of time it occupied. This particular insularity even went miles further on the broad highway of nonsense than other insularities; for it not only tabooed unshorn civilians, but claimed for one particular and very limited military class the sole right to dispense with razors as to their upper lips.

**RUSSIA AND PERSIA.**

Russia and Persia present us with a geographical phenomenon truly extraordinary. There is in these countries a vast region covered with populous towns, great commercial establishments and fertile lands, which is nevertheless much below the level of the ocean. The extent of this low region is said to be some 100,000 square miles. In illustration of this depression is the fact that the level of the Caspian Sea, and that of the city of Astracan, is more than 300 feet below the level of the Black Sea or of the ocean. This enormous sinking of a whole country is very difficult to explain by the operation of known causes.

**A SENSITIVE MAN.**—Near Cleveland, O., lives a hale and hearty man whose wife says he is possessed of the most sensitive feelings, and in proof of which she states that when she goes into the yard and saws wood for half a day, he sits by the fire with tears in his eyes.

**FINANCIAL.**—"Well, Pompey, what business do you follow?"—"O, sar, Ise—wal, I just shave notes for a livin'."—"Shave notes? Why, it takes money to do that."—"Yes, sar, but I just shaves my own notes—cause I doesn't pay noffin'."

## Facts and Fancies.

### A QUIET DEACON.

When Deacon Brown got into a bad position, he was very expert in crawling out of it. Though quick-tempered, he was one of the best deacons in the world. He would not, in a sober moment, utter an oath, or anything like one, for his weight in cider.

At the close of a rainy day, he was milking upon a knoll in his barnyard, on one side of which was a dirty slough, and on the other an old ram, that, in consideration of his usual quiet disposition, was allowed to run with the cows. The deacon was piously humming *Old Hundred*, and had just finished the line ending with "exalted high," when the ram, obeying a sudden impulse to be aggressive, gave him a blow from behind that put him a short distance only to fall directly in the slough, where the dirty water was deep enough to give him a thorough immersing.

As he crawled out, and before he rose from his hands and knees, he looked over his shoulder at the ram, and then vociferated, "You plaguy old cuss!" but on looking around and seeing one of his neighbors looking at him, he added, in the same breath, "if I may be allowed the expression."

### A RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.

A certain green customer, who was a stranger to mirrors, and who stepped into the cabin of one of our ocean steamers, stopping in front of a large pier-glass, which he took for a door, he said:

'I say, mister, when does this here boat start?'

Getting no reply from the dumb reflection before him, he again repeated:

"I say, mister, when does this here boat start?'"

Incensed at the still silent figure, he broke out:

"Go to thunder, you darned sassafras-colored, shock-headed bull-calf! You don't look as if you knew much, anyhow."

### A WITTY BISHOP.

Mr. Alfred Bloomfield, son of the late Bishop of London (whose activity and influence in church matters made Sydney Smith say he was the Church of England upon earth), has published a memoir of his father, from which we extract one or two characteristic anecdotes:

"When a friend of the bishop's was once interceding with him on behalf of a clergyman who was constantly in debt, and had more than once been insolvent, but who was a man of talents and eloquence, he concluded his eulogium by saying, 'In fact, my lord, he is quite a St. Paul.'—'Yes,' replied the bishop, drily, 'in prisons oft.' And when, at the consecration of a church, where the choral parts of the service had been a failure, the incumbent had asked him what he had thought of the music, he replied, 'Well, at least it was according

to scriptural precedent—the singers went before, the minstrels followed after.' A clergyman, who had sought preferment in many quarters and had failed, once said to him, 'I never got anything I asked for.'—'And I,' replied the bishop, with characteristic wittiness, 'never asked for anything I got.'"

### FUSSY TRAVELLERS.

There is a class of travellers who are so decidedly fussy and eager in seeking their own convenience, that they are a perpetual annoyance, if not a nuisance, in all public conveyances. We saw a live specimen of this genus homo in the cars the other day. A fussy gentleman of some two hundred and fifty pounds weight. He was accompanied by his wife and child, and they managed to occupy three seats. When we neared the place of change, he would gather up overcoat, shawls, and an armful of et ceteras, and station himself at the door of the car, ready for a hasty exit. As no one could conveniently pass him, on account of his great rotundity, he was generally the first to enter the other train, and turning over the back of one of the seats so as to have his wife and child near each other, he would fill three seats with his loose baggage, and thus secure them. Then came the wife and child with pillows, and each took an entire seat, while he possessed himself of a third, which was a virtual ejement of all others, for no one was content to take one-third of a seat where they were legally entitled to one-half. Offering a seat to some one who declined it, he said, "I always like to be accommodating," while he chuckled at the thought that his unwieldy dimensions utterly forbade a joint tenancy of the seat. This fat gentleman had a free pass, and may have concluded that it gave him a proscriptive right to seek his own ease.

### SANDY'S COOLNESS.

Sandy M'Lauchlain, the beadle at Dunfermline, was a little man, with sharp brown eyes and a mouth expressive of fun. One day the minister, Mr. Johnstone, was on his way down from the manse to the High Street after breakfast, as was his wont, to get his letters at the post-office, and see the only newspaper which then came to enlighten the inhabitants with news of public and foreign affairs. Observing Sandy slinking along the opposite side of the Cross, as if to avoid a meeting, Mr. Johnstone called out, in his fine, sonorous voice, "Saunders, I wish to speak to you." With some reluctance, Sandy came slowly forward, lifting his bonnet, and pulling his forelock. After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' (taking a glass) this morning."—"Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes, "'Deed, sir, I was just agon' to observe I thought there was a smell of spirits amang us this morning."

## SCROOCHED A LITTLE.

Miss Fitznancy, elderly maiden, charged Mr. Cleaver, the gay young man accustomed to carry home her marketing, with having forcibly kissed her in the entry of her own house. Mr. Cleaver, though proud of his personal appearance, was short, considering his whiskers; his height, even in French boots, is only four feet eleven. Fitznancy, on the contrary, ran up a foot higher, and stayed there, being of a remarkably rigid deportment. She swore the abbreviated yet amorous butcher kissed her by assault, and hauled him up for it. Butcher, with some expression of disgust more emphatic than necessary, denied the charge. Butcher was fat; lady wasn't. Cleaver had an antipathy to "scraggy" women, and vowed he hadn't kissed her and wouldn't. Money couldn't hire him to.

*Cross-examined.*—Lawyer inquires of the lady the circumstances—when, where, how. Lady replies with peculiarity. On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, in the entry; resisted all she could, but he persevered and triumphed. Lawyer asks:

"Did not he stand on anything but the floor?"

"No, he stood on the floor; no chair, stool, or anything else."

"But, madam, this is impossible—you are twelve inches taller. How could he reach your lips?"

Lady hadn't thought of that. But she was not to be tripped up by the glibbest lawyer of them all; so she replies:

"O, ha—well, I know!—yes, to be sure! But then, you know, *I scrooched a little!*"

"Exactly! Thank you, madam. That will do."

"Nothing further, your honor."

Verdict for the short defendant.

## THEY TURNED OUT.

Thirty years ago, although the first North River steamboats greatly facilitated the travelling between Albany and New York, as they generally insured a passage of twenty-four hours or a little more, they were frequently so crowded that even those who had secured berths had very little comfort during the night; and it often occurred that on going to bed the berth would be found occupied by some interloper, in which case an appeal to the captain was necessary.

On board the Chancellor Livingston the ejection of the intruder was a short process—the robust frame, the voice potential, and the determined aspect of Commodore Wiswall, convinced the unlawful occupant of the prudence of immediately vacating the premises; but Captain Roorbach, of the Paragon, was a small man, of mild voice, of pleasant countenance, with no belligerent features, and his mandates were not so readily obeyed.

"On one occasion we were going down in the Paragon when she was very much crowded, and at the usual time of turning in, on drawing the curtains of our berth, we found a very ugly-looking customer rolled into it, boots and all, on the outside

of the quilt. We made complaint to Captain Roorbach, and while doing so two other passengers came similarly aggrieved. The captain promised redress, and beginning with us, he drew the curtains of our berth, and thus addressed the man inside:

"The berth you are in, sir, has been secured by this gentleman, and you must give it up."

The intruder looked at both of us deliberately, and replied:

"You and the gentleman may go to thunder! I have got possession, and I mean to keep it."

"You will not give it up, then?" responded the captain.

"No," was the reply.

"Call Sam," said the captain to one of the waiters.

"Call two Sams, if you will," growled the recusant.

In a few minutes the waiter returned, and with him the cook, a dorky of six feet two, of herculean proportions.

"Will you come out, sir?" said the captain.

"No," was again the answer.

But the intruder, catching a glance at Sam before he could step forward:

"Yes, I will," he added, and bounced out.

"Any more, sar?" asked Sam.

"Yes," said the captain, "there are two in the opposite berths."

"No, there isn't," cried two voices, as a man tumbled out of each. The sight of Sam was enough; and really the hug of a grizzly bear would scarcely have been more formidable than the clutch of the gigantic ebony.

## A TERRIBLE CASE OF GREENNESS.

A few weeks ago a newly-married couple arrived in one of the Western cities, and took a room at a hotel. It was quite evident that the party were unfamiliar with metropolitan sights. The rooms, corridors, marble floors, and gorgeous drawing-room, drew from them the most ingenuous remarks of surprise. In the evening they visited the theatre, and were much astonished at its magnificence. Nothing more was thought of the verdant couple, till about one o'clock in the morning, at which time the boot-black observed the Benedict seated in the hall near the door of his room. He asked the polisher of understandings if he could see the clerk. In a few moments that individual was at his side, and politely asked what was needed.

"Couldn't you make me a bed in the parlor?" cried the disconsolate individual.

"In the parlor?" cried the clerk. "I am afraid not."

"Wall, I would like to have one spread down somewhere."

"Why don't you go into your room?" asked the clerk.

"I don't like to," said the bashful swain.



"Why, what's the matter?" continued the clerk. "Has your wife turned you out of the room?"

"No," said he, drawing, "but you see I have never been married before, and so I don't much like to go in particularly in a strange place."

"O, go right in," said the clerk, "she won't think it at all wrong."

Here the door of the room opened about an inch, and through the aperture came a voice, coaxingly saying:

"Do come in, John, I won't hurt you! I've blowed out the gas, and it's all dark here."

The odor of the room assured the clerk that she had indeed "blowed out the gas," so pushing the door open, he stopped the flow, raised a window, and returned to the hall to persuade the verdant husband to retire with his wife. All arguments were fruitless, however, and he was compelled to assign the simple individual a separate room from that his wife was in that night.

There are but few men in these parts quite so green as that.

#### FRENCH ANECDOTES.

A friend, who is travelling in France, sends us the following anecdotes which he has picked up in Paris. All are worthy of perusal:

A man under sentence of death, while in prison allowed his hair and beard to grow to a great length. On the day on which he was to be brought before the court to see whether the sentence would be commuted or carried into effect, the jailor advised him to shave and have his hair cut, in order to make a decent appearance. "What's the use of spending five sous?" said the prisoner; "before having my head dressed, I wish to know if it belongs to me!"

A rhymester lately wrote a sonnet in which the letter O was not employed. This feat accomplished, he hastened to show his work to a poet of Marseilles, well known for his repartees. "This sonnet is very good," said Mery, "very good, inasmuch as you have left out the letter O; but it would have been still better, if you had also left out all the other letters of the alphabet."

A lawyer was once pleading a case in court before the full bench. The chief justice whispered in his neighbor's ear, but loud enough to be heard by others, "I'll wager he lies." The lawyer, not in the least disconcerted, drew his purse from his pocket, and, laying it on the bar, exclaimed, "Put down your money—I take the bet!"

Mlle. Georges, a few months since, played the part of Andromachus, in a country town. One of the lions of the place, after the play, complimented her on her performance. "Alas!" said the ex-great actress, "to render that part well, one should be young and handsome."—"Ah, madam," cried the gallant, "you have just given us proof of the contrary."

A countryman, who had lost a sum of money at

play, happened to sleep with the winner. In the course of the night the latter felt the hand of the former under his pillow. "What are you about?" he asked. "Nothing," replied the countryman, "I am only taking my revenge."

The other day I met one of my friends, an excellent man; he was in deep mourning—black coat, pants, vest, gloves, cravat, and crape around his hat. He was slowly walking, with his eyes fixed on the ground. "Ah, my friend," said I, "what have you lost?"—"I have lost nothing," he replied, "I am a widower."

A well known statesman was accustomed to fish in one particular spot near the bridge of Zena, and had become so much attached to the place, that he could not bear to have any one else occupy it. One morning he found the place occupied, the next day the same, and the day after. The statesman made inquiries respecting the intruder, and ascertained that he had been a government clerk, but had recently been discharged. Two days after, the clerk was reinstated in his employment, and the statesman again took possession of his fishing-place.

The Duke of H. had a son, a student at the Bonaparte Lyceum. At the distribution of the prizes, this son returned home without a single one. At which the duke was very angry. "Go, sir," said he to him, "go to bed—go lock yourself up in your room, and bring me the key."

Madame Boivin, of Pastiglione Street, for two years had vainly tried to get her pay for two dozen of cravats which Mr. L., a young fop, suspected of living a little at the expense of confiding tradesmen, had bought of her. At last she sent her bill, couched in these terms:—"Mr. L., Dr. to two dozen of fancy satin gend'armes."—"What does this mean?" asked Mr. L. "What are satin gend'armes?"—"They are doubtless your cravats," was the reply, "because they take a thief by the throat every morning."

#### AN UNKIND CUT.

A few days ago, says the Cape Cod Advertiser, a well dressed stranger sauntered down on one of our wharves for the purposes of seeing the sights and enjoying himself generally. In order to get a more extended prospect, he mounted a hoghead filled with blubber; and while gazing at the beautiful harbor prospect, he lost his balance, and in he went up to his neck in sweet blubber. Fortunately some persons were near at hand, who succeeded in extricating him from his unfortunate predicament; but his new suit was completely ruined, and he presented a most sorry spectacle. He was taken into a building and wrung out; but the owner of the premises demanded a *quarter* for the oil he had soaked up in his clothes, which was the most unkind cut of all. He forked over the money and left for his boarding-house, fully satisfied that he had seen the elephant, and paid his admission fee in full.

## Mr. Jones and his Family on a Tour of Pleasure.



Preparations for conquest and pleasure.



Arrival at a mountain house. All full.



The "gentlemanly landlord" offers a roosting-place for the party. Mr. Jones and ladies indignant.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Jones and his party attempt to ascend the mount. Their mishaps.



The dining-room of a crack hotel in August. Mr. Jones don't see any fun among the mountains.



Astonishment and indignation of the Jones family when the "gentlemanly landlord" presented the bill.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 6.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1863.

WHOLE No. 108.

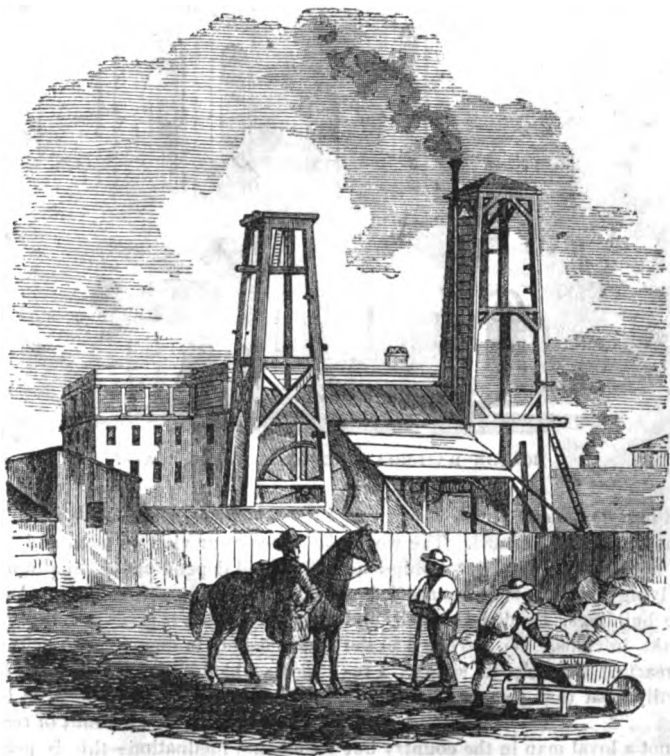
## CONFEDERATE SALT WORKS, GA.

The readers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY** will heartily re-echo the wish of the gallant sailor who sends us the illustration on this page, a view of the Confederate Salt Works near Darien, Georgia, recently destroyed by a party from the gunboat *Seneca*. Our correspondent, in regard to that expedition, writes as follows:

“Our orders are to inflict as much damage

upon the enemy as possible. It seems cruel to adhere to such instructions, but we are compelled, by a stern regard to duty, to act as directed. Ah, I wish this cruel war was over, and that the Union was once more re-united and cemented by ties of brotherly love and friendship. But all of this will happen, I suppose in God's own time.

“A few days since we started a boat expedition up the Altamaha River for the purpose



CONFEDERATE SALT WORKS, GEORGIA.

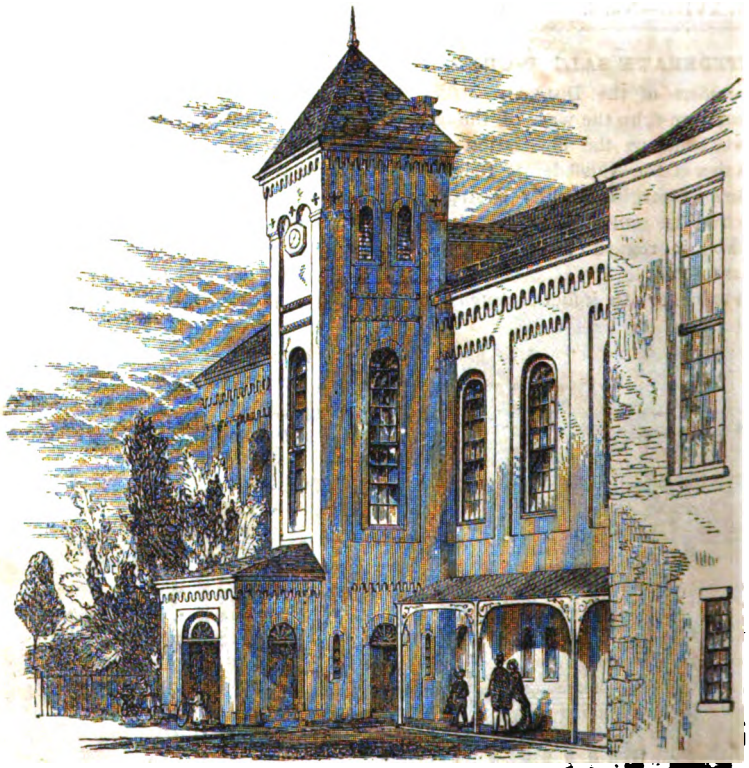


of destroying the Confederate Salt Works, near Darien, Georgia. Salt is a scarce article in the confederacy, and the more works destroyed the sooner we shall have peace, for the rebels can't live without their bacon, and to have bacon they must use salt.

"Well, let me tell you that the expedition was one of danger, for the confederates were all around us, but we slipped past them, one dark night, with muffled oars, and at daylight hove in sight of the Salt Works, a sketch of which I send you; and let me tell you that I

#### BOSTON RAILROAD DEPOT, LOWELL.

The engraving on this page is an excellent representation of the depot of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, on Merrimac street, Lowell, a fine, substantial building of brick, with offices and halls, and one of the most picturesque station houses in New England. The salient tower with its graceful arched windows and doors gives this structure a peculiar physiognomy. It has every convenience for travelers, and contains a periodical station and a refreshment stand.



BOSTON RAILROAD DEPOT, LOWELL, MASS.

made it in a hasty moment, for an alarm was given just as we rushed forward. The works were in full operation, and about a ship-load of salt was lying around, but we applied a torch to the buildings, flooded the salt and left the works in ruins. We retreated to the river and reached the ship in safety. I repeat, I heartily wish that this cruel war was over."

There is not a loyal man in the country but would express the same wish, but the time for peace has not yet arrived.

#### READING.

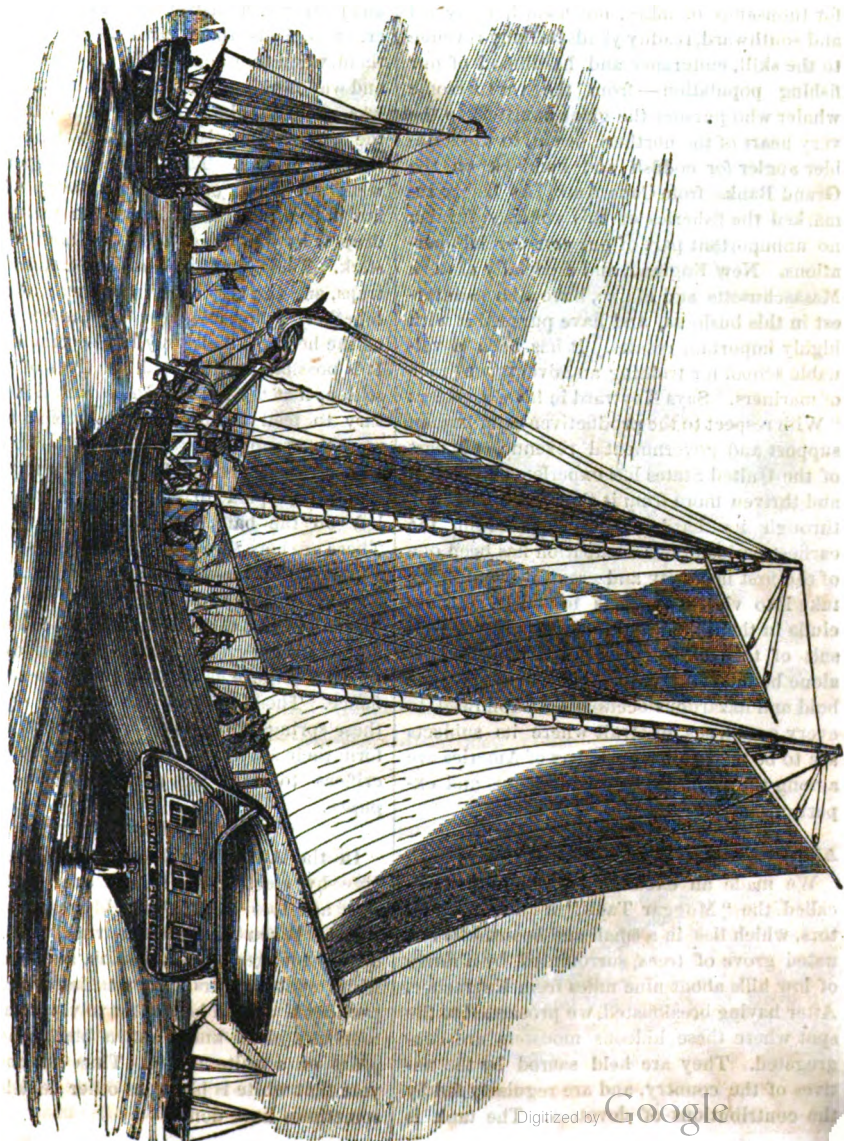
Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind.

**GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.**

During the past season the fishing in Massachusetts Bay has been unusually good, and the catch of mackerel remarkably large, thus adding thousands of dollars to the wealth of Gloucester, Marblehead, Provincetown and other seaport towns. The spirited engraving on this page represents a fleet of Gloucester mackerel-men in Massachusetts Bay during the month of September, when the fish tribe are in and bite eagerly. But the fisherman's life is not all sunshine and pleasure. He has his

cares and moments of anxiety like other people. It is not well known how severe and imminent are the perils to which the hardy fishermen are exposed, and how many are prematurely hurried from life while in the pursuit of their business. And one cannot but remark in passing through the place and becoming acquainted with the history of the people, the many relics of widowhood and orphanage that meet the eye, and evince the peculiar liability of the occupation of the people suddenly to remove by death the fathers

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN.



and brothers of their families. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, the enterprise and energy of our fishermen are strikingly displayed, and the fisheries of New England are a source of value and lucrative income, furnishing the means of livelihood for thousands, and forming a large item in our commercial transactions and resources. A large proportion of our shoremen, all along our coasts, are busily engaged in this undertaking, penetrating into almost inaccessible seas, braving every vicissitude, of weather, storm and climate, in the pursuit of their perilous vocation. The sea, for thousands of miles, northward, eastward and southward, readily yields its finny revenue to the skill, endurance and hardihood of our fishing population—from the venturesome whaler who pursues the giant monsters to the very heart of the northern ocean, to the humbler angler for codfish and haddock on the Grand Banks, from Cape Ann. As before remarked the fisheries of this country furnish no unimportant part of our commercial operations. New England, and especially eastern Massachusetts and Maine, have a large interest in this business, and have pursued it with highly important results. It has been a valuable school for training an adventurous race of mariners. Says Hayward in his *Gazetteer*: "With respect to the productiveness of human support and governmental revenue, no part of the United States has experienced it more, and thriven more from it than New England, through its hardy fishermen. From the earliest periods their occupation has been one of the first necessity and greatest profit, if we take into view its various branches, and include in them the whale fishery. But in pursuit of that employment, not the Atlantic alone bounds their enterprising industry. The bold and hazardous occupation is followed in every ocean, sea, or strait where its subjects are to be met, and the whalers of America are among the most daring, courageous and expert of men."

#### ALLIGATORS BOARDED AND LODGED.

We made an excursion lately to what is called the "Muggar Tank," a lake of alligators, which lies in a small and beautifully situated grove of trees, surrounded by a range of low hills about nine miles from Kurrachee. After having breakfasted, we proceeded to the spot where these hideous monsters are congregated. They are held sacred by the natives of the country, and are regularly fed by the contributions of devotees. The tank is

more like an overflowed meadow than a lake, having deep channels intersecting each other, and is literally alive with these huge "muggars," some lying basking on the knolls and ridges, others floating on the surface of the deep water. They are all sizes, from a foot or two to twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and bulky in proportion. Having purchased a kid, and cut it up on the banks, there was a universal opening of their capacious jaws, which they kept distended in expectation of having a piece of flesh pitched into them; they are too lazy and too well fed to make any further demonstration. The native keeper, who feeds them, then began calling to them, when they come one by one lazily along, and waddling on to the shore, each took what was given to him. The rapidity with which the poor kid vanished, head and heels, was truly surprising. They knew the keeper quite well, and if any one should take up what is not thrown to him, the keeper makes him drop it by striking him on the snout with his stick. Their jaws are certainly dreadful clasp-traps, and the crash they make when brought together is horrible, crushing the bones even of the head of their prey like so much crust. It is possible, setting aside motives of superstition, that the inhabitants now find it necessary to feed these voracious monsters, for, were the "supplies to be stopped," they would become dangerous neighbors. In fact, they do at times pick up and devour a stray child left on the banks by accident or design. There are here three hot springs, one of which supplies the tank, and is a temperature of about ninety-six degrees. The two others have a temperature as high as one hundred and eighty degrees. The water issues from the rock as pure as crystal, and in great abundance. The females of the country repair to these springs after their confinement, to perform their ablutions, and to present their sacrifices to the "muggars."—*Anglo-Indian paper.*

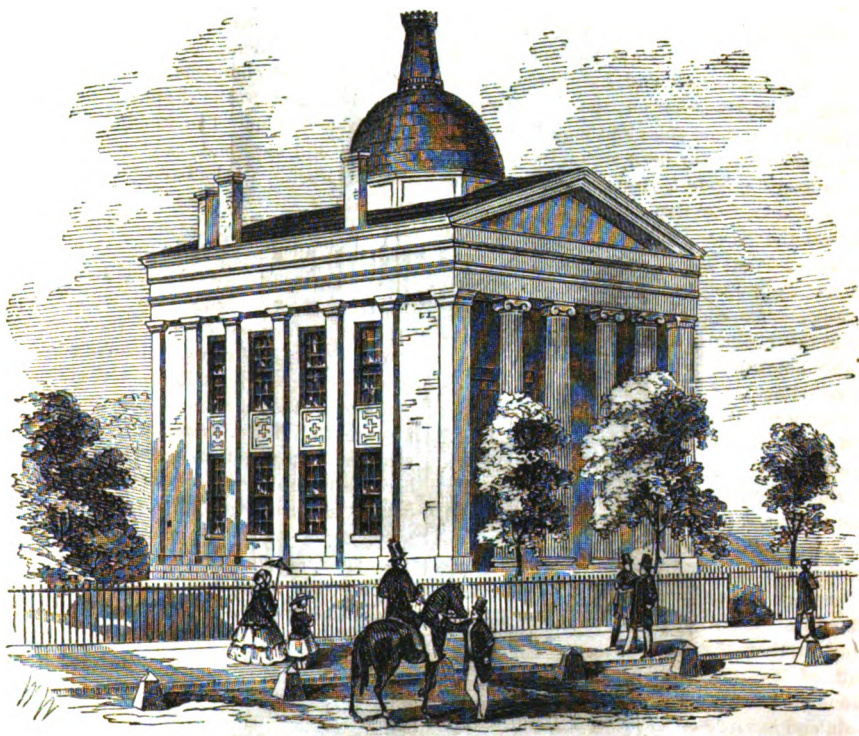
In the Austrian parliament the members vote by electricity. Before every deputy's seat are two knobs—one black, the other white. When he wants to vote "yes," the deputy touches the white knob, and at once a white spot appears upon a tablet beside the president. When he desires to vote "no," he touches a black knob, and a black spot appears on a white tablet. Thus no one can vote that white is black, as other legislatures sometimes have done.



**COURT HOUSE, FONDA, NEW YORK.**

The engraving on this page represents the Court House, at Fonda, Montgomery county, New York, a handsome and substantial looking structure, of the Grecian style of architecture. It is built of brick, two stories high and surmounted by a dome. Fonda is a handsome town in the Mohawk Valley, and is not far from Butter's Falls, on the East Canada Creek, and has several substantial and beautiful residences. It is a thriving, well-to-do place.

to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them that he meant at the next public festival to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever occurred in China. The people rejoiced at his condescension, and on the appointed day assembled at the palace gate with the most eager expectation. There they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations that usually precede a triumph. The lantern with the thousand tapers was not yet brought forth, and the fireworks that usually covered the city walls were



COURT HOUSE, FONDA, NEW YORK.

**CHINESE ANECDOTE.**

Hamiti, reputed one of the wisest and best of the Chinese emperors, after having gained great advantages over the Tartars, who had invaded his dominions, returned to the great city of Nankin to enjoy his success. After he had rested some days from his fatigue, the people who are naturally fond of show, looked for the triumphal entry that monarchs at such times are accustomed to make. Their murmurs reached the emperor's ears. He loved his people, and was willing to do all he could

not lighted. The people were clamorous at this delay, when in the midst of their impatience the palace gate flew open and the emperor himself appeared in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all well clad, and in their hands money enough for a year's wants. The people, at first amazed, soon saw the wisdom of their king, and that to promote virtue and make men happy was the summit of human glory; a lesson worthy of every monarch's ambition.

**INCLINED PLANE, MORRIS CANAL.**

The excellent design on this page is a representation of the inclined plane on the Morris Canal, which passes through Newark, N. J. The canal is about one fourth of a mile from the court house, and crosses a hill by means of an inclined plane. The level of the water at the top is about seventy feet above that at the foot of the hill, and this distance is overcome by the means of cars which descend into the basin a sufficient depth to allow of the boats being

left sometimes without any restraint to walk about the yard, and return to the stable, according to his fancy. In the yard there was also a few pigs of a peculiar breed, fed on grains and corn, and to these pigs the horse had evidently an insuperable objection, which is illustrated by the following fact. There was a deep trough in the yard, holding water for the horses, where this horse went alone with his mouth full of corn, which he saved from his supply. When he reached the trough,



INCLINED PLANE ON THE MORRIS CANAL.

floated into them, where they are secured, and are drawn up by a wire cable passing over the drum of a stationary engine in the building seen near the top of the picture.

**A HORSE FOND OF MISCHIEF.**

A gentleman speaking of the habits of animals, gives the following curious account: There was some years ago, a very fine horse in the possession of Sir Henry Meux & Co., the eminent brewers, which was used as a dray-horse, but was so tractable that he was

he let the corn fall near it on the ground, and when the young swine approached to eat it (for the old ones kept aloof) he suddenly seized one of them by the tail, popped him into the trough, and then capered about the yard, seemingly delighted with the frolic. The noise of the pig would soon bring the men to his assistance, who knew from experience what was the matter, while the horse indulged in all sorts of antics, by way of showing his glee, and then he would return quietly to the stable.

**GOVERNOR LINCOLN'S MONUMENT.**

Directly in front of the State House, at Augusta, Me., is a handsome plat of ground, well laid out and called the "common." At the foot of the common is Governor Lincoln's Monument, a good view of which is presented on this page. It was erected by the State, and contains the following inscriptions: "E.

in the country. We have a distinct recollection of meeting several of Augusta's amiable daughters at the United States Hotel in Portland, during the masonic celebration, a year ago last June. We know that some of the members of the Boston encampment lost their hearts on that occasion. We hope that they have found them, or made a good exchange.



GOVERNOR LINCOLN'S MONUMENT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Lincoln, of Portland, Governor of Maine, died Oct. 8, 1829, aged 40. Member of the Senate—W. Delesdernier, of Baileyville, died June 16, 1842, aged 49. Members of the House—J. Cushman, of Winslow, died Jan. 28, 1834, aged 70; C. Waterhouse, of China, clerk, died March 1, 1839, aged 38." By the way, Augusta is one of the handsomest places in Maine, and contains some of the finest ladies to be found

**FLYING PROAS, LADRONE ISLANDS.**

The picture given on page 433 represents the peculiar boats (proas) used by the Ladrone islanders, with their slender hulls and huge triangular sails, managed by natives with great adroitness. To the mariner accustomed to European rigs, a fleet of these queer craft hurrying along shore affords a singular spectacle. All the navigators who



made known to us the existence of groups of islands in the Pacific, the Indian and other oceans, accompanied their narratives with descriptions of the canoes or other kinds of boats in use among the natives; and means are thus afforded for observing the various ways in which ingenuity is brought to bear on such matters. Whether each nation or tribe made its own discoveries, and applied its own inventive skill, or whether one borrowed ideas from another and modified them according to circumstances, can now hardly be known; but it is probable that both causes led to the production of the object in view. The proa we have delineated is used among the Ladrone and other eastern islands. In the account of Anson's voyage, this proa is spoken of with marked commendation. "Whether we consider its aptitude to the particular navigation of these islands, or the uncommon simplicity and ingenuity of its fabric and contrivance, or the extraordinary velocity with which it moves, we shall find it worthy of our admiration, and meriting a place among the mechanical productions of the most civilized nations." The proa seems to be constructed on a principle the very reverse of American vessels; for, while we make the head of the vessel different from the stern, and the two sides alike, the proa has the head and stern alike, but the two sides different. There is one side of the vessel which is intended always to be kept to the leeward, and this is flat, whereas the other side is rounded. To prevent her oversetting, which is liable to happen from her narrowness of beam, and the straightness of her leeward side, there is a frame extending from her to the windward, to the end of which is fastened a log, shaped like a small boat, and made hollow. The weight of the frame is intended to balance the proa, and the small boat, by its buoyancy, prevents the oversetting. The body of the proa is made of two pieces joined endwise, and sewed together with bark—there being no iron used about her; it is always about two inches thick at the bottom, and about one at the gunwale. The proa generally carries six or seven men, two of them placed in the head and stern to steer the vessel alternately with a paddle, according to the direction in which it is going; the other man being employed in bailing out the water which she accidentally ships, or in setting and trimming the sail. The peculiar construction of these vessels arises out of the sort of navigation for which they are intended. The Ladrone are a string of

islands lying nearly north and south of each other, and the proas have scarcely to follow any other points of the compass than these two in maintaining intercourse between one island and another. Either end of the vessel may at pleasure make head, and thus, by simply shifting the sail, it may go to and fro without ever "putting about" or turning round. By the flatness of their lee side and small breadth, they are able to make much nearer the wind than other vessels. They have been known to progress, when a brisk tradewind was with them, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and their amazing swiftness has earned for them the name of "flying proas."

#### BRITISH GUIANA.

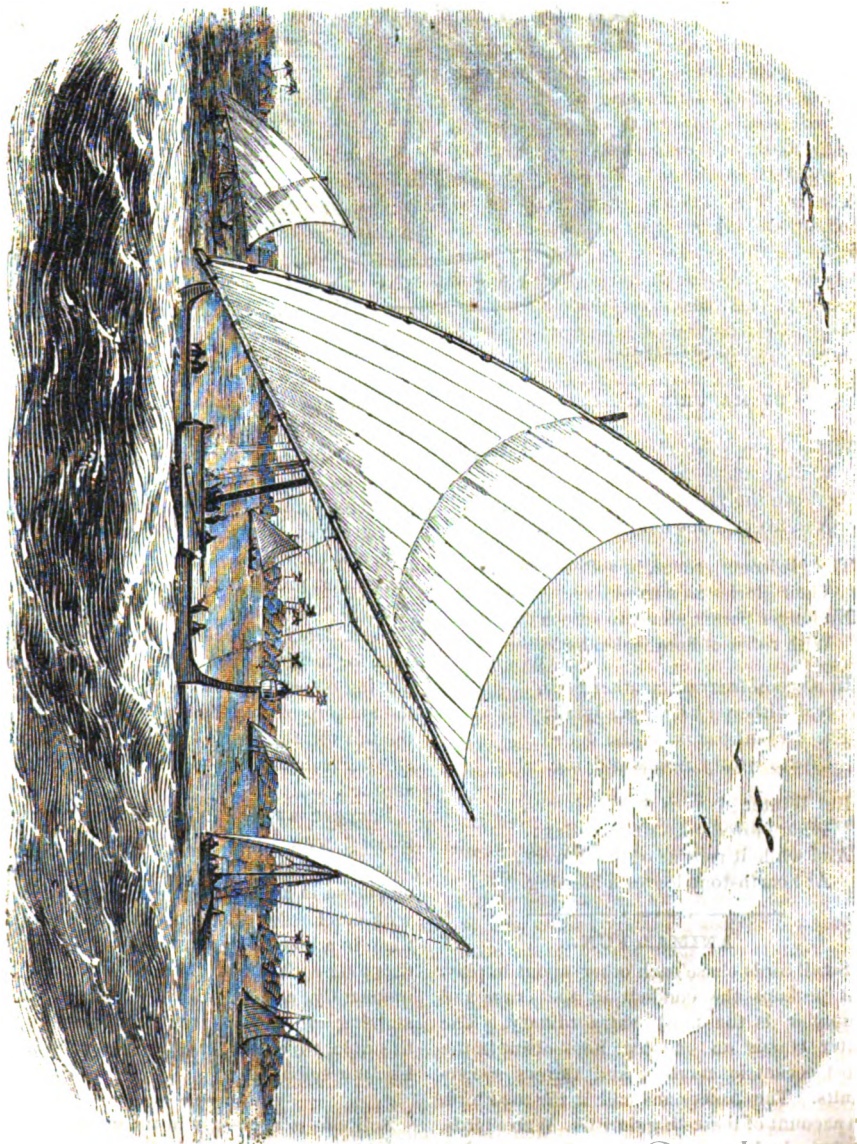
This is the most westerly portion of the Guiana region of South America. Its area has been variously estimated, but the portion actually acknowledged by Brazil and Venezuela as belonging to Great Britain is 12,000 square miles. The population is about 138,000. The Dutch were the first European settlements in its immediate vicinity; the laws of Holland are still to a considerable extent in force, and there is a Dutch-like aspect in George Town, the capital, which cannot escape notice. The country itself is in most parts exceedingly fertile, and in all districts is capable of a very high degree of cultivation. The forests contain valuable timber, and many medicinal plants and dye-woods. A large number of persons are exclusively employed in felling timber for exportation. Wood-cutting licenses are granted by the governor (or may be granted, for the grants are not compulsory), for terms of five years each over tracts of not less than 300 and not more than 1000 acres, at the annual rent of thirty cents per acre. The tracts of land for wood-cutting are selected as nearly as possible in the figure of a parallelogram, having its *façade* on a river or creek, a depth inwards equal at least to twice the frontage. A space is left between each two tracts in the same locality. The license-holder must not transfer, sub-divide, or sub-let his grant without the consent of the governor, and if he employ the native Indians, he must make an official entry of their names and tribes, and of the wages paid. These wages must be paid in money, and the issue of spirituous liquors is prohibited.

The savannahs between Berbice and Demerara comprise an area of about 3000 square miles; they are well watered, covered with nutritious grasses, and dotted over with shady

clumps of trees. These savannahs afford excellent pasturage for cattle. Herds of cattle and horses wander at large in the savannahs beyond the Pacaraima, where they are exposed to the attacks of wild beasts, and are of but small utility to man. The stocking of these well-watered savannahs with the cattle and horses which are now in a wild condition would be of great advantage to the colony, and has, we believe, been attempted, and already attended with some success. Sheep and

cattle-breeding establishments might be very profitably worked on the land which now lies waste, and beef and mutton thus become as cheap as in Australia. The natural resources of the country are great; it has good water communication throughout nearly the whole of its extent; the great want is labor. Land may be had at a cheap rate, and free grants are made to immigrants arriving in the colony and willing to bind themselves, within one year to build a house and cultivate the land.

FLYING PROAS OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS.





[ORIGINAL.]

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

White fleecy robes clothe plain and steep,  
While leafless branches shiver,  
As down the valley fierce gales sweep,  
And frost-chains bind the river.

The gladsome groves, in softest green, •  
Their glories all surrender;  
No longer parent stems to screen  
With robes of floral splendor!

In place of fragrant heather bells,  
Sad withered leaves are lying;  
The verdant beauty of the dells  
'Neath wintry clouds is dying.

But Winter gives us fireside hours,  
Where loved ones sit caressing;  
And while it robs us of the flowers,  
At hearthstone leaves a blessing.

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#### ANIMAL FUN.

Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and trumpier is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other

and clear the surface with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery.

All animals pretending violence in their play, stop short of exercising it; the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite, and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after a very small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind; the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion, bound on the moving leaf, and again springing forward to another.

Bengger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances like kittens. There is a story of a magpie that was busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, buried them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "currack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

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Solitude is necessary in the moments when grief is strongest and thought most troubled.



**CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS.**

This beautiful little church, of gothic structure, a view of which we present on this page, is situated but a stone's throw from the Laurel Hill Cemetery, and near the Falls of the Schuylkill. It is of the Episcopal denomination, located in a truly romantic spot, and is an object of interest to all visitors in this

delightful region. There is no lathing, plastering, or painting upon it, but it is built of plain stone and wood, although, in its unostentatious way, finely polished and finished within.

The hatred of those who are the most nearly connected, is the most inveterate.

CHURCH OF ST. JAMES THE LESS, NEAR LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.





## A SNAKE STORY.

The following incredible story, taken from a Swedish paper, will amuse if it will not edify: "A peasant from Tremorningasjo Kapell," says a physician at Oernkoldsvik, in his official report to the Royal Swedish Sanitary College, "visited me at the beginning of this year to consult me in regard to an unwelcome guest that had got into his stomach, namely, a snake. During a journey he slept one night in a peasant's cottage in a wicker basket which stood upon the floor, and at once he woke feeling something which resembled a cold live body sliding down his body. He remembered that he had seen some large and half-decayed logs brought in for the fireplace, and at once brought himself that very likely a snake might have lain in one of the holes of these logs, and during the night have come out to seek a warmer dwelling by sliding down the sleeper's open mouth into his stomach. This idea became quite rooted with him. When he got home he took Epsom salts and aloes in enormous doses; but the snake, which had at once notified its presence by suckings just below the navel and bites in the abdomen (!) was not brought to light. Now he drank a quartern of nitric acid mixed with three pints of water, but equally unavailing; the snake only grew more restive. Next, a sort of soup was made of thin, sour oil, and the juice from tobacco pipes which had not been cleaned for more than a year. Cold sweatings, retching, and at last vomiting followed; but the man only got worse. He now tried assisted by two friends, to kill the snake by squeezing it to death; and he and his friends continued during nine hours to knead away, and the snake really became more quiet for about twenty-four hours, but that was all. After having drunk several quarterns of terpentine to no use, an attempt was made at angling for it. A sort of fish-hook was made of iron wire, and a lump of dough composed of flour, white of an egg, treacle and butter, was put on as a bait. The hook, fixed to a string, was then swallowed, and, after about half an hour, a 'bite' was felt, and the string was therefore hauled in, and the patient could distinctly feel how the snake clung to the hook; but, unfortunately, just as it came to the gorge, the snake let go its hold, and down it sank again into the stomach. The next attempt was still more unfortunate, as the hook got fixed in the throat, and it took long to get it loose again. It would have been thought that this would have induced the patient to

give up any further attempts at angling; but no, a third attempt was made, and an extra tackle fixed at the hollow part of the hook, to be able to get it loose if it should fix again. This time the snake would not bite at all, the hook was drawn up bare, and all further attempts at angling relinquished. Quite in despair, the peasant now consulted me (the physician spoken of above). I tried to reason with him, but it was no use; he clung to the idea. I have since heard that he has consulted both physicians and others, and was at last obliged to return home unalleviated. When he got home he became addicted to drink, which seems to be the only remedy, which, after some time, really has cured him.

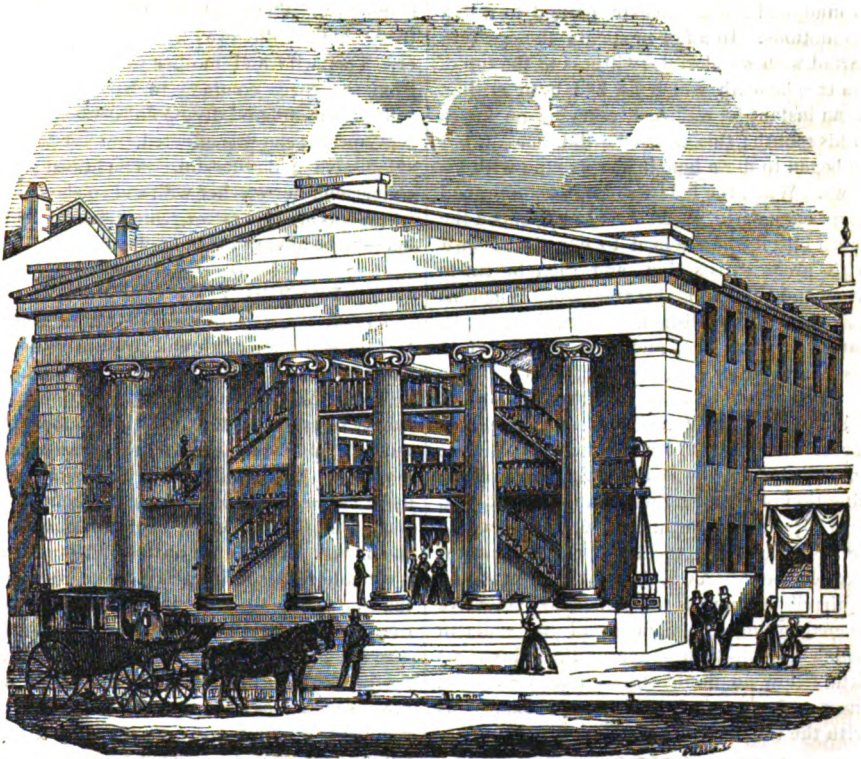
## INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

Much of the eloquence attributed to our North American Indians is spurious; or, rather, it loses its distinctive characteristics by the process of translation. But a truly characteristic and genuine specimen is preserved in the address of Red Eagle to General Jackson. Red Eagle was a Creek and half-breed. His father was a Scotchman, named Charles Weatherford. Among the names, he went by the name of Weatherford. Red Eagle, at the battle of Fort Mimms, led the Indian army, and exhibited all the sanguinary ferocity of a madman, sparing none, and drenching his arms in blood wherever he went. From the date of this battle, he commanded the entire Creek army, and fought in all the battle-fields of Alabama. The opening and closing scenes of the war were in strange contrast. The battle of the Horse-Shoe terminated the contest. Of twelve hundred warriors, not more than twenty escaped, and nearly six hundred were left dead on the field. This was an awful retaliation. During the war, four thousand Indians were killed. It is a little surprising that though great inducements were offered by our army, under command of General Jackson, for the capture of Red Eagle, he always contrived to escape detection; and when at last taken, he had voluntarily and alone entered the camp of the commander to ask for peace. His speech on that occasion is one of the most eloquent in the history of oratory.

"Once," remarked Red Eagle, "I could animate my warriors to the battle. But I cannot animate the dead. My warriors no longer hear my voice. Their homes are Talladega, Tallahatchee, Emuklaw and Tohopeka. I have not surrendered myself thoughtlessly.

While there was a chance for success, I never left my post, nor supplicated peace for my nation or myself. On the miseries and misfortunes brought upon my country, I look back with the deepest sorrow, and I wish to avert still greater calamities. If I had been left to contend against the Georgian army, I would have raised my corn on one bank of the river, and fought them on the other. But your people have destroyed my nation. *General Jackson, you are a brave man; I*

The speech was no less worthy of admiration than the bold step of appearing before General Jackson in person, who, it was told him, had fixed a price upon his head. The hair-breadth escapes of Red Eagle, during the war, are some of them of thrilling interest. At one time, when hotly pursued, he leaped from a bluff a hundred feet high, into the river, on horseback! His affair of love, too, with a white woman, whom he subsequently married, abounded in romance.



VIEW OF THE ARCADE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

*am another.* I do not fear to die, but rely upon your generosity. You will exact no terms of a conquered and helpless people, but those to which they ought to accede. Whatever they may be, it would now be folly and madness to oppose them. If they oppose, you shall find me among the sternest enforcers of obedience. Those who would still hold out, can only be influenced by a mean spirit of revenge. To this they must not and shall not sacrifice the last remnant of their country."

#### ARCADE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

On this page of the DOLLAR MONTHLY, we give a fine view of the celebrated Arcade, of Providence, R. I., one of the most remarkable buildings in the country. It is on the west side of the river, and fronts on two streets, running through from Westminster street to Weybosset, or Broad street, having a Doric portico on each. It is 225 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 72 feet high, divided into three stories, containing upwards of 80 stores in each.

## THE OAK AND THE SQUIRREL.

It is not generally known how much we, as a maritime nation, are indebted to our little friends, the squirrels. These active little fellows render important service to our navy; for most of the fine oak trees, which are so important in ship-building, especially for vessels of war, are planted by the squirrel. A gentleman walking one day in the wood belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, in the county of Monmouth, England, had his attention attracted by one of these crackers of nuts; the squirrel sat very composedly upon the ground, and the gentleman paused to watch his motions. In a few moments the creature darted with wonderful swiftness to the top of the tree beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he returned, carrying an acorn in his mouth; this acorn he did not eat, but he began to dig a hole in the ground with his paws. When the hole was large enough and deep enough to please him, he dropped the acorn into it; he seemed to eye the deposit with great satisfaction, and then he sat to work and covered up his treasure. When his task was accomplished, the squirrel again darted into the tree, and again returned in his character of acorn bearer; and this load he disposed of just as he had done the former. This he continued to do as long as the observer thought fit to watch him. This little animal's industry was certainly not with the intention of providing us with oaks, but with that of providing for himself when food would be less plentiful; the holes were his winter store-houses. As it is probable that the squirrel's memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember all the spots in which he deposits these acorns, the industrious little fellow no doubt loses a few every year; these spring up, and in due time supply us with the timber that our ship-yards require.

## SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY.

A plain marble stone, in a churchyard, bears this brief inscription:—"She always made home happy." The epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life. He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished, and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not have been able to say, "She always made home happy." What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessed! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In

what patience she must have possessed her soul! How self-denying she must have been! How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her! Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place so dear to them as home. There was their mother thinking for them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming. When tempted, they thought of her. When in trouble, they remembered her kind voice and her ready sympathy. When sick, they must go home; they could not die away from their dear mother. This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place. She toiled; she suffered disappointments and bereavements; she was afflicted, but yet she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will, and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her—"She always made home happy."

## FRENCH VIVANDIERES.

The life-like picture on page 439 is a capital representation of three French vivandieres, dashing young ladies, who are attached to different regiments, and when in action carry succor to the wounded and tired. It will be noticed that each of the parties carries a small keg, which is generally filled with wine, brandy or coffee, and doled out to the soldiers in small quantities upon the field of battle or on the march. The figure on the left represents a vivandiere belonging to a Zouave regiment, the centre one to a mounted regiment, and the one on the right to an infantry regiment. The French girls enter into the spirit of the positions which they attain in the army, and always look neat and attractive. Some of our regiments attempted to introduce the plan of having vivandieres attached to them at the commencement of the war, but the experiment was not a successful one; and the poor girls who followed the soldiers to the field, were glad enough to return home.

## HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

The excellent engraving on page 440 is a view of the English Houses of Parliament. The building is on the bank of the Thames, and was erected at an enormous expense. It presents a grand frontage on the river side of about nine hundred feet, bearing a rich display of graceful mouldings, tracery, carvings and decorations. The entrance is by the Peers'



FRENCH VIVANDIERES.

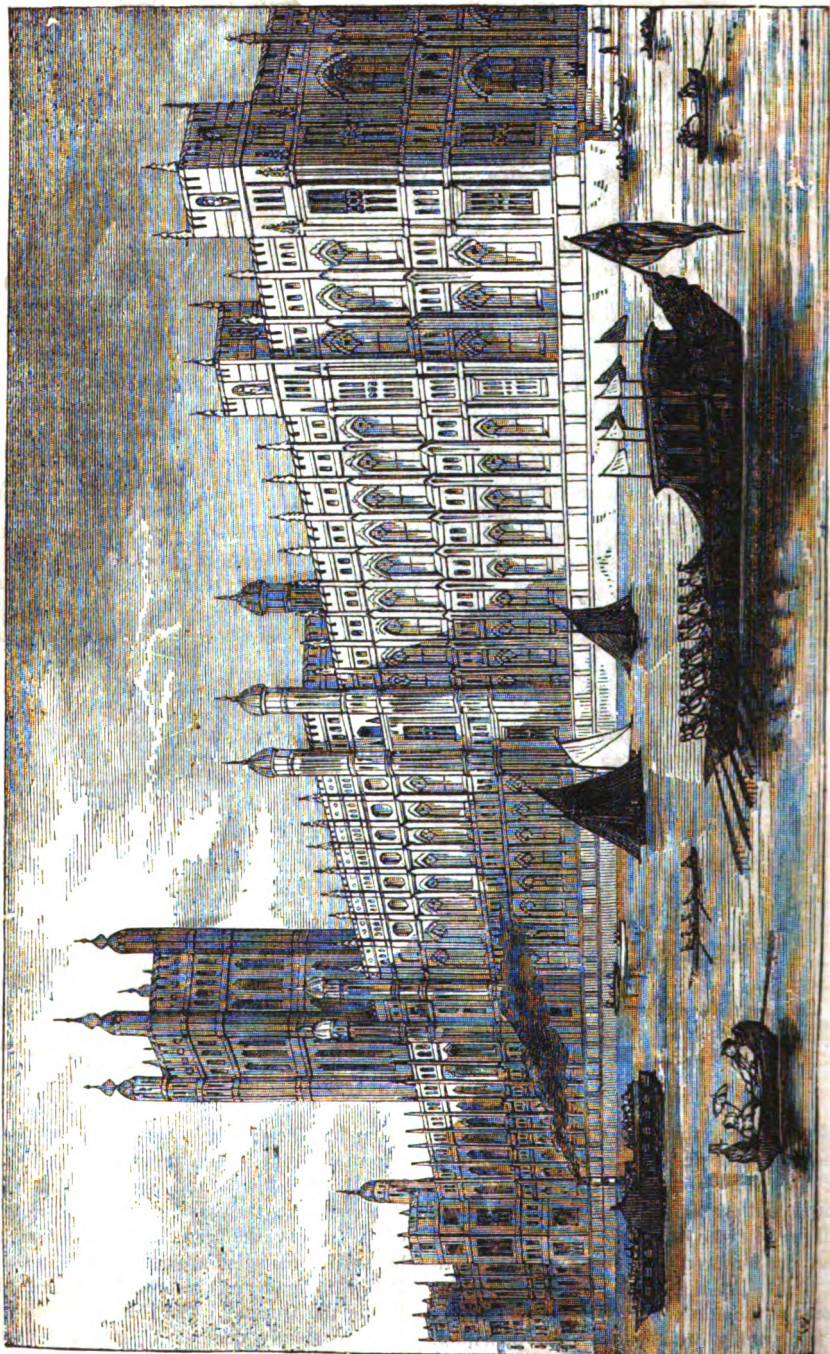
Lobby, whence, through elegant brass gilt gates, you enter the House of Lords. The first impression is dazzling to the eyes by its richness and profusion of decoration displayed in all parts of the interior. This fine room is about one hundred feet square, and forty-five feet high. At the south end is the royal throne; at the north end the reporters' gallery, the front richly ornamented with panelling, containing the royal badges, painted in gilt

ground. The ceiling is very striking in its appearance, its general ground being of a rich blue, bordered with red and gold, and emblazoned with the royal arms. The railings of the gallery are brass, ornamented at the base with enamelled grounds of red and blue. Below the gallery is inscribed, "Fear God—Honor the Queen." The House of Commons is more simply decorated. But rich as the building really is, its location is far from satis-



factory to the members of the government, for the Thames sometimes smells so obnoxious, that it is almost impossible to remain in the

halls. Numerous measures have been adopted to remove the difficulty, but thus far without success.



VIEW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON.

[ORIGINAL.]  
AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY MINA MERTON.

From the maple in the meadow,  
By the rill,  
And the mighty oak and chestnut  
On the hill,  
Come the fading leaves of autumn,  
Floating still;  
Through the wide extending forest,  
When the winds no longer rave,  
They are dropping, dropping, dropping,  
O'er the land and o'er the wave;  
From the green boughs, where the summer  
Tresses hung,  
And the young twigs, where the robin  
Perched and sung,  
Floating down into the grave.  
And when'er I see them floating  
Without sound,  
From the long and pendant branches  
All around;  
When I see them torn and scattered  
On the ground,  
Bitter thoughts arise within me,  
And my heart unconscious grieves;  
And of sad and mournful numbers  
Is the song that memory weaves,  
For the heart that thrilled enraptured  
To my own,  
And the voice that answered sweetly  
Every tone,  
Now are silent as the leaves.

[ORIGINAL.]

VICTORIA STANTON.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

BY L. AUGUSTUS BEALE.

CHAPTER I.

"To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The patriot's sword unsheath!  
March on! march on! all hearts resolved  
On victory, or death!"

THE full, melodious tones of the singer gave a thrill of deep significance to this stirring martial song. We hushed our voices to listen, for we felt that there was a weighty meaning in the strong and earnest strains that floated out on the still air of evening. There was patriotism. There was inspiration. That listening group was a picture for an artist, as each bent forward to catch those notes of the spirit-thrilling Marsellaise. They bore a different meaning to each heart.

To me, Decatur Lyon was still my boy cousin, young and wilful and proud, and the spirit of his song struck a strongly responsive chord in my own soul; for I yearned to be a man myself in this hour of our country's dire distress, that I too might gird on the sword of victory, and go forth with the loyal thousands to the rescue of the dear old flag. I felt a deep sympathy for my brave and noble cousin, and listened with a feeling of enthusiastic pleasure to the song which covertly declared to us his determination to join the great army of patriots who hold the honor of our government dearer than life, or home, or wealth, or any selfish blessing.

How different the emotions of gentle Aunt Myra. All the conflicting sentiments of maternal tenderness and Spartan patriotism mingled in her breast and beamed with a solemn glow of renunciation on her pale and patient face, as she gazed intently into the far horizon, where the last rosy tints of day were fading into gray.

Cousin Grace was worried and sorrowful. She was too young to respond with enthusiasm to the sublime spirit which roused her brother to action, so she sunk into a wretched melancholy. To her, the war was simply a scene of strife and bloodshed, and she had no hope that her brother would return unharmed.

But there was another of our group whose fierce and angry look formed a striking contrast to all the rest. Victoria Stanton.

"There is none like her, none."

The cold clime of our northern country never develops such rarer perfection of beauty as the faultless figure of this transplanted exotic. The rich, changing tints of her cheeks, the full roundness of her perfect form, the wavy, dreamy grace of every motion, the slumbering fires in her dark eyes, all revealed the warm blood of her southern birth.

Now all the slumbering fervor of her nature was aroused and gleamed darkly in her flashing eyes, and burned in the hectic crimson of her cheeks, and sat defiant on her compressed lips. I shuddered before the blaze of her strong passion, so still and deep, and yet so dreadful. Juno in her stormiest wrath could not have worn a more majestic look of inflexible pride than curved the lip of this young and wilful beauty.

She was an orphan, only a distant relative of the Lyons, to whose care she had been confided by her father's will to acquire a northern education. We all loved her dearly for

her affectionate impulses and pretty volatile ways; yet we yielded instinctively to her ruling will, as calm and passive natures are accustomed to submit to a stronger one, rather than make a sufficient effort to oppose it. Yet her reign was so sweet and gentle that she seemed to us rather a spoiled pet, than a right royal queen.

In all the three years of her residence with us, nothing had transpired to develop the mighty passions of her soul, until the fearful storm of rebellion began to surge and murmur in the southern horizon. Then we began to feel the swelling and rising of her slumbering faculties; and as the hell-born tempest of revolt and secession gathered shape and blackness, we soon ceased to speak of national affairs in her presence. She was a creature of heart and impulses. Logic and judgment were unmeaning words to her, and her heart was with her people through all things. All Decatur's fine talents of eloquence and reasoning were entirely futile to win her to a calm and reasonable reflection upon the great subject.

"They are my people, Decatur," she would say, her large eyes luminous with feeling, "and I will share their fate. He that takes arms against them becomes my deadly foe!"

Only once did he attempt to show her the high and sacred associations of a free government, and the obligations that every freeman owes to the fair flag that has sheltered him from tyranny and invasion, and given him the blessings of a free press and a free education. Only once did he attempt to set before her the diabolical crime of rebellion against such a government. "Victoria," he said, looking sadly into her troubled eyes, "don't you remember an old tale of like revolt and insurrection against just and generous laws, and how the rebels were punished for their unholy crime? Milton has told us that they were banished to

*"Regions of sorrow! doleful shades! where peace  
And rest can never dwell! hope never comes,  
That comes to all: but torture without end  
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed!  
Such place eternal justice hath prepared  
For those rebellious."*

"God does not lightly deal with rebellion, Victoria."

But she turned away her head impatiently, and replied, as I told you:

"They are my people, Decatur. He that

takes arms against them becomes my deadly foe!"

Well did we understand the deep significance of her words, for Victoria and Decatur were betrothed.

He never renewed the subject in her presence. Everything went on as usual, save that we were all fearfully conscious of a smouldering fire in our midst, which a faint breath might at any moment kindle into wild conflagration. Yet Victoria was more than ever affectionate toward us all, and leaned with more compliant tenderness towards Decatur, as if by revealing to him the richness of her devotional love, she would drive from his heart the loyal love of patriotism, by filling it with her own sweet image. And indeed, he seemed to be charmed by the magnetic power of her stronger love, and lingered fondly by her side, till we thought he had chosen between Victoria and his country—greatly preferring the living, responsive love of this charming, tropical queen. And when the early summer came on with its long perfumed twilights, they were constantly together, strolling down by the violet-blossomed banks of the stream, or nestled on the sofa by the west oriel window, while the martial notes of life and drum came up from the village, sending the free blood leaping through his veins, and Victoria, listening to the wild beating of his heart, would cling still closer to his side. But they spoke no words on the subject nearest their hearts.

To-day two strange officers had called on Decatur, and they held a long conference of two hours in the parlor, and when they were gone, Decatur came out to tea very pale and reticent. We ate our meal in oppressive restraint. Victoria looked white and troubled, and when Decatur took his hat to go to the village, she followed him to the door, and twining her arms closely about his neck, entreated him to stay with her. He lingered, half irresolute, and clasped her in one long and passionate embrace, then put her tenderly from him, saying he had a brief engagement, but would return to her very soon. She came in and threw herself on the sofa with a look of prophetic despair, but did not speak a word. When he returned, he went directly into the parlor, without coming to our sitting-room, sat down to the piano, and poured forth that thrilling song. We all knew well its meaning; and that was why Victoria's face turned white as Parian marble, and the fierce fires of smothered passion sprang up into the



furnace heat of rage in that young tragic beauty.

Suddenly the stirring notes of the fife and drum broke forth with "Star Spangled Banner," just in front of our dwelling. The little band of volunteers from the village had come up to salute their youthful commander.

The two strange officers had brought Decatur a captain's commission!

## CHAPTER II.

"Life is thorny and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

"VICTORIA, my first and only love, this is more than I can bear."

"But you will remember, Captain Lyon, that it has been your own free and deliberate choice. I have not changed. If you love the emoluments of an unjust cause better than you do me, I am not to blame. I am the one that must suffer, and I will bear it without a murmur. I can bear such things in silence—but, as God sits in judgment, I will never be so false to my womanly honor, as to receive the addresses of my country's foe; and may God—"

"Victoria! beware how you take an oath upon your lips! I will believe you without that. And yet how can I part from you thus? God knows, I would give my life for you freely, but my honor, without which I should be most unworthy of your dear love, I must defend with my heart's best blood. The time will come, Victoria, when you will see these things in a different light. Your wilful heart will one day discern the truth, and you will think more highly of me for thus following the stern mandate of duty, though now your reproaches press a crown of thorns upon my brow. The time will come when you will do me justice, Victoria, although it may be in fruitless tears above my grave."

"It is useless to prolong this scene, Captain Lyon. My brothers are in Charleston, and I wish to Heaven I had gone there before it was too late! You are going with the sword and gun to hunt them down and slay them in cold blood. You played together in my father's garden when you were boys, and slept upon the same couch. Now you seek their life. I would gladly have spared us both this vain interview, but you insisted upon it, and so I will improve it by returning to you these

trifles which are now valueless to me, and I will trouble you for my miniature, if you please."

Victoria rose languidly and pushed across the table to Decatur, the locket and ring which she had proudly worn for twelve months, as precious emblems of her betrothal. Decatur started to his feet.

"Never! as God liveth, Victoria Stanton, never! You may take from me the priceless boon of your sweet love, which has made this home a heaven for the past year; you may turn this hour into a Pandemonium by your bitter words; you may look on me with that cold, withering scorn in your beautiful eyes; but your picture shall never leave its place upon my heart, as your image will never cease to fill it. Through all the dangers and trials of the battle-field, and even in the hour of death, that sweet face unruffled by cloud or passion shall be my only solace; and at the recollection of this fearful hour, your picture, like the olive branch of peace, shall bring back the holy memory of our first love, and then I will pray God to change your heart. My darling, since I may not have your blessing, I can only say, may the God of love keep you safely, and some time in mercy give you back to me. Farewell."

She sprang forward to recover the miniature, but the door closed between them, and the little passion-flower sunk sobbing on the sofa.

Perhaps there had never been an hour in all her life, when she realized the strength and majesty and reliance of the love she spurned; as at this moment. Yet she never, for an instant, relented. He had chosen, and she must submit.

In the early morning twilight, we gathered around our noble, young soldier to bid him good-by. How ghastly pale and old he looked. Aunt Myra clung to him convulsively and wept on his shoulder; then like the noble northern mother that she was, gave him her own little Bible, and bade him be true to his country and his God. I buckled on his sword and bade him godspeed. Grace gave him a locket with her own and her mother's picture.

"You are all I have to live for now," he said in a hoarse voice, clasping them both in a long embrace. "I would gladly welcome death but for you. God bless you and keep us all in his holy care. Good-by."

The reveille was sounding and he hastened away.

## CHAPTER III.

"For never since created man  
Met such embodied force, as named with these  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warred on by crones."

"WELL, major, how do you look upon this state of affairs?"

"Why, to tell the truth, colonel, this seems to me like going 'on to Richmond' with more haste than prudence. I don't like these stories of the deserters, about the rapid reinforcements of the rebels. Those plaguy railroads of theirs are what knocks us. If we only had their facilities for rapid transportation, we should have been in Charleston before this."

"True; but I'm fearful that Jackson with some grand coup-de-main, will just outflank us here at Mechanicsville. If there was any way under the sun to find out his intentions."

"If some of the confidential officers would only desert—"

"Good morning, Captain Lyon."

"Good morning, colonel. Good morning, major. I will not intrude but a moment. Here is a package for you, colonel."

"Thank you; but stop a moment. Now, major, here's a man that fears neither flesh nor the devil, let's hear what he thinks about this."

"Yes; we are afraid of a sudden attack here—"

"And we want a man of your mettle to procure information with regard to the movements and intentions of the enemy."

Captain Lyon turned his cap in his hands and looked down thoughtfully.

Colonel Reed continued:

"The reinforcements seem to be crowding into this vicinity, and we must be prepared for anything. What do you think?"

"Where is that young lieutenant, colonel, that we took prisoner a week ago?" asked Lyon, musingly.

"Up at headquarters; but what do you want of him? He won't tell the first word; and besides, he has been here too long to know anything about the present programme of that infernal Jackson."

"Yes; but his coat would fit me wouldn't it?"

"By my soul, Lyon, you shall not risk your life by any hot-headed daring! You don't mean to go into their lines?"

"I should like to make the attempt, with your permission, colonel."

"I'll risk Captain Lyon at that business," said Major Keene, taking a good draught of whiskey, and offering his canteen to Lyon, who respectfully declined the courtesy. "Well, you're a bully one for a tetotalter. I could have sworn you had a good pint on now, to propose such a dare-devil expedition."

"Well," said the colonel reflectingly, "you know your own power best, captain. If you wish to make the attempt, you must do it with my consent only, not my orders. You can send up a suit of your clothes to the rebel officer and tell him to exchange with you."

"I believe he would go right into perdition without flinching!" said the major, when he had left.

Two hours later, Decatur Lyon, in the dress of a rebel officer, might be seen mounted on a fleet and powerful charger, riding leisurely towards the enemy's lines.

It was an hour of fearful peril, but Decatur Lyon was a man that courted danger, and his quick wit and cool hardihood made him equal to the wildest deeds of daring. He had contemplated this scheme for some time, and had reconnoitered to choose a favorable place to pass the enemy's picket line.

Just this side of Mechanicsville on the main road to Richmond, a crooked bridle path diverges to the left into the woods, crossing a shallow brook by a ford, which came suddenly upon the picket line from a thick hedge of alders.

Into this path our hero leisurely rode just as the shadows of evening had nestled into sombre gray. He paused on the edge of the stream. Irresolute? O no; he only stopped to breathe a fervent prayer to Heaven, and take from his bosom a little miniature which he pressed to his lips with solemn tenderness, and then rode on. The careful tread of his noble steed made no noise on the grass-grown path, and he soon came unannounced upon a rebel sentinel, a large, ragged, canine-looking fellow who had just dropped his gun to readjust his equipments.

"Here, you rascal! is this the way you guard the outpost? What if I had been a Yankee scouting party! You're a right smart guard! I'll warrant you have forgotten the countersign!"

The sentinel, utterly frightened out of all wariness, at being thus caught off his guard, started suddenly, dropping his cartridge box, shouldered his rifle and stammered:

"'Twas a mighty hard one, cap'n. Tiger a noga, I believe."

"*Ticonderoga!* I didn't tell you to give it to me, you scoundrel! Now see if you can walk your beat till I send up a file of men to show you the way to head-quarters."

Captain Lyon, possessed of the countersign, now rode boldly on, looking back once or twice, to see how the delinquent guard was performing his duty. He had gone but a few rods when he met a mounted staff officer wearing a lieutenant's badge, who accosted him with much deference, and requested him to show him the way to General Lee's head-quarters.

"I am going that way myself, we will ride along together, if you please," said the spy.

"With great pleasure, major. I am not much acquainted with this part of the country."

"You don't belong to our division, then?"

"No; I have just come up with despatches from Jackson."

"How long before Jackson will be here? We expect the Yankees will be down on us here every day, and if they strike before Jackson gets up it will be all over with the confederacy."

"Jackson will be here in three days at farthest. He is marching as fast as the baggage trains can move, and will, no doubt, be here in season to support the left in case the Yankees attempt a forward movement."

"Then there is no doubt that he will be here in three days?"

"Not the slightest, unless McDowell checks him, and there is no danger of that, you know."

"Certainly not," rejoined Lyon, who had thus shrewdly obtained all the information he wished.

He directed the communicative young officer to take the road to the right, and as soon as he was out of sight, the intrepid Yankee rode back to the point where he entered; but the sentinel, who had come to his senses, refused to pass him, and sent for the officer of the guard. Lyon, who had no intention of remaining to be taken prisoner, had backed his horse for a dash through the line at the risk of life, when the officer of the day suddenly appeared.

Captain Lyon saluted him with respect and said:

"You had better look after this fellow, colonel; he scarcely knows his duty. Just now I rode round here and he had his rifle down, and now he has the insolence to refuse to let me pass."

During this parley, Lyon was comparing the apparent speed of their horses, sure that he must now ride for his life, but to his surprise the colonel said:

"Is he right on the countersign, fellow?"

"*Ticonderoga,*" responded Lyon impatiently and boldly.

"Then pass him, you villain!"

Lyon made no long tarrying after this, for the officer of the guard had appeared, and a detachment of cavalry was clattering towards them.

As soon as he was out of sight the sentinel explained to the officers how he had come in, upon which the colonel with an exclamation of reproach to the stupid picket, started after our hero.

It was now dark, but the rebel officer rode forward in the narrow pathway with all the speed of his powerful horse. As he neared the ford Lyon had just gained the opposite bank, and was spurring his horse into a gallop, when he heard the rebel shout:

"Ride for your life! The cavalry are after us! I am a friend, take me into your lines!"

"If you are a friend, follow me to the lines!" Lyon shouted back, suspecting a ruse to entrap him; but what was his surprise when the rebel rode after him close to our picket line!

"Thank God! free at last!" exclaimed the southern soldier, removing his cap and wiping his brow in an excited manner.

"Come to my quarters, colonel, till I can do better for you," said Decatur, shaking him cordially by the hand.

When they had entered his tent, and the bold spy took off his cap by the light of the dim candle, the deserter looked at him eagerly, and inquired his name.

"Decatur Lyon."

"Good heaven! Decatur, don't you know me, your cousin, Robert Stanton?"

The scene that followed, the earnest questionings of the absent sister, and the renewal of youthful friendships, we will not stop to describe.

But there was no time to waste in personal interests, while the safety and success of the whole federal army was at stake; and Lyon went in haste to Colonel Reed with the important intelligence he had obtained from Jackson's aid.

"Jackson within three days' march of Mechanicsville! Good heaven! and McClellan does not suspect it! Captain, you must go to him to-night."

Colonel Reed wrote a brief letter to the commanding general, attesting the truth of Lyon's disclosures, and commending in the highest terms, the shrewdness and gallantry of the daring young officer.

McClellan was surprised, but preserved his usual impassive demeanor. His words were few and practical. He inquired with great minuteness concerning the incidents of his adventure with the guard, and the conversation with the rebel *aid-de-camp*. The interview was brief, and when Lyon turned to leave the tent, McClellan came and took his hand, and simply remarked:

"Captain Lyon, you have done us an inestimable service. I shall not forget it. I only hope it is not too late."

It is needless to rehearse the mighty efforts that were made to gain Richmond before Jackson's reinforcements arrived.

Just upon the eve of the attack, our hero received a colonel's commission, with orders to lead his regiment into the coming battle. All the world knows how "bravely they fought and well," driving the rebel horde out of Mechanicsville, and still back, until Jackson's timely or untimely arrival prevented our brave army from marching in triumph to Richmond. Had McDowell then had the prowess of a Hooker, our national history might have already told the complete suppression of the rebellion. But it chronicles a well-fought battle-field that day, a brilliant victory.

Colonel Lyon rode like a veteran commander, and his gallant conduct was marked by all.

It was toward the close of the encounter, the rebels were playing a mischievous game with a battery on the extreme right, that the new-made colonel rode up in front of his command and pointing with his sword, said in a tone of inspiration;

"Boys, we must take that battery! Attention battalion; charge bayonets; double-quick—march!"

With that determined and terrific shout, peculiar to New England armies, they rushed forward into the face of the belching cannon, "into the jaws of death," on, on, up to the almost impregnable breastworks, into a shower of ball and shell. Not a man faltered except some that poured out their life-blood and fell by the way, but on they pressed at the cheering command of their gallant leader. Twice they were repulsed by the decimating fire, but the voice of their commander rallied them forward and they charged over the breast-

works into the midst of the rebel nest, taking a whole regiment prisoners, with all the guns and ammunition, and a great quantity of army stores. This had long been considered by the rebels one of their invulnerable strongholds, and no preparations were made for a retreat.

This brilliant action, as is well known, prevented the right wing of our army from falling into the hands of the rebels and held them in check until Jackson arrived at night, when the attack on the rear was renewed, but too late to be successful.

When the night came down upon the field of carnage, Colonel Lyon lay under a broad oak tree with the crimson tide of life ebbing from a wound in his shoulder. Robert Stanton was beside him, all his rough nature changed to womanly tenderness by the suffering of his friend.

"Shall I send for your mother, Decatur?"

"Yes; she would rather be here."

"And your sister?"

"Yes; poor Grace. I shall not live to see them."

"Hope for the best, my brave cousin. Would you wish to see Victoria?"

The wounded man was silent; but he opened his hand which clasped a locket and by the dim firelight, gazed long upon a sweet, young face pictured there. At last he replied, "Tell her my latest thought was undying love for her, and my fondest prayer for her untroubled happiness."

## CHAPTER IV.

"Errare est humanum."

WE pass lightly over the year of anxious hope and fear and silent prayer at our home.

Victoria had never relented, had never written a word of kindness in cheer to the soldier who was winning unfading laurels in the blood-bought fields of valor and patriotism and right. But the fearful fires of passion and wrath were too much for the fragile creature. Week after week the roses faded from her cheeks, and her step grew slow, yet her eyes had all the stern brightness of her indomitable will. We whispered to each other that she would die.

Decatur's weekly letters sent no message to her, and we read them in silence, and his name was unspoken in her presence.

She had grown more and more languid until she chose to lie on the sofa most of the

day. She said she felt entirely well, and would not have a physician, and still she grew weaker.

At last there came a letter for her from Washington, but we did not think of it again, as it was brought simultaneously with one that told us that Decatur was seriously and it was feared mortally wounded. We all decided to go at once to Washington.

Victoria's letter was from her brother Robert, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR AND ONLY SISTER:—I thank God that I can once more communicate with you; I pray you do not doubt that I should be you as soon as this can reach you, but that other and painful duties detain me.

"I will hasten to inform you why I am so suddenly at Washington.

"When southern despots and knaves (these are mild words, but our language is sadly destitute of proper terms) first conceived the fiendish plan of overturning our glorious government, the darkest crime that ever cursed this sin-polluted earth, your brothers were struck dumb—dumbfounded, you would say in Yankeeland, but we held our peace, hoping that some day we might be able to do great service to our native country, and to his majesty the American Eagle. We soon saw that we should be impressed into service and our property confiscated unless we joined the confederate army (and by the way, sis, I think the only proper orthography is *corn-fed-eracy*, for I'll be whipped if there's anything to eat but maize in all rebeldom), ergo, we joined. Brother Joe was always the right smart chap of the family, Vic of course excepted, so he bore off the palm (we are both colonels), by leading a whole regiment into a good place to be taken prisoners, but he was hurt, poor fellow, not seriously, and escaped by not being able to follow.

"I am ashamed to say that I ran away. But the cream is at the bottom—everything gets turned upside down in my hands. The man I ran away with was—guess who. One of the boldest, most unmitigated heroes of the war, a cool, daring Yankee who rode into our lines and threatened to court martial the pickets, bullied them out of the countersign, and learned the complete scheme of Jackson and Lee, rode out with a regiment of cavalry at his heels, and carried the information to McClellan, which saved the army of the Potomac. I followed him to administer proper chastisement, and soon found myself in the

Sibley tent of Decatur Lyon, the most intrepid and able soldier in the army of our Uncle Sam. Of course McClellan considered himself only too lucky to find such a man to put into command, and he led a regiment through some of the most brilliant actions of the war, and was badly wounded by a ball in the shoulder.

"This isn't all, Vic. What is the trouble between you and Decatur Lyon? By all the fiends in Tophet, if you are my sister, and have ill-treated the noblest man on God's earth, I will never speak to you again. I've got the Stanton blood as well as you. He turned pale every time I spoke of you, not with anger either, and it means something, and I want to know what. Of course I love you, but I wouldn't blame Moses for getting mad about such a thing. I am watching beside his bed. He has been delirious for twenty-four hours, and I presume I have learned what no one in the world knows save you two.

"Victoria, my only sister, what powers of darkness have possessed you to link yourself with those fiends of perdition, secessionists? I grew sick with the monstrous horror! My sweet sister like these unsexed she-rebels! Forgive my harshness, but you know I was always kind to you, though always a rough, brutal fellow, and I mean to be kind to you now, but you must make an effort at least to atone for your sin to Decatur. I think you love him. I know you loved him very dearly before the war. Your letters were full of his fondest praises,—you were a sweet and loving girl then. And if you could be here now and listen to the unsealed heart of this noble man, and know as I do, the richness and intensity of the love you have spurned, you would never say again as you used to do, 'Men can never love as women do,' for I protest that a love that will live in such undying tenderness through such treatment, is a jewel that is seldom found in a woman's heart. He thinks that I am you and says to me, 'My precious darling, I knew God would give you back to me, though it is only in death. You will not leave me again?' Then I tell him I will not leave him and he is satisfied. So Vic, you must come here immediately, so that you can ask his forgiveness if he returns to consciousness before he dies. You can never have mine unless you do.

"Hoping to see you immediately, I am the same old sixpence,

"Your brother,

Bob."

Just as we were all assembled in the hall, waiting for the carriage to be brought round, we were startled by the unexpected appearance of Victoria, clad in gray travelling robes, with hat and cloak, as if for a journey. We looked at each other for explanation, but all were ignorant of her intentions, and Aunt Myra ventured to ask:

"Are you going with us, Victoria?"

"If you please, aunt. Brother Robert is in Washington and wishes to see me," she replied, in a tone that repelled further inquiry; and there was no mention of Decatur, even in this hour of dreadful suspense, save an occasional telegram from Robert Stanton, which gave the intelligence that he was still lying in the critical delirium of brain fever. Victoria remained as ever passive and undemonstrative, giving no sign. Would she carry her cruel resentment to death? Looking into her cold, bright eyes, I felt perfectly convinced that she would!

Her brother met us at the station and accompanied us to the National Hotel where he had already engaged rooms on the capitol side. Aunt Myra and Grace went down to the hospital. About nine o'clock in the evening Robert Stanton came up with Grace, and called for Victoria. She had been lying upon a sofa, with her face to the wall for four long hours without speaking a word, and when she rose to meet her brother, I should scarcely have known her. She went towards him with a sad, beautiful smile on her proud lips, and her eyes suffused with emotion, while a purple hectic burned on each cheek. She twined her arms about his neck, and he bore her to the recess of a window where she sat muffling her sobs on his shoulder. Perhaps they sat there an hour, and then Robert Stanton asked me if I would accompany them to the hospital.

When we arrived Victoria was pale again. The surgeon met us and said that our friend was sleeping, but we would go to his couch. I was not prepared for the dreadful change that grief and toil and sickness had wrought upon my cousin. Marks of years and toil and pain were interlined upon his features, and I thought that it was the shadow of death that sat so sternly upon his brow. Victoria was whiter than he, when she saw all this, and turned for an instant with a gesture of unspoken helplessness toward her brother, who drew her to a seat at the head of the sufferer. Aunt Myra was holding one fevered hand in pale and patient silence. Present-

ly he opened his eyes and looked up at Victoria, and said, with the first gleam of consciousness in many days:

"Victoria, my darling. I thought you would come."

And she, the proud and wilful passion-flower of the tropics, slid her arm under his head, bent forward and kissed his lips, as a true and loving wife might do, and answered:

"I shall never leave you, Decatur."

A holy smile of contentment spread over the face of the invalid and he slept.

Of course there is but little more to write. This long estrangement was the "unknown and stubborn cause," which the doctor could not fathom, of the brain fever, and this strange reunion was the only cure. In two weeks Decatur was returning home convalescent. When he asked the quiet and devoted girl at his side why she changed her mind, she persisted that it was all Bob's threats of dreadful vengeance that actually frightened her into relenting. But we are of the opinion that secession wore a very different aspect when she found that "her people" were no longer traitors and rebels. Her wilful heart led her into error, and Love, the king of all hearts, ruled with a sceptre of steel this loving maiden.

They are to be married next week, and he will immediately return to his regiment. But Victoria with all her old persistence still determines to keep sacred the promise that she would never leave him, and no persuasion can move her from her purpose to accompany him.

Robert Stanton goes with them to take an honorable position upon the staff of General Sedgwick.

Last evening we were walking by the side of the brook, Robert Stanton and I, and he asked me to wear his mother's ring until he came back. This is the one, on my left hand, only a narrow golden circlet, very plain, but I value it for his sake.

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#### AUTUMN WOODS.

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest  
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;  
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest  
To rove and dream for aye.

And leave the vain, low strife  
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,  
The passions and the cares that wither life,  
And waste its little hour.—BRYANT.

[ORIGINAL.]

## ONWARD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

*"Nulla vestigia retrorsum."*

Nor look, nor footstep backward turn,  
 Though many a vanished scene be fair;  
 There's less Nepenthe in the urn  
 Of Memory than despair.  
 The Future we can carve at will—  
 The sculptured Past defies our skill.

Why summon up the wierd array  
 Of spectres false—Delusion's train?  
 The idols Time has proved of clay  
 Will ne'er be gold again:  
 Nor defeat Alchemy restore  
 The treasures that we prized of yore.

Onward Life's river bravely pours—  
 And when we've won the skill to guide  
 The enginery of sails and oars,  
 Why backward cleave the tide?  
 If Beauty charmed the vanished scene,  
 We'll look to find some new Undine.

The wreaths that decked our youthful brows  
 Have lost their brightness and perfume;  
 We'll weave our crowns from fresher boughs  
 And flowers of richer bloom!  
 And brighter sunbeams than of old  
 Shall change our sails to beaten gold.

We will not think of reef or wreck,  
 Of latent dangers hurried o'er,  
 Of storms that whilom swept our deck;  
 Our Pharos shines before  
 And glids the waves that ceaseless sweep  
 On to the vast eternal deep.

[ORIGINAL.]

## A FEARFUL HOUR.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

It was dead of night, where the settler's lone cabin perched on an upland swell in the midst of a few cleared acres everywhere bounded by forest—an island amid green sea-waves. The virgin moon had burned the oil from her lamp and gone out beyond the Connecticut, that like a steel-clad sentinel paced his continuous beat, with the deep monotone of—"All's well."

The young wife of Matthew Benning sat up in bed nursing her babe, who had worried a little, to hasten that motherly care. The murmur of its little feasting lips mingled with the

regular and peaceful breathing from the opposite pillow, where, after his day's toil, the brave pioneer refreshed himself with drawing from Nature's affectionate bosom the sweet milk of sleep.

Suddenly a howl, prolonged and dismal, filled the empty air, and made the darkness awful. The listener felt a cold thrill in every nerve; she clasped her infant closer to her breast.

"Matthew?"

"Yes, Nelly." He answered readily; the sound which had so startled Elinor having awakened the sleeper.

"What was that?"

"An Indian's dog."

"Are you certain it was not a wild animal?"

"O, quite."

Even as he gave the assurance, the stillness was again broken, the mournful sound reverberating from the line of hills along the river's further shore.

It was only a dog; yet the cry in which the animal seemed to pour out some pent-up woe—too like that of a human soul in its despair appealing for mercy and forgiveness and sympathy—was dreary in the extreme, almost appalling. Elinor, as she crept under the bed-clothes shivering, remembered that the howling of a dog has ever been regarded by the superstitious as a warning of death.

"You do not think there are Indians about?" she asked, falteringly.

"None nearer than their wigwams," her husband replied. "The creature's howling is good evidence that he is solitary. You are not afraid, Nelly?" patting the soft arm on which their boy reposed.

Mrs. Benning did not answer, for once more the sound was repeated—at first a low sobbing lament, rising by degrees to very fierceness of complaining, then dying away in a pitiful, hopeless wail. It was the last; afterward all remained quiet.

But Elinor had been too much disturbed to compose herself at once and close her eyes.

"Don't go to sleep yet, Matthew," petitioned his wife.

"No, dear," he responded, moving his head to scare away the settling pinions of sleep.

"I wish," said Elinor, endeavoring to help him keep his promise by some conversation, "I wish we had not parted with Hotty." Hotty was short for Hottentot, the name of a dog Matthew had owned in their former home.

"How could we help it?" returned her



husband, cheerfully. "With ourselves, our season's provisions and household effects, to be stowed in a river boat for a journey of two hundred miles up stream, it was impossible to add to our lading a big dog."

"I know it," but with the words of acquiescence, either from sudden homesickness, or the fear inspired by the hour's disturbance, two swollen teardrops sprang from the eyes of the pioneer's wife, falling heavily upon her pillow.

"But," Matthew added, "when I go down in the fall, I'll get the puppy back again, if George keeps him, and fetch him home, if it would please you, Nelly."

"O, will you?" cried Elinor, gladly. "I would rather have him than a silk dress. Why, I'd get right up this minute and walk three miles to see the black, shaggy darling. I've thought a great deal what company he might be for me when you are away. He loved me dearly—Hotty did, always. He had began to be fond of baby, too, though he was so amazingly jealous of him at first. Think how he used to answer with a growl when we called him by name and pointed to the cradle, or held wee Eddie before his great mouth to be kissed—as if he thought the little intruder was kissed quite too much already. Do you suppose Hotty would grow much more?"

The answer to the concluding question was from the very borders of Dreamland, and sounded like the somewhat indefinite one of "shouldn't wonder," but Elinor made no further attempt to recall her sleepy lord, and, her nerves having become tranquil, sank likewise into peaceful slumber, from which they were aroused by the cheerful light of morning and song of early birds.

That day Mr. Benning was from home, having set off not long after sunrise to procure an axe at the nearest settlement, seven miles through the forest. Mrs. Benning sat sewing by the little window; the babe slept in the cradle with the mother's foot on the rocker. Without, rich sunshine gilded the full ears of maize in their sheaths of fading green; the sky was of that deep, melting blue which speaks of the gliding of summer into autumn. The heat, otherwise too oppressive, was delightfully tempered by the great circuit of forest, whose foliage, at this hour, hung as if in meditative silence.

The shadow had just crossed the noon-mark on the window-sill, when Elinor, looking up from her work and turning her face towards the woods, saw more than the monotonous elo-

quence which had greeted her all through the morning. A familiar, dusky figure was emerging from the shadows; the gazer fancied she could even at that distance—though it was not great—discern the pleased smile of their young neighbor, the daughter of old Winoozie, or the Corn Planter, as she in turn descried the friendly face of Mrs. Benning framed in the small window of the white man's dwelling.

Three months' residence in the heart of the wilderness, and frequent intercourse with its red children, the smoke of whose wigwags could be seen in all directions curling blue through the tree-tops, while it had not enabled the settler's wife to divest herself wholly of the natural fear they inspired, had interested her in their habits, and made some of their faces welcome in her loneliness.

"Laola is coming," she said in soft, mother-tones to the occupant of the cradle, whose violet eyelids had suddenly lifted, like fringed curtains, to let the brightness through. "Yes, and she will have Wee-wee up from his cradle and will play with him to his little heart's content. So it hears the news—Eddie hears all about it," bending low over the pillow where the boy of six months, laughing and cooling and wreathing his white plump arms, met her happy gaze.

Meantime the Indian maiden approached and entered at the open door. Sixteen summers had the forest put on its gala dress for her; her hair had caught the shade from the deep pine vales, her smile was like the blush of sunrise upon the mountain tops. The molten crystals of the spring were in her eyes, her ways were playful as the wind among the festooned vines.

Crossing the room, Laola extended her hand with one of the two bright-colored baskets she had brought, smilingly saying, in her broken English:

"See, White Daisy"—the name she had given her new friend—"me build basket for pick blackberries in. Come. Through the wood, on the hillside, 'em bushes stoop with their burden. Laola touch not one till White Daisy go fill her basket, too."

"But Edwin," replied the young mother, accepting the pretty gift with an expression of pleasure. "His father is away—there is no one to carry him. Let us not go berrying before to-morrow."

"We go to-day," said Laola, earnestly, standing before the little looking-glass and twining a vine with dark glossy leaves and scarlet berries in her flowing hair. "The day

after this it will rain. Winowis say so when he come home from his traps with the black bear's skin this morning. Rain pick berries with wet fingers and spoil all the ripest on the ground. We wait not. Come. Me carry little one as the river carries a bubble on its surface."

She caught the infant from the cradle and tossed his little form lightly in her arms, while he crowed in glee; then began carrying him to and fro through the room, his innocent, laughing face peeping over the dusky shoulder, alternately caressing him with words from her liquid native tongue, and turning to repeat her invitation to the young mother and urge her to make ready for the excursion.

Elinor knew not how to decide. A secret instinct whispered her to remain at home, and to beware of going out without her husband's protection; on the other hand, she recollected that Matthew had often charged her to gratify the caprices of their forest neighbors as far as possible, and especially to refuse them nothing they might ask for in his absence.

She rose and slowly put up her hand to take her sun-bonnet from its nail on the wall, when her doubt suddenly increasing to a well-defined fear, she returned to her chair and folded her hands in greater perplexity. What if the daughter of a treacherous race meant them harm? What if, the settler's absence being known, she were sent to entice away his wife and child to a fate secret as terrible? She turned her eyes in a keen glance on the Indian girl. Laola had spread the white blanket of the infant and knotted it over the little restless feet, and resuming her walk to and fro, was at that instant close by the open door and gazing intently on the dark forest. What if now she were to speed away and disappear with her treasure? The mother sprang from her chair, barely repressing a shriek, then silently chided herself for her foolish terrors.

"I am only nervous," she said to herself. "There are other and dearer ones to suffer, if through any folly of mine the harmony that so far has subsisted between us and our red neighbors should be disturbed. She is earnest; I dare not risk a refusal; I will go."

She was quickly prepared, and, left the house, accompanied by Laola, who carried the baskets, while the mother took the babe in her own embrace. The Indian girl, overjoyed at the success of her little enterprise, ran on before like a leaping brook, often returning to

her companion with some wild fantasy of speech, or to touch the babe with her caressing fingers.

They entered the woods stately and sombre, the midday sun only penetrating here and there, scattering golden coins along the way. To Elinor there appeared neither path nor sign, only the wilderness of tall old trees, and undergrowth in places so dense she could hardly have made her way through it but for the help of her guide, who parted the interlacing boughs and held them back, shadowy and rustling, to afford her a passage.

The babe slept and lay heavily on her bosom, till the mother grew faint with her burden; then she was fain to resign him. Laola still went before, bearing Eddie carefully in her arms, the other silently following in her footsteps. As they proceeded, and Elinor began to feel they must be near the end of their walk, she twice or thrice looked behind, fancying she heard a footfall on the leaves; but no living thing appeared, save a partridge brood feeding on the pale wood-sorrel, or a gray squirrel darting up a tree-trunk.

"Look!" she cried, suddenly, grasping the young guide's shoulder and pointing to their rear, for again had the seeming sound of footsteps attracted her attention, and as she looked she thought she detected among the shadows a darker shade, as of some creature following upon their track and creeping stealthily away to escape observation. Laola, however, saw nothing, and the object, whatever it was, had disappeared.

"May be deer," the girl suggested, and smiling as she brushed a fly from the baby's forehead, moved on without a thought of fear.

Not so with Mrs. Benning. The ghostly terrors which had premonished her of a tragedy in which they were shortly to culminate, began to assume tangible shape. She would have given worlds to be back in the cabin she had left an hour before; still she staggered forward with white, shut lips and a sick, throbbing heart. Could she but place her babe in its father's arms, beyond the danger, she would submit peacefully to her unknown fate. She had known that savage beasts prowled in the forest; Laola had told of the bear her father had killed only that morning. What wicked temerity was it, then, to have thus exposed her own life and that of her innocent child! Prayer was not unfamiliar to her lips and heart; yet now, amid her self-

upbraidings, the attempt to lift her thoughts and ask God's protection in this hour, was like tying the message to the neck of a dead carrier-dove.

"Yonder grow 'em blackberries."

At the announcement Elinor raised her eyes and saw stretching before them an open hillside, radiant with sunshine, and softly undulating in purple and green, meeting her with the luscious fragrance that was like a word of comfort, a helping hand. The wild apprehensions which had beset her in the gloom of the forest gave way for a moment; she felt almost like one who awakes from a frightful dream, to find that what he dreaded was but imaginary and is overpast.

Then she became aware of a sound of rushing water, and in another moment they were beside a river, narrow and deep, which followed the circuit of the hills and gave itself in tribute to the lordly Connecticut. At a seeming dizzy height above its current, the stream was spanned by a log; and already the daughter of old Winowis, with her precious charge was upon the narrow bridge.

Elinor called to her in alarm; in her excited state the waters had a threatening, pitiless aspect she dared not face—the chasm of the stream seemed yawning to swallow them up. She called, but the other either heard not, or gave no heed, and tripped as confidently and gaily as if the firm earth lay under her feet. Reaching for her babe in a kind of frenzy, Elinor sprang after them.

Scarce a dozen steps upon the rude foot-bridge, she was seized with giddiness which took away the ability to proceed or to return; there she stood, wavering helplessly to the motion of the current, like some charmed bird ready to flutter down from its bough into the devouring fangs of the serpent.

At this moment the Indian girl, half way across the stream, paused, casting a mirthful glance over her shoulder; then without comprehending the other's situation, extended her arms with a playful pretence of dropping their burden. With a piercing shriek the affrighted mother, obeying an irresistible impulse, leaped from her foothold, through the space, into the blackened river which she believed had received the darling of her bosom. The exultant stream whirled her downward, now floating, now immersed, until directly a bend in its course hid her from the bridge.

Those few moments of confused consciousness, when she seemed to herself to be floating in light to the sound of rapturous music,

with gay banners streaming around, and she returned to the life she had almost forsaken, to find her head pressing a pillow of moss, and Laola, with dripping hair and garments, stooping over her, gravely holding her hands in hers.

"My child?" gasped the mother, her first look turned toward the rushing river, though only half remembering her terror and the peril it involved.

"Safe there," replied the maiden, nodding toward the scene of the accident; "quick—soft, me lay him on the mosses and fly."

"Go fetch him—bring me my child?" And Elinor, with wild, beseeching looks, half raised herself from the ground with an effort, and there watched, curbing the fearful recollections that were swelling in her bosom, till she should prove whether they were phantoms or realities.

Laola at her command had hastened away. Several minutes elapsed, when she reappeared with empty arms, and eyes staring with an expression never seen in them before.

"Where is the babe? Why have you not brought him?" Elinor demanded.

"Him not found." It was all Laola could utter.

Mrs. Benning sprang to her feet, echoing the girl's words in a wild scream that rang the forest round. Seizing Laola by both her arms, and putting her face close to hers, while the fires of insanity shot from her eyes, she hissed:

"Tell me—tell me the truth. A mother's curse be on you, else."

Briefly and brokenly Laola replied by repeating what she had already said, adding that as she searched around the spot where she had lain the child in order to rescue the mother, and from which he had so incredibly disappeared, she heard a crackling of underbrush, and caught a glimpse of some black beast disappearing in the forest, and—horrible to relate!—in his mouth he bore away something which might have been the missing infant wrapped in its blanket.

Poor Elinor's agony can only be imagined. She tore out masses of her wet hair, flinging it into the stream; but suddenly turning again to her informant, she exclaimed:

"Liar! False child of a false race, you shall not deceive me. I remember—I remember now; you cast my innocent babe into the river. I saw him sink. You have murdered him. O, God, why was I not permitted to perish with him? Never—never shall I see

my darling more, O girl, worse than fiend that you are!"

From this maddened accusation, Laola turned away unanswering. Slowly she sank upon her knees; she bowed her face until it pressed the yielding moss, and something like a moan half rose in air, half buried itself in the wilderness soil. Then she stood up, taking the hands of Elinor, which now were outstretched to her with the beseeching helplessness of a little child.

"Me lead White Daisy home."

"Let me first see the spot where Eddie last lay." The bereaved mother was calm, now—too calm; her stony eyes moved not in their sockets, her rounded cheek seemed fallen and haggard.

Laola, subdued and gentle, led her friend up the margin of the stream to the moss-covered knoll where she said she had lain the infant. No little sleeping face appeared; no baby arms fluttered like wings in the endeavor to rise and fold themselves on a mother's fond breast. The tender yellow moss, however, was seen to have been lately pressed, and on one side the slight mound was broken and torn as if by the rugged paws of some powerful beast. Beyond, a mass of low clustering vines was tunnelled and rent, doubtless marking the pass by which the greedy devourer had borne away his prey.

Terrible signs indeed were these to the poor mother. She tore her flesh among the tangled shrubs in frantic efforts to force her way through and follow the trail, till at length her companion, after many attempts, persuaded her to quit the fatal scene. Then cold and white, like a moving statue, she returned, she knew not how, through the forest.

The opening—the cabin—came in view; and there by the open window, just where she in her unsuspecting content had watched and tended her lambkin only a few hours before, sat her husband, as little aware of the calamity which had darkened their home. One arm lay over the sill, and, weary and heated with his walk, with the other he fanned himself comfortably with his broad-rimmed straw hat.

The sight—the thought of the distress he must so soon suffer, aggravated, perhaps, by the conviction that prudence on her part might have averted the evil, were too much for the distracted wife. She shrieked his name and that of the lost one, wringing her hands in wildest agony, while Laola, with all her strength, could barely support her tottering form.

Her husband was by her side in an instant; his arms were around her, while, glancing from her frenzied face to her wet and clinging garments, in exclamations and hurried inquiries he sought an explanation.

"O my husband, our dear little Eddie is drowned—he is gone—a wild beast has carried him off—we shall never see him more! I have murdered—have murdered my child!"

Matthew took her hands and tried to unfold the clenched fingers. The fearful thought flashed through his mind that his wife was seized with sudden insanity, and had made an attempt at self-destruction.

"Dearest Elinor," he said, with extreme tenderness, "be comforted. There is no cause of distress. I assure you our precious boy lies asleep in his cradle—safe. You shall see for yourself in a moment. But, my love, where have you been?"

She did not reply; she seemed not to hear his question; an instant she gazed breathlessly in her husband's face, then breaking from his clasp, ran with the speed of a deer towards the cottage. When Matthew, who found it impossible to keep pace with her, arrived, she was lying across the infant's cradle, where she had flung herself, weeping quiet, joyful tears over the miracle of her lost one found. There he slumbered—the darling of their home—within her encircling arm; and except that his wrappings were soiled and scattered with earth and leaves, it would have been incredible that he had left the house. Matthew only knew that he had on his return found the door open and the babe lying asleep as now, and he had then supposed the mother was not far away.

As they stood, a thankful, wondering group around the cradle—Laola apparently hardly less overjoyed than the others at the safety of her pet—a low tapping sound was heard, which continuing, drew Laola to the window and Matthew to the door, but neither could discover what it was, or whence it proceeded.

"Mystery upon mystery," murmured the latter.

He stood a moment in listening attitude, then went and lifted the drapery of a bed in one corner of the room, when forth crept a huge black dog, whose bony frame and torn and roughened coat testified to the hardships he had undergone. Dragging himself to the cradle and resting his head close to the baby's, with eyes fixed wistfully on the master's face, his low whine seemed to say:

"You have not known how I loved you

and mourned for you all when I was left behind. O, if I could speak, I would ask to be forgiven, and would promise to be ever faithful. Wont you take your poor puppy back again, and not sell him any more?"

"Hotty! Hotty!" cried his delighted mistress, clasping with her arms the shaggy neck and kissing her favorite again and again.

Stooping to caress the animal, a tear fell from Matthew Benning's eye upon the dark face upturned so beseechingly to his; his dumb friend licked his hand humbly, then, gaining confidence a little, wagged his tail where he lay, producing the sound which had first attracted their attention.

How Hotty supped that night on venison steak and slept on a soft couch near his master's, and how on such fare he shortly recovered his plumpness and glossy hair, I need not detail; nor how, in years that came after, he was the happy playfellow of Edwin and his young brothers and sisters, roving over the now extended pastures and merry harvest fields.

Often, when the family were gathered around the evening fire, and their favorite stretched sleeping between their feet and the ruddy blaze, would one with curly head leaning on a parent's knee ask to hear the story of which they never tired—of how the dog came the long, lone journey to find his master and mistress, and, weary and half-starving, hid himself for none could tell how many days, not daring to be seen, till, following his mistress and finding the infant in the forest unprotected, he brought him home in safety, hoping to have earned a recognition and a welcome. And as they listened, some one of the happy little group would exclaim:

"See! Hotty pricks up his ears—he remembers!"

#### CHINESE WITNESSES.

In the town and at the gold fields of Victoria, no cause list would now look complete without a few Chinese names in it. Their powers of giving evidence are as amazing as is their fastidiousness as to the fashion in which they are sworn. Some of them in the witness box blow out a lucifer match; some burn a strip of yellow paper with Chinese characters inscribed thereon; and one once, in my hearing, at Ballarat, refused to be sworn at all but upon the ceremony of chopping off the head of a cock at one blow. In vain was the witness tempted with lucifer, wax candle, china saucer, and every other article at once

handy and deemed likely to bear on the Chinese conscience. He was inexorable, and as his evidence was important, and poultry was then scarce in the township, the court, jury, and practitioners were kept waiting while messengers scoured right and left in search of the necessary victim. On the cock being brought into court, emitting a cluck of terror whenever he could disengage his beak from the hand of the roguish or nervous Irish policeman, even judicial gravity was sorely tried, and yet this was not all. A second commission became necessary to go in quest of a chopper, common pocket-knives being of no use, as "the one blow" was carefully explained by the interpreter as being so indispensable that cock after cock must be offered up if there were any failure in this particular. The chopper was at last procured, the cock satisfactorily beheaded, whereupon, so exhausted was the witness's virtue by its preliminary effort, that he burst at once into a paroxysm of perjury, which satisfied all that he was not nearly so particular in the substance of his evidence as he had been in the form of his oath.

#### VALUE OF GROUND IN LONDON.

For the improvements between Oxford street and Holborn, the land required to be purchased cost £57,000 an acre; for the improvements between Bow street and Charlotte street, the land cost £67,000 an acre; and for that between Coventry street and Long Acre, £119,000 per acre. An addition of ten feet to the width of the new street from Blackfriars to the Mansion House would have cost £110,000, and the proposed width of eighty feet was therefore abandoned. A few years ago a space was vacant in the vicinity of St. Paul's, and when the Corporation of the city of London was asked to leave the space unoccupied, their answer was that the land was worth £80,000, and that the city did not feel justified in making such a sacrifice. But not only is the price of land very high in the metropolis, but the same cause operates in some of the principal towns of the country. In Manchester, land produces £50,000, £60,000, and sometimes even £200,000 per acre. In Birmingham, the land held by the North-Western Railway Company was sold for £60,000 per acre; and in Liverpool land sold in the better parts of the town for £150,000 per acre.

Physicians' faults are covered with earth, and rich men's with money.

[ORIGINAL.]

**A SHADOW ON THE SILL.**

BY GEORGE W. DEWEY.

The gate is gone, and briers grow  
 Along the unfrequented way  
 Which leads beneath a blighted row  
 Of aged poplars, in decay.

The door, ajar, swings to and fro,  
 Complaining of the ancient trust  
 Which lath and staple now forego,  
 Corroded in their idle rust.

Those silent walls the secrets keep,  
 Confided to their faithful ears  
 By those whose ashes softly sleep  
 Beneath the dust of other years!

Of other years, when lithe and young,  
 And led by wild Adventure's torch,  
 Through shadows, by the woodbine flung,  
 I passed without that sheltered porch!

Allured by foreign lays and themes,  
 Resistless came the wish to roam—  
 Enchantment filled my youthful dreams,  
 I could not hear the songs of home!

I could not hear the voice of one  
 Whose hand the last in mine was prest;  
 That voice, alas! is lost and gone—  
 And long that hand has been at rest!

I could not see a form that lay  
 Upon the threshold I had crost—  
 Two shadows paced the sill that day,  
 And one remained where mine was lost!

Alas! the romance now has fled,  
 The charms I sought evade me still,  
 The pathway to that door I tread,  
 But find that shadow on the sill.

[ORIGINAL.]

**THE MISSING LINK.****A FEARFUL TRAGEDY.**

BY RANDOLPH LEE.

"THERE—that is the house."

I looked in the direction indicated by my fellow-traveller's finger, and beyond a shining stretch of water discovered a low, wide farm-house, situated on a green upland slope, dotted here and there with picturesque clumps of firs. With the sturdy laborers tossing the fragrant hay into ricks, the cattle lazily chewing their cuds, and the corn waving in the sun, it

formed a perfect picture of rural content. No romancer would have chosen it for the location of the ensanguinary scene which it is the object of my sketch to represent. Its rehearsal simply furnishes another illustration of that world-wide quotation—"Truth is stranger than fiction." During the moment occupied by the train in sweeping around the sandy bank of the miniature lake, toward the depot, I feasted my eyes on the witching landscape—a succession of wooded hill and vale, with gleams of snowy waterfall, against a background of mountains, bathing their blue summits in a sea of crimson.

"A cut through the swamp, across a brace of fields, will bring us home an half hour earlier than we are expected."

"Agreed. I enjoy surprises;" and with the words I leaped the fence, followed by my companion.

The fresh mountain breezes were sweeping us back into boyhood, and we laughed loud and merrily, till the old woods gave us back a roar of echoes. I remembered the free, full tones of one voice in that untuned peal, through many an after tempestuous hour, and clung to it as a hope of innocence, with the energy of despair. We had threaded the tangled labyrinths, and were crushing the tall grass under our heels, when my guide aroused himself from the meditative mood in which he had fallen, from that outburst of merriment.

"I have not told you much of the dear ones of mine you are soon to meet. It is too late now. See, there is the chimney, and the cherry-tree that walls against my chamber window. Here's a riddle, though, for you to guess. I have a mother there, who is not my mother, and a sister, I would not have my sister for the highest honors at old Harvard."

The glancing of a muslin dress from behind a clump of firs, checked the response on my lips, and the next instant a beautiful, girlish figure flitted down the pathway, into a pair of outstretched arms.

"Dear brother Robert!" and "My little sister Lelia!" were the salutations; and then crimson flushes on either face, and a certain watchful restraint—evidences unquestionable, aside from my friend's intimation, of a tenderer relationship than their words signified.

"Albert Radcliff, my college chum; I mentioned him in my last letter. He is on his way to the mountains, and will do us the favor of spending a few days in our rustic home."

The graceful little lady welcomed me with unaffected dignity, and I embraced the oppor-

tunity of reading the lines of her countenance with an interest greatly enhanced by the late pleasant discovery. No single feature had been cast in the mould of beauty, and yet the face, with its varying transits of expression, was one of the most attractive I had ever seen. She could not have been over fifteen, but her form was the perfection of womanly grace, and her conversation denoted an advanced stage of culture.

The inside of the house presented a striking contrast to the rough exterior. The low-studded rooms were nicely furnished—the parlor even elegantly. A piano stood open, and a flute lying conspicuously upon it, drew a quiet smile of recognition from one of the guests.

A pale, subdued-looking woman, with heavy iron-gray hair, was addressed by the tender appellation of mother, and presented to me as Mrs. Bursley. It was my friend's name, yet he was not her son. And Leila had been introduced as Miss Kendrick. I speculated secretly a little, on the probable relationship of the parties, but soon forgot it in the enjoyment of the excellent supper smoking on the table at our arrival, and the conversation of my entertaining host and hostess. Music, and a short ramble under the firs and the moonlight, filled up the brief summer evening.

Mrs. Bursley plead fatigue as an excuse for retiring early. I followed her example, being quite willing to leave the lovers alone. We passed into our respective rooms, from opposite sides of the old-fashioned fireplace, and yet they seemed to be in close proximity. I could hear distinctly the words of the Psalm which she read as a part of her nightly devotions. Feeling exceedingly weary, though intensely wakeful, I took immediate possession of my couch, ready to give myself up to whatever tide of fancy should promise soonest to waft me toward the shores of Dreamland. A sensation of peculiar satisfaction stole over me. I had seen Robert Bursley at last, I fondly believed, in his true character; and I liked him so much better than in the coldly intellectual and proudly dignified garb in which I had known him a whole year—the limit of our acquaintance. Though strongly attracted toward him, I had somehow settled it in my mind, that his ambition to excel, and the iron determination, revealing itself unguardedly, to take a position in the world, at whatever cost, had swallowed up too much of the youthful heart. I felt competent to judge more coolly of human motives, being full

three years the elder. But now, as I recalled the flood of tenderness brimming and deepening those clear blue eyes—the flashes of emotion alternately coloring and paling that finely-moulded face, with its tiny moustache and delicate line of beard, as he sat between mother and daughter, replying to the affectionate sallies of each, I was ready to fling away my preconceived notions, and give him unreservedly the warm corner awaiting him in my heart. I fell asleep with this picture framed in my thoughts, and it floated out into my dreams.

A sudden shock, like the dropping of a window-sash, or the fall of some ponderous object to the floor, aroused me. A confused sense of hurrying feet, swinging doors and beating rain preceded my full awakening. I started up in bed. A reflection of the dawn fell on my face. A fearful hush was upon me, and throughout the dwelling. I could hear my heart beat, and felt the cold sweat oozing from my brow. A thrilling scream cut the air like a sharp sword—then a dread fall. It was in the adjoining room. This conviction came last. I was awake now, in possession of reason and volition. While hurrying on my clothes, there came a thundering rap at the porch door—presently a crash, then quick, heavy footsteps. Rushing through the entry, into the parlor, I found it vacant, but the doors were wide open in every direction. Following the excited sounds, I passed into a little ante-room, and stood upon the threshold of Mrs. Bursley's sleeping apartment, overwhelmed with horror.

"Here, Jones! let's secure the murderer at once. The poor girl will come to soon enough."

Jones's spasmodic movement disclosed the lifeless form of Leila, prostrate at the foot of her mother's bed—her white night-dress dabbled in crimson gore.

"Good God! What are you doing?" I exclaimed, involuntarily seizing the rough-looking farmer by the collar, as he proceeded to bind a scarf about Robert's passive hands, which he had already wrenched behind him.

"Doing? Look there—and here!" and he pointed to the bed—a pool of blood, in which lay the silent form and mangled throat of Mrs. Bursley; then, by a sudden evolution of his quivering hand, he touched with the tips of his bronzed fingers, great spots—the same horrid hue, on the white vest and linen shirt-sleeves that encased the stony figure standing by my side.



"Madman! you dare not say 'he did it!'"

"Who, then—that breathless creature lying on the floor—her own child? Who else was in the house but yourself?"

"Robert!" I shook him fiercely in my excitement; "for the Eternal's sake, open your mouth, and blast this foul charge to its centre! It is false—I would stake my life on it; but these dolts won't believe it, unless you *prove* to them the unhappy creature has committed suicide."

I might as well have prayed unto the winds, or smitten the rock with my weak hands. With a marble cheek, a rigid lip and an ice-gleaming eye, he stood and gazed on the awful scene of blood and death, till he was dragged from the spot, and placed in the custody of two officers, arriving in the course of an hour, with at least one-third of the population of the town.

"Suicide, indeed!—that's what the white-livered fool with him will have it!" The old farmer was holding forth to a knot of newcomers, and trumpeting, for perhaps the twentieth time, his share in the horrible tragedy. "Who ever heard of a suicide's crying out for help, so she could be heard forty rods off? You see, I got up 'fore light, to go to market, and my man here—Jones and I was harnessing the team, when the poor lady's cries reached us. It was 'Help' first, then 'Murder! murder!' winding up with the dreadfulest shriek I ever heard. I expect it was her last breath, for we run all the way to the house, bust in the door, and caught the unnatural villain stooping over his victim, all spattered with her blood. I tell ye, neighbors, hangin's too good for him!"

"But what could have been the provocation or temptation to such a cool, deliberate crime?"

It was the new circuit preacher, a stranger to nearly all present, who asked the sensible question.

"Why, you see the old lady's got a pile of cash, and the gal of course is the only heir. The boy, ye see, always had a hankering arter money and style, and that sort o' thing—poor folks naterally do; besides he'd taker out o' kin if he hadn't. His father was a gentleman pauper—he married the Widder Kendrick for her property; but lucky for her, he soon died, leaving only the lad to be supported. She did her part, though, towards ruinin' him—sendin' him away to school, and fillin' his head with fine notions, instead of settin' him to dig on the farm, as our boys have to. But she

found out her mistake, when the young upstart put in his claims for the gal. I tell ye, there was a time of it there then! Jones and his brother Jim worked for the widder that summer. She stormed, the gal cried, and Bursley packed up his duds, and went off to Cambridge College. Who pays the bill? Tell me that! You'd better believe, reverend, no good ever sent him back here, after being the same as turned out o' doors. And the blowing about suicide—it was a connected plan between the two! It's my opinion, the other had better be arrested as an accomplice."

The minister was silenced, and my heart sank heavily within me—not for myself, but for Robert; guilty or innocent, he needed a friend, and I knew not what mad act the excited people might not be hurried into.

A group now emerged from the immediate scene of crime, and we crowded around to learn the result of the coroner's inquest. It was reported a clear case of murder. Two inches of the pointed blade of a large knife had been found in the fearful gash, nearly severing the head from the trunk. The room had been searched in vain, for the remainder of the instrument of death. Hundreds volunteered at once to examine the house, and every foot of land surrounding the buildings. The endeavor proved a fruitless one. The weapon was nowhere upon the premises. It seemed to be the only missing link, in the chain of evidence, to convict Robert Bursley of the awful crime of murder.

Three weeks had gone by. Robert was in the county jail, awaiting his trial. I had relinquished all thoughts of my mountain town and was devoting myself, heart and soul, to the restoration of Letta Kendrick, just now convalescent from a brain fever, into which she emerged from that deathly syncope. On the information she might be able to give, hung my last lingering hope of Robert's acquittal. I had not been permitted to see him since the day of the inquest. His parting adjunction, wrung by a sudden agony from his paralyzed breast, had made me firm to maintain my ground as a sort of guardian over the girl, in defiance of the whole meddlesome neighborhood. Their disappointment, that my presence in the house on the morning of the murder had not been deemed of sufficient importance to warrant my arrest, was so great, that they contemplated hanging me in effigy. The physician, my only friend, had given me leave this morning to introduce to his patient the hitherto interdicted subject.

I was sitting at her bedside, holding one of her pale, thin hands in mine. She had learned to look on me as a brother.

"Leila," I said, gently, "you are engaged to my friend Robert?"

"Certainly I am"—the faintest line of pink stole into her cheek—"and we were to have been married soon as he graduated. But now, O merciful Heaven, what a change!"

She was too weak for any intensity of emotion, but the silent tears crept slowly from beneath her drooping lashes. She remembered everything, and knew the peril of her lover, though she had lain on that bed, like a statue, through it all. I waited till she was quiet again, and then added:

"This arrangement was made with your mother's full consent?"

"Truly, it was she who wrote the letter, entreating Robert to come back to us—we could not live without him. O, you do not know Robert, if your acquaintance commenced only with his entrance at college. He told me that night, he was never the same after he left us."

"Was there ever any misunderstanding or unkind feelings between your mother and him?"

"Once, only. Next to me, she loved Robert best on earth; she regarded him as her son, and my brother—though of course we were in no way related—and when she discovered that he loved me as no sister was ever loved, she was nearly distracted. Poor mother! she had seen a world of trouble—had been peculiarly unfortunate in her marriages, and could not at first bear the thought of her little Leila ever becoming a wife. That was a year ago—she came to feel very different afterwards. His long absence showed her how dear he was. Do you not remember how glad she was to see him, and how happy we all were? O, my dear, innocent Robert! God will have you righted in this—I know he will!"

"Do you know any person who could have been supposed to cherish against her an enemy so deadly?"

"I do not think my mother had an enemy on the earth—save one; but he cannot be in this part of the country."

This reference, made so undesignedly, transfixed me—cut my breath, and set my heart throbbing, as in that morning hush. I dared not trust my voice, for some seconds. It must have been a whisper, in which I asked his name.

"Mr. Rialoth—her late husband. It is a

secret here. Mother never made much acquaintance with our country neighbors, though she has always lived on friendly terms with them. She bought this retired place, immediately after the death of my father, who took his own life from fear of coming to want, while in the possession of abundant wealth. He was an old man, and my mother was unduly urged to marry him. He made his will on my birthday, dividing his property equally between us. He did not live a week after that act. Her marriage to Mr. Burgey took place when I was five years old, and Robert ten.

"This union, too, was a brief one, though I think happy. I can scarcely remember my step-father, as he died of consumption in less than two years. Then, for a long time, the old farm-house was shut up, and the land tilled by our nearest neighbor. Robert was sent away to school, and my mother established herself in the vicinity of a young ladies' seminary, for my especial benefit. There, in the course of a few years, she became acquainted with Mr. Rialoth, and married him. I always disliked him, and could not call him father. I shall ever think my dear mother was under a degree of hallucination, or she would have scorned such a person. He made her life utterly miserable, besides robbing her of everything in the form of property that he could get into his hands. Finally, driven to desperation, she purchased his absence during the remainder of her natural existence, in consideration of a will which she made, giving him her entire estate at her decease. He proposed this, as the sole condition on which he would rid her of his presence, and I seconded it, with all my childish fervor. I had enough for us all to live in comfort, and I would even have sacrificed that, and become poor, rather than have lived over again those three years! Indeed, my mother and I must soon have been divided, but for this lucky deliverance. We came back to our quiet vale, happy and at rest. One year ago, the crisis in the financial world swept away my little fortune. In opposition to my wishes, my mother wrote to Rialoth, telling him the fact, and her sense of the injustice she had done her child, announcing her determination to retract the wrong, come what might. Then she made a new will, in my favor. Nothing has been heard from him since, and therefore we have no cause for suspecting foul play on his part. Her death certainly could bring him no gain."

"Where is the will?" I asked it as quietly

and carelessly as possible. I saw she was becoming seriously fatigued.

"It has always been kept in a casket in a secretary in mother's room. It is there still, if it has not been disturbed."

A troubled look swept over her face, which I hastened to dissipate, by assuring her that seals had been set upon all the drawers, and the chamber closed immediately against intruders.

I adjusted her pillows, playfully forbidding the utterance of another word—sat down and watched her, till I saw her heavily-fringed eyelids shutting in slumber, then stole on tip-toe out of the room. I had got a clue; and I was ready to bet a thousand dollars that *that will* was missing. It was not for me, though, to settle that question. There were other things possible to my endeavor. And if ever I prayed to God in my life, I prayed then that he would set me on the track of the real criminal. Marching straight to the apartment I occupied on that eventful night, I flung myself, boots and all, on the bed, and with the whole concentrative force of my mind reviewed every preliminary step, waking or sleeping, real or imaginary, that led me to the threshold of that bloody scene. The first noise that startled me from the world of slumber was like what?—the falling of a window. That was suggestive of an escape. Strange, I had not thought of it during the wear of those three torturing weeks! Next, hurrying feet and slamming doors—from whence came the sounds? Overhead—across the floor of the chamber Robert had pointed out to me as his own—down the stairs leading into the entry communicating with my room. It was the answering to the call for help. Everything rolled back upon me with the flash of revelation. And then the beating rain?—it was the warm blood trickling to the floor, for the skies were cloudless from dawn to set of sun.

The rest of the thrilling scene held its own interpretation. Regaining my feet with a bound, I slid out of the door, and stole around to the single darkened window, at the head of that fatal couch. I could hardly repress a shout of joy, as I detected, on the lower edge of the weather-stained seat, the faint but clearly perceptible prints of three large fingers. Carefully examining the character of the impress, I became satisfied it was made with blood! I turned my back against the window, and looked abroad. A silver line of placid lake caught my eye, like an inspiration. What

could be more natural for a man, thirsty with the flames of vengeance, and reeking with tell-tale gore, than to fly to some pure stream where he could cool his parched tongue, and wash from his shrinking body the damning proofs of crime? I fastened my eye on that shining rift, and strode forward. There had been a drenching rain, and no chance remained of tracking the murderer; but hurried on by a conviction, unreasoning as uncontrollable, I crossed the fields, and plunged into the swamp. It was the same forest that resounded but a few days since with gleesome mirth. Its present gloomy stillness was but a faint type of the desolateness of a prison.

I spent nearly the whole day in searching under rocks, down by fallen timbers, at the foot of trees, for some hidden token, or sign that bloody feet and murderous hands had been there before me.

The sun was setting as I emerged from the gloomy depths into the broad glare of the dying day. Wearied out and disappointed, I threw myself down on a patch of grass surrounding a big rock, and gazed on the sparkling lake, with eyes that fain would have torn from its gentle bosom its last secret, so I might deliver one, with whom I had identified myself in profoundest sympathy, from the bond of crime. A bed of sand lay between me and that rippling surge. When Robert and I crossed it, on our way to the farmhouse, it lay light and loose, and our feet sank beneath the surface. Saturated by the recent rain, it now presented a hard, smooth exterior, broken only by large pebble-stones. Idly picking up one after another of those within my reach, I hurled them into the centre of the pretty basin, listening for the gurgling splash—watching the crystal-beaded shower, and the widening circles chasing each other to the shore, as in the days of my boyhood. With my eyes fixed on the mimic fountain just created, I seized one that resisted my strength—my fingers slipping from around it, empty. I looked down. It was not a pebble, but a bit of polished wood. A little digging showed it to be the handle of something. A quick wrench disengaged it from the particles of sand in which it was firmly imbedded. I held it up before my staring eyes, feeling every drop of my blood rolling backward through my heart. It was a rusty butcher-knife, with the point broken off! I jumped upon the greensward, twirled the rusty blade above my head, and hurrahed till the old wood rang out once more a glad refrain.

The day of the trial was the hour of Robert Buraley's triumph. The absence of the will, which Lella testified to having seen the day before the murder, with the presence of the lawyer who wrote it, and the witness of the signature, furnished a motive for the perpetration of the deed. The discovery of the knife, with the bloody rust, fitting the broken blade to a charm, half a mile from the scene of crime, was evidence conclusive that the chief actor in the thrilling drama had flown. The revelation of feeling was overpowering. There was not a man present who would not have borne my friend on his shoulders proudly over the heads of the crowd, nor a woman who would not have fallen on his neck, weeping for joy.

"Did you ever see this knife before?" asked the counsel of the last, and it was deemed the least important of the witnesses.

Jones looked at it steadily, and essayed to take it. A white gleam shot through his sombre eyes, his hand dropped to his side, his knees shook under him, and he turned pale to the lips. The throng stood on tip-toe, piercing the poor fellow to the very soul, with their hungry eyes. A chair was brought, and a glass of water. He could stand up now, and the question was repeated, with a solemn reminder that he was on his oath, and there was but one way of escape, and that was through the gates of truth.

"I thought just I'd seen it over to Jim's, last fall, when we was killin' the hogs, but I don't want to be tooartin'."

"How do you identify it?"

"It looks just like it, and that notch in the handle is exact."

"To whom did the knife you speak of belong?"

"Brother Jim. But good Lord! he don't know nothin' 'bout this ere."

An officer was despatched for "brother Jim," and the result of an examination was a speedy lodgment of the burgling dissembler in jail. The discovery of a shirt, sunk in the pond by the aid of a stone, belonging to him, with his absence from home on the night in question, fastened the proofs of guilt on him so strongly that he confessed the crime, in mortal terror, naming his employer. He had been tempted to his commission by his inordinate avarice, observable even in the hiding of the evidences of his guilt where he could recover them.

The false name under which the villainous author of the horrible tragedy appeared to

the weak and simple farm laborer, did not prevent Lella Kendrick from recognizing Riskoth in the description. The officers placed upon his track, found the wretch at the residence of a pretty young girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, thus discovering another motive to the perpetration of the shocking murder.

The two criminals met their just deserts. Robert and I returned to college at the close of the vacation, bringing with us our little sister Lella, who was to remain in the family of a gentleman in the city, whom she had chosen her guardian, till the time appointed for her bridal.

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### THE SHOOTING FISH.

This very remarkable fish is a native of the East Indies. Nature has constructed this aquatic sportsman in a very singular manner, but one admirably adapted to his sporting predilections. The fish has a hollow, cylindrical beak. He frequents the rivers or the sea-shore in search of food, and from the unusual manner in which he provides for his daily wants he derives his name. When this hungry gentleman spies a fly or an insect not taking due care of himself, but sitting on the plants that grow in shallow water, he swims away, to the distance of four or five, and often of six feet, that he may take aim at his prey; and when he has done so to his satisfaction, he then, with amazing dexterity and cleverness, ejects out of his tube-like mouth one drop of water, which is so well directed and so swiftly shot forth, that it never fails to knock the fly into the water, and once there all hope of escape is gone—the fish darts upon his prey, and eagerly devours it; then supplying us with another instance of the diversified modes by which Nature qualifies its countless millions of creatures with the powers necessary for procuring food.

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### THE WORD "DUN."

Some erroneously suppose that the word "dun" comes from the French word *donner*, give, implying a demand, or something due; but the true origin of this word is from one John Dunne, a famous bailiff of London, so extremely active and dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay his debts, "Why don't you Dunne him?" that is, why do you not send Dunne to arrest him? Hence it became a custom and a proverb, and is as old as the days of Henry VIII.

[ORIGINAL.]

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY MARIE.

There is no home like the home of our childhood;  
Where we've wearily onward we roam,  
But some sweet gleam of its sunny lost brightness  
Comes from the spot that we once called our home.

There is no heart that's so wicked or wretched,  
But the loved tones, and a mother's prized worth,  
Recalls him back from the depths of his villainess,  
For a brief moment, to God and fair earth.

O, if oblivion ever must shroud me,  
All from me ever be ruthlessly caught,  
Leave me, O, leave me this dear cherished vision,  
Home of my childhood the one blessed thought.

[ORIGINAL.]

HESTER HARDING'S SIN.

BY ESTHER SEBLE KENNETH.

"O, RAFE! Rafe!"

Ralph Darnley was lying at full length under the blossomed apple tree of the meadow—his hat, book and dog beside him. So Hester Harding found him.

"O, Rafe! Rafe!" she said, reproachfully.

"Hester!" and Ralph Darnley was on his feet in an instant. "Hester!" trying to coax a smile to her face, with his winning eyes.

But she turned away, silently and gravely, and went on across the meadow. He sprang after her—then hesitated—then hurried to join her.

"Hester, I know—but— It's such a beautiful day!"

"It is a beautiful day," turning her face up to the sky for a moment. The June sunshine fell full upon it, under her white cape bonnet. The eyes were grand, full of fire, inspiring; otherwise her face was homely. Rafe looked at her wistfully. He hung back suddenly.

"Don't go home, Hester! Stay out here a little while," he said.

"I cannot. I have work to do."

"You always have work to do!"

"Yes."

He kept beside her, because she would not stop. They walked on in silence. When they came to the stone wall, ran over with white-blossomed blackberry vines, Hester touched her companion's hand in getting over—not because she needed it, but because he

offered it. On the other side, as they resumed their walk, Rafe exclaimed:

"You make a fellow so uncomfortable!"

"What have I done, Rafe?"

"Taunted me!" he answered, in a sudden heat. And he stopped short, this time, and flung himself down upon the grass. Hester stopped, too. But she said nothing—only looked down at him, quietly. Rafe plucked the grass in savage silence.

"I told you I should fall! Why can't you believe me when I tell you a thing?" he burst out, at last. "I can't study—I was not made for it. Why did you insist?" he demanded.

"For your good."

"It isn't for my good! I cannot work. I'm not fit for any profession under the sun. If you'd only let me alone, Hester!"

"Well, I will let you alone."

He raised his head, and looked up at her. She turned her face away, but he caught the look there—half indifference, half contempt.

"You despise me, I suppose," he said, bitterly.

There was a moment's silence. He could not see her face at all.

"You discourage me," she said, at length, in a tone so kind that Rafe was surprised. "You discourage me so, Rafe. You are young and good, and wealthy, and might do so much, yet will do nothing. I have tried—I have tried so hard to stimulate you to energy! I have planned work, and built up hopes, and done all that I could do to assist you."

"I know," he said, in a subdued voice, with his head down.

"Yet again and again you drop back, a dead weight."

"I know," he answered, sadly.

She knelt down beside him, and touched his soft, curling, fair hair.

"Why will you do so, Rafe?"

"I think it is because I do not have the right stimulus," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"If I might choose my own motive—"

"What?"

"Your love."

She let go the soft masses of his hair, and sat silent a moment. She was not surprised. She was thinking. A hundred times Rafe had asked for her love—in the days when they went to school together, little children—in the hours they had sat in the green gloom of the woods, talking idly and happily—in the long winter evenings when they played at court-ing—in times of grief or sadness for all their

lives they had been together. They were both one-and-twenty. Hester had developed into a thoughtful, earnest, aspiring woman. Ralph was still a boy in responsibility, and a very infant in point of aim and capability. He seemed absolutely good for nothing but to be admired for his beauty, and petted for his affectionate winningness. And while he was aware of his faults, no view he took of them seemed to affect his habits. "I cannot study or work," he would say to Hester's remonstrances; and, indeed, he seemed possessed of a most tyrannical demon of inertness.

Would Rafe work for her? Hester wondered. If she allowed him to believe that her love would be his reward, would it arouse him to exertion? If the deception would make a man of him, was it not best to deceive him? For she did not love him, only as a brother. We women expect more of men than we ever find, and Hester was unconsciously waiting for her ideal.

"If—" she commenced, and hesitated.

"If you—if I believed you would love me, then, Hester, I would make myself like other men. I would do wonders, then!"

He looked at her steadily—a fire in his eyes. She believed it. Her thoughts flew rapidly. Was it not her duty? otherwise he would never be saved. Her duty—not to love him, for that was impossible, but to deceive him—to allow him to deceive himself.

She arose, and put out her hand.

"Come," she said. He sprang up.

"Shall I work for you, Hester?"

"Yes."

Hester slept fitfully, that night, haunted by Rafe's flashing face. Was she doing wrong? She believed not. If she was, good must work out of such an evil. Her motive absolved her of guilt, did it not? But she was not so sure of that. The end she was surely eager for. Rafe must help on the good work of the world; such powers as his must not lie dormant. But the end? Well, time works changes, and Rafe at thirty would not be Rafe at twenty-one. He might not—it was likely he would never claim the boon he expected. She would not borrow trouble.

Rafe went in town to his agent, next day, and found out the condition of his property. The interest of his income sufficed for two livings. What should he do with the surplus one? he asked Hester.

"Don't come to me for directions, Rafe," she answered. "To plan, as well as execute, is part of your work."

She was at her work, teaching. Geniuses in adverse circumstances, which she had picked up and gathered together, were the knot of boys and girls she had turned from, in the study, to speak to Rafe Darnley. Odd, uninviting children, every one; but Hester Harding knew what she was about. They were made of the stuff which revolutionizes the world, and she was laboring to polish them for use.

She was wealthy, and alone in the world, but for an aged, invalid father, whom she tended with the tenderest care. Since she was come of age, she had taken the management of her own property in charge, and the great country house, where Ralph Darnley had been her guest during three sweet May weeks, was under her personal supervision in its every perfect arrangement. The girl's work was practical, all of it. She was not above the investigation of any minutiae which affected the interests of the household, or the personal happiness of any one. All her life seemed in the exercise of her capabilities. She was a marvel to Rafe, who revelled luxuriously in the pleasures of her exquisitely conducted house. It annoyed him, to have her so continually occupied when he wanted her society in his hours of idle lounging. But those were rare times when she would come and sit beside him—saying she had no more work to do—or stroll across the fields, watching the sunset, her head on his shoulder, her heart high, and her soul at peace, as his never was. He could not understand her; but he loved her, fervently.

A week after she had sent him from her in the study, he came to her again. She was in the hot-house among her flowers—a pet canary on her shoulder, her hands busy in tying up a clematis.

"Hester, what if I go to war?"

She had never thought of that, for him; but her heart was with her country. She looked up at him, still kneeling, her hand upholding the branch, her dark eyes shining.

"Men are needed. Go," she said.

"I will."

He went out. The scent of the carnations and roses seemed to make Hester faint, after Rafe had gone. Her cheek grew very pale; she forced herself out of the sweet, hot air into the garden, and stood under the locust trees, thinking. It was like condemning a friend to death to send him to war, in the terrible battles our country is fighting now. And if Rafe should be killed? A vision of his

beautiful face, gashed, and pale, and dead on the battle-field, swept before her.

She walked back and forth under the loenst trees a long time. She was frightened at what she had done, for she thought Rafe would go. And going, she believed from the first, was another name for dying.

He was not there when she entered the house—had gone into town. He did not return until the next day; then he had a commission. And Captain Darnley's company joined their regiment the first of the following month.

All the time that he asked, Hester gave to Rafe during those next four weeks. He was in town nearly all day, but the evenings he spent always with her. As they sat together in the sweet June garden, Hester talked earnestly of the country's wrongs. Rafe listened gravely—no more ready to fight than before. But when she said, "Be brave, Rafe, and earn a name!" she knew her voice stirred his soul like fire. She knew he would fight madly, overpoweringly.

The day of parting came at last, and he went forth to his work.

"How should I know, when I scorned your love,

On a day like this, a year ago,

That your dying would bring me such pain as this?—

How should I dream of this bitter woe?"

That summer Hester perceived that her father was drawing near his end. Accustomed to unshared burdens, she bore her pain calmly. She hung over him tenderly; in his growing weakness, he did not notice the anguish in her eyes. Her hand was always steady, and her voice sweet and even. Day after day passed, while she waited for the last change. It came—she was utterly alone in her orphanhood.

When she could weep, she nearly wept her soul away. Yet weeping brought her no relief. The great pain wrenched and tossed her to and fro, and left her blank, and bruised, and half dead upon the shore of her life.

She rose up at last, blanched, and solemn past all memories of smiles. Faintly glowed a light in the west. She felt it fall upon her, and saw life wrestling and striving as before. It called her. She must work; never more need. She took up her duties again; she filled her hands with them; she stifled her heart out of their way. She forgot herself for months.

Monotonous industry would have done her

no good. The new interests which her efforts developed saved her from a ruinous depression. It is true her heart would break from them, at times, and fling itself upon her father's grave; but principle and habit fought against the neglect of any duty—so she was usually engrossed and calm. And while she worked, her soul rose high, and floated beyond reach of her own recognition. Earth had never been earthy to her. More than ever she made it a sphere of the highest life.

The winter wore away. One April day there was an assembly at Hester's house. A clique which she had gathered around her, met for social discussion. Gracious and happy as a hostess, Hester stood among her guests, when a telegraphic message was handed her:

"Am appointed to the general's staff! Am coming home on furlough. RAFE."

Hester read and smiled happily. Then she turned to Professor Graham.

"I think so," she said, in answer to his question. "I think the motive absolves us of sin when we do wrong for the sake of a pure and good result."

But Professor Graham shook his head. For some reason he did not choose to reply, but bowed and turned away.

After dinner, the company gathered upon the lawn. They wandered on to the garden, strolling in couples and trios, at their pleasure. For a moment Hester found herself alone. Eager for a respite in which to consider the news she had received, she passed through the hedge gate into the open fields. Inadvertently she paused under the apple tree where, nearly a year before, she had found Rafe lying idly. A few steps further on was the spot where she had promised him her love, if he would arouse to action.

She pressed her hand across her forehead—her face working a little with anxiety. Brief as was the message, it bore a spirit of buoyancy which she regarded with distress. Rafe had committed some gallant exploit, surely. Now was he coming for his reward?

As if her question evoked a response, a pair of hands were laid lightly but firmly upon her shoulders, and a voice, familiar and startling, said thrillingly:

"My Hester!"

Her heart bounded up, chokingly. Rafe—bronzed, bearded, eager—stood beside her.

"Rafe!" she cried, apprehensively.

"Yes; not his ghost. You look as if you



thoughts. Hester, my dear Hester, kiss me! Are you satisfied?"

She kissed him, hastily, trembling from head to foot.

"Come up to the house," she said, passing her hand through his arm. "I have guests. How long have you been here, Rafe?"

"Five minutes. No, not yet; I want to talk with you. Tell me that you are satisfied, Hester. I have done no laggard's work in a year, surely. Tell me so."

"It was gained through your own efforts?"

"Through my own act upon the field of battle. I will tell you about it. But tell me first that I have gained my reward!"

He held her hands—looking at her, eagerly. She was pale and silent. Slowly the flush died out of his face.

"Speak, Hester!" his voice, altered from its eager fullness.

"Rafe—" But her voice broke.

"Hester," he said, his eyes burning upon her face, "you were in earnest? You were not playing with me?"

"No, Rafe, I was not playing with you; but I cannot, I did not, mean to keep my promise."

He made no sound or movement, and she did not look at him.

"If deceiving would benefit you, I was willing to deceive you. I cannot say any more. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

A spasm seemed to shake him from head to foot. A passion of pain wrenched him past human endurance, for a moment. He turned his back on her—his hands over his face. A few thrilling moments; Hester did not dare speak to him. She touched his arm, at last—her heart dying within her.

"Dear Rafe—"

He faced her.

"Don't speak to me, Hester! How could you? O, my God!"

She shivered as with cold, before him. He walked back and forth, struggling with himself. He stopped in front of her, at last.

"Hester Harding, do you know what you have done? Do you know that you have murdered me? I will not live any longer! I fought death for you—now I will win it! It does not matter now how I led my men through showers of hellish missiles to the single, almost unattainable point, which, gained, won the battle. I have brought my fame to you; I hope it may serve you," laughing bitterly. "Now I claim to do as I choose with

the life you disdain. It is worth a soldier's death, at least. Farewell, forever!"

He was gone like an apparition. Hester found her way to the house and forced herself into calmness before her guests. When they were gone, she fell down in a swoon, and revived to a long, delicious fever.

When she commenced recovering, she was too weak to think. And she felt vaguely that thought was to be dreaded, and feebly put it from her. Barely conscious of existing circumstances around her, she lay prepped up with pillows, through several fair May days. But the breeze blew from the south, at last, and brought her in the scent of the blossoming apple tree. Then she knew all.

A fortnight later, she left her room; a week more, she walked out in the warm June sunshine. She walked slowly in her weakness, and so was gone a long time. When she came back, she entered the hall through a side door. There a sobbing servant, too young to be discreet, sprang towards her.

"O, dear Miss Harding, they've brought home young Mr. Rafe—dead—shot through the heart!"

Making no answer, Hester went on, as she had commenced going, to the parlor. She gained the doorway, and stood there. Some people were gathered near a window. Professor Graham was walking the floor. Upon the table, near the wall, was a long, black, shining coffin.

"It is strange that Daruley should have left word to be brought here when killed. When killed, as if he anticipated it," Professor Graham was saying. "How will Miss Harding bear it?—they say they were betrothed. Keep a strict watch for her, doctor!—she will come over the fields. I am sorry she was not here to receive the telegram. It arrived at nine o'clock—three hours ago. It will be so hard to communicate the intelligence. Good heavens, my dear Miss Harding!"

But Hester advanced steadily into the room.

"Let me be alone," she said. They went out.

She stood silent in the centre of the floor for a moment, after she was alone. Then she went to the coffin and laid back the lid, steadily and softly. O, death, what a work!

She gazed for a moment—stilly, intensely. She drew nearer—she touched the soft-curling, fair hair—she put her cheek against the icy forehead.

"Rafe, I love you," she whispered.

No answer. Still, white, solemn; he was not there. She raised herself, and flung her hands up to heaven.

"Rafe, Rafe, I love you!" she cried, piercingly; then fell forward heavily upon the floor.

They rushed in. They raised her and laid her on the lounge, chafing her cold hands. It was useless work. She was in heaven, and Rafe knew.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOG.

The wisest dog I ever had (said Sir Walter Scott) was what is called the bull-dog terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, inasmuch that I am positive the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then if you said the baker was well paid, or the baker was not hurt after all, Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, and barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant would tell him his master was coming down the hill, or through the moor; and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go to the hill, or at the back to get down to the moorside.

#### DIVERSITY OF CLIMATE.

As an illustration of the difference in climate at various localities in California, it is stated that at two o'clock one day recently, as the boat for San Francisco was leaving Stockton, the thermometer, on the deck of the boat, in the shade, stood at 102 degrees. When the boat had traversed about three-fourths of the distance to San Francisco, the mercury in the thermometer had fallen to 52 degrees. Stockton, "as the crow flies," is about one hundred miles from San Francisco.

He must be a poor writer in whom there are no inequalities. The plants of such tableland are too diminutive to be worth gathering.

#### ANECDOTE OF MR. LAYARD.

Austin Henry Layard found himself wandering about, on one occasion, somewhere near Bokhara, in the upper provinces of India, and here his funds ran short. He called on a merchant, and requested him to advance him some money. "Can't do it," was the reply, "as many fellows have imposed on me with fictitious drafts; I've been too often taken in and done for." "O, well," said Mr. Layard, "as you please. I have money at my banker's in London; and I will come and breakfast with you to-morrow." "Do so; I shall be happy to see you at breakfast." Next morning, who should walk into this merchant's compting but a Persian gentleman, in full Oriental costume. "I have come to breakfast with you as I promised." "What?" said the merchant; "I don't recollect having seen you before." "O, yes, you have; you saw me yesterday, and I said I should return this morning." "You're Mr. Layard, are you?" he inquired, considerably astonished. "Yes." After breakfast, and when the traveller has told him his plans, and aroused the interest of his host in the discoveries he expected to make among the mounds around Mesul, in the plain of Shinar, where the ruins of ancient Nineveh are supposed to be, the merchant said: "I'll advance you money—five hundred pounds, if you like. How much do you want?" "O, I don't want so much as that; give me five pounds." "Yes." So he got the five sovereigns, put them in the sole of his shoe as the safest place while travelling, and having mounted his horse, rode away. On his journey down to Assyria, he had to pass through the territories of the hostile Khan, who had already taken away the lives of several Englishmen, and was now trying to get hold of our traveller, now roaming through his dominions. Mr. Layard knew this, and one day, when drawing near his enemies, he waited till the hour of truce, when they were all in their tents at the forenoon meal, when, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed into the midst of the hostile encampment, rushed into the chief's tent, and plunged his hand into a bowl of salt, which he immediately put to his mouth, exclaiming, "Now I am safe!" "Well," said the chief, "you are safe." He admired the boldness and dexterity of the Englishman, but, above all, the faith thus reposed in "the covenant by salt." Having tasted the chief's salt, he had now a claim not only to his hospitality, but on his protection, and he was safely escorted on his way.

[ORIGINAL]

## THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE.

## A THRILLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

I THINK it is now about sixteen years since the Jacob Morgan, a ship of seven hundred tons burden, sailed from Brunswick, Georgia, bound for the East Indies. She was a noble ship, but, if we may believe the assertion of one who sailed in her, she was built for misfortune. She was launched from her stocks at mid-day, but yet the moon was seen in the heavens when she first gave her impress to the salt water. Seven years subsequent to the period at which our sketch opens, she was driven upon one of the Martyr's Reefs, and her ill-fated timbers were strewn upon the sands of Florida.

At the time of which we write, the Jacob Morgan was commanded by Captain Ben Wallack, a powerful, broad-chested man, but as kind and considerate as he was fearless and strong. Seamen were scarce, and the ship's crew had been obtained with great difficulty, and under the circumstances men had been hired who would otherwise have been most peremptorily rejected. The ship had been six days out when the first mate, a Mr. Gwynn, from Providence, R. I., was suddenly taken sick, and on the next morning his lifeless clay was consigned to the deep grave of the blue Atlantic.

This untimely event left Captain Wallack in a critical situation. Nat Faulkner, his second mate, was by no means qualified for the vacant office, nor would he have taken the responsibility had the captain desired it. There was but one man in the ship who possessed sufficient knowledge of seamanship for the mate's berth, and though Wallack found that to him he must give the office, yet he did it with many misgivings. This man's name was Tom Roland, haughty and overbearing in his disposition, seeming, by his general comport, to have been in the habit of commanding, rather than obeying, on ship-board, and who had already begun to exercise a sort of control over the crew. But the case was one of necessity, and Tom Roland was installed into the office of first mate, and quartered in the cabin.

For several weeks things went on extremely well. Roland proved to be a thorough navigator, a finished seaman, and a ready and

efficient officer, and Captain Wallack began to think that his misgivings were entirely groundless. Over the crew Roland had a most thorough control, and even those men who had evinced towards the captain marks of insubordination, moved without a murmur at the slightest beck of the mate.

One morning when Captain Wallack and the second mate had had the morning watch, they both kept the deck until Roland had finished his breakfast, and when the latter took his watch at a few minutes past eight o'clock, they went below. When they reached the cabin, Mr. Russell, the supercargo, was just rising from the table, and taking a book from the head of his berth, he sat down upon a stool at the foot of the ladder, and commenced reading. He passed a few observations upon the weather, as the captain and second mate took their seats at the table, and then went on with his reading. Some five minutes passed, when Wallack and Faulkner were attracted by a sudden exclamation of pain from the supercargo, and on turning, they saw that he had dropped his book, and sat with both hands pressed hard upon his stomach, while his features had assumed a livid hue, indicative of the most acute suffering. The captain sprang quickly from the table, and laying his hand upon the sufferer's shoulder, he exclaimed:

"What's the matter, Mr. Russell?"

"O God! I don't know! Here it is—here! I burn!" uttered the supercargo, as he pressed his hands harder upon his stomach.

"What have you been eating? What have you drank?" asked Wallack, in a frenzy of anxiety.

"Nothing, nothing. O, O!" groaned the poor fellow.

Wallack cast a trembling glance at his second mate, and for a moment they both remained silent.

"It's strange," at length uttered Faulkner. "Poor Gwynn was taken in exactly the same way."

The captain made no reply, but his countenance wore a strange shade of doubt and suspicion, as he gazed upon the tortured features of the supercargo.

That night the broad Atlantic rolled its ceaseless waves over another of the ship's company. Mr. Russell had breathed his last. Captain Wallack and Nat Faulkner had the last dog-watch. Roland had gone down into the cabin, while the foremast hands, with the exception of the man at the wheel, were all forward. The captain paced the quarter-deck

in a troubled, thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes towards the cabin companion-way, where his first mate had disappeared a short time before, and then turning his gaze towards the forecabin, where the men were congregated. Faulkner was by the wheel, and several times, as the captain approached him in his walk, did he start to join him, but a fearful suspicion kept him back, and until the watch was changed, neither he nor Wallack spoke a word, save such as related to the management of the ship. At eight o'clock, Roland came on deck for the first watch. The ship was upon the starboard tack, close-hauled upon the wind, and just able to stand on her course.

As Captain Wallack gave up the deck, he requested the mate, if the wind should haul round to the eastward any, to call him. Roland replied kindly that he would, but beneath the half-curling smile that rested upon his features, the captain thought he could detect a lurking spirit of evil. He let not a shadow of his doubt manifest itself upon his countenance, but with a bland frankness he wished his mate a pleasant watch, and then went below.

"Faulkner," said the captain, as he turned a furtive glance at the head of the ladder, "let not a word escape you, unless it be of common-place affairs, until we have turned into our berths; but keep your weather eye open, and follow my movements."

Faulkner did not start at this request, for the same thoughts seemed to have been passing in his own mind.

"Let's see," said the captain, in a tone loud enough to be heard on deck. "I must run over my reckoning before I turn in. Mr. Faulkner, just hand me that chart, if you please."

As Wallack spoke, he reached over into his berth and took out his pistols, which he proceeded carefully to load, taking care the while that his back was turned towards the companion-way. Faulkner followed his example, and ere long the candles were extinguished, and the two men retired, but not, however, to sleep.

"Faulkner," whispered the captain, "we're in a snug fix, for I have every reason to believe that there is mutiny on board. Gwynn and Russell have been poisoned?"

"So I believe," returned Faulkner, in the same low tone; "and if I'm not mistaken, there'll be poison in our coffee-cups to-morrow morning."

"Ha! have you seen anything?"

"Yes. I saw Roland give the cook a small paper to-night, and they held quite an earnest conversation about it. I knew from their manner that there was mischief in their minds."

"Then, in God's name, what shall we do?" uttered the captain. "Their plans must be all formed, and I suppose they have made arrangements for the disposition of those in the forecabin who do not join them. Would to Heaven I knew how many of them there are."

"You have a passage between decks to the forecabin bulkhead," suggested Faulkner.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you might gain some information by listening."

"No. If Roland heads the plot—and I know he does—he would not dare to carry on his conversation upon the subject there, for the rest would hear him."

"Hark!" whispered Faulkner, as a suppressed voice at the wheel caught his ear. He bent his head out from his bunk, and caught the following words, which he knew to be from the lips of Roland.

"They're both asleep before this, Hal. You look out for the deck a few minutes while I see the boys in the forecabin."

"He's gone to the forecabin," whispered Faulkner. "Now's your chance to follow him."

"No—you had better go, Faulkner, for it may be that some one will come down to see me, and in that case our knowledge would be discovered. There's mutiny, and no mistake. You know where the passage runs between the boxes; just abaft the mainmast it takes a short turn to starboard, and follows chock down to the tanks. Slip out from your berth, and go over to where the poor supercargo used to bunk, and move that panel. It moves easier than mine does."

Faulkner lost no time in obeying the captain's directions. There were two secret communications to the hold of the ship through the cabin bulkhead, and through one of these the second mate soon made his way. Nearly half an hour elapsed ere he returned, and during that time, the captain's mind was tortured by various fearful emotions. Until the death of Russell, he had not held a suspicion of direct mutiny, and his former fears with regard to Roland had nearly been quieted, but now the suspicion had been sudden, and it was strong, even to the very certainty. A thousand little incidents came back to his mind, which, singly, had appeared as nothing,

but which now helped to solve the mystery of Gwynn's death. Wallack had medical knowledge enough to know that his supercargo had been killed with white arsenic, and he now knew that his first mate had come to his end in the same way, though the dose of the latter must have been much smaller than that which sent poor Russell to his untimely end, and its symptoms had not been so palpable.

While the captain lay thus racking his brain, Faulkner returned from his espionage, and as he crept stealthily past the foot of his bunk, Wallack fancied he could hear his heart as it beat in his bosom.

"What news?" asked the captain, almost fearing to put the question.

"We are lost—lost!" uttered Faulkner, as he clasped his hands in silent agony.

"Lost!" iterated the captain. "No, no, that cannot be. Some of them will surely help us."

"Ben Wallack," returned the mate, in a tone that made the captain's stout heart beat more quickly; "you have but one solitary friend on board the ship."

"All, all! Are they ALL against us?"

"All but poor Nat Faulkner. I have heard the whole plot, every part and parcel of it. Roland is an old slave dealer, and all the men, with the exception of four, whom he has frightened or persuaded to join him, are from St. Domingo, from whence they came in company to pick up the first ship they could meet with that suited their purpose. We are to be murdered to-morrow, and then Roland intends to run on to the coast of Benguela, and take in a load of slaves for either Brazil or Cuba. When the bloody villain first began to talk to-night, he had some thoughts of killing you, and then trying to gain me into his service, but he soon rejected the idea, and to-morrow we both die!"

"Don't give up yet," said the captain. "Some plan may be devised to thwart them in their villany."

"No, no, Wallack—there are sixteen of them, and we know not how or where to meet them. If we drink not their poison, they will yet kill us. But there is one consolation—we will die together—honest men."

"By the power of great Heaven, we will not die!" uttered Wallack, in a tone so loud that it might have proved dangerous. "My own arm is fit for half a dozen of them. No, no, Faulkner, let me think. You say Roland thought of retaining you in his piratical service?"

"Yes."

"Then I have it. I'll tell you on the watch to-night."

As the captain spoke, he heard a slight foot-fall at the companion-way, and fearing that he might be watched, he turned upon his back, laid his hand over the butt of his pistol, and fell into a low, steady snoring, which he kept up till his watch was called at midnight.

The remainder of the night passed off without disturbance. Wallack and his solitary friend carried on such conversation as they could during their watch, and in the morning, they came upon deck half an hour before the cook had prepared their breakfast. The captain walked up and down the lee side of the quarter-deck several times in a sort of angry, troubled mood, muttering stifled curses to himself, until at length he stopped before his second mate, and shaking his finger menacingly in his face, he uttered:

"Mr. Faulkner, that makes the fourth time you have, by your lubberly carelessness, torn up the paper containing my day's work. Now if you do it again, I will disrate you and put you before the mast."

"Do it as soon as you please," returned Faulkner, his face reddening with apparent anger. "You won't frighten me."

"Don't be insolent, sir."

"I am not insolent."

"You were."

"It's a He!" uttered Faulkner, actually trembling at the sound of his own words, addressed to his herculean commander.

Captain Wallack took one step forward as the word he dropped from his officer's lips, and on the next instant he dealt him a blow upon the breast that prostrated him upon the deck.

"Captain Wallack," said Faulkner, as he arose from his fall, "you will suffer for this. I will be revenged, as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

The captain made no reply, but turning quickly upon his heel, he went to his cabin. Twice did Roland start to follow him, but yet he remained on deck. There was a strange light in his eyes, as he caught the revengeful expression upon Faulkner's countenance, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he went quickly to the caboose and gave some hurried directions to the cook. After that he took two or three turns up and down the quarter-deck, and then beckoning to Faulkner, who still stood sulkily leaning against the lee rail, he walked forward to the

bites. The second mate followed his silent request, and in a moment after he passed the caboose, the cook came out and threw overboard the coffee he had prepared for breakfast. When Faulkner came up to the bites, Roland cast a furtive glance around him, and then looking fixedly into his companion's eyes, he said:

"Faulkner, have you the courage to follow up the revenge you have sworn against the captain?"

"Yes."

"But you would not dare to take his life."

"I dare to take any man's life who strikes me."

Roland's eyes sparkled as he heard this, and he then asked:

"But who would take his place in command?"

"Who?" returned Faulkner, with a perfect appearance of honest intent. "Why, who is there but you that is qualified?"

"But if I were captain, would you follow me?"

"Yes, even to the hoisting of the black flag, so that I had revenge."

Roland grasped his companion by the hand, and after gazing a moment into his face, he went on, and detailed the whole plot he had formed for taking the ship, landing the cargo on the coast of Lower Guinea, and going into the slave trade. His recital was just the same that the second mate had heard while listening at the fore-castle bulkhead, and as he concluded, he said:

"Now, Faulkner, will you join us?"

"Yes, readily; but remember, it shall be my hand that ends the life of Captain Wallack."

"Then so be it," returned Roland. "And now," he continued, "we must have the matter settled as soon as possible, for Wallack intends to touch at the Cape Verde, and we are not more than three days' sail from there at the furthest, so you must have him out of the way to-night. I want to keep away to-morrow morning and run down between St. Matthew's and Ascension."

"But, say, Roland, why have you not put Wallack out of the way before this? It seems to me if I had been in your place, I should have made quick work of it."

"So I should," replied the villain, with a peculiar meaning smile; "but you see I have been picking them off carefully. Had I known how the land laid with you, Wallack would not have been living now."

When the two men separated, it was understood that Faulkner should kill the captain during the first part of the next morning watch, and as soon as that was accomplished, they were to put the ship's head off to the southward and eastward.

Before night Captain Wallack learned the result of his own and Faulkner's stratagems of the morning, but the two had to be exceedingly careful, for Roland's eyes were open to all that passed about him, and they knew that if their deception was suspected, their death would be certain and immediate. But the most difficult part of the work was yet to be accomplished, for they had sixteen stout men to be disposed of. Faulkner had learned that five of the principal mutineers—those upon whom Roland placed the greatest dependence—were in the captain's watch, while there were some six or seven who were mere hirelings, following whatever fortune turned up for them, most of whom were stationed in the watch with their leader. Wallack's main hope was in disposing of the five leading mutineers in his own watch by some stratagem, and then despatching Roland before the watch below could come to the rescue; but whatever was done must be accomplished before midnight, as all hands would be on the alert for action as soon as the morning watch was set.

At length the captain and second mate took the first watch. Nine o'clock passed, and so did ten. Wallack paced the quarter-deck in a steady, thoughtful mood, ever and anon casting his eyes about upon the crew, most of whom were forward. The moon threw its pale beams upon the herculean frame of the captain, and a close observer might have seen the iron muscles as they worked in his powerful limbs. His countenance betrayed the varying thoughts and intense anxiety that moved within him. Five times after the bell had told that ten o'clock had passed did he walk from the wheel to the mainmast and back. At the sixth turn, just as he reached the rack in which were coiled the maintop-sail halyards, he stopped suddenly with a nervous quiver, while the flashing of his eyes and the instantaneous contraction and expansion of the muscles of the face showed that a sudden and powerful idea had shot into his mind. He quickly resumed his walk, however, and the same appearance of cool thought once more rested upon his features.

The wind was now blowing a good topgallant breeze from south-southeast, and the ship

was close hauled upon the starboard tack, and stood east half south, under single-reefed topsails and topgallant sails.

"Mr. Faulkner," said the captain, again stopping in his walk near the mainmast, at the same time motioning for his second mate to come to him.

"I have it! Watch my every motion and fall not to catch every word I utter. At the first opportunity you get, as soon as the men are all up, secure the cabin and fore-castle companion-ways, and arm yourself!"

This Wallack spoke in a hurried whisper, and then raising his voice, he said:

"Mr. Faulkner, will you go below and tell my mate that I should like to see him a moment on deck?" Then he added in a whisper: "Tell him I have business of the utmost importance."

Faulkner looked a moment into his commander's face, as if he doubted whether this order were given in earnest, but the confident, resolute countenance that met his gaze assured him, and he immediately went below to do his errand. In a few moments he returned, followed by the first mate, who had not stopped to dress himself, but came up in his simple *robe de nuit*.

"Mr. Roland," said the captain, as his mate came on deck, at the same time stepping over under the lee of the spanker, "I should not have called you had I not the most urgent necessity. If you will just step this way out of the ear-shot of Faulkner, I will tell you."

Roland stepped up to the lee rail, and leaned his back against it, while the captain stood also leaning against the rail, at the mate's left hand.

"Roland," continued he, "I am afraid Mr. Faulkner is up to some evil design."

"Ah," uttered the villain, while a peculiar sparkle shot forth from his eyes. "Perhaps he has not forgotten the blow you gave him."

"Look out, sir! Look out, Roland, or you'll be overboard!"

As Wallack uttered the first syllable of this exclamation, he placed his hand upon Roland's mouth, and with a crushing, irresistible force, he bent him back over the rail. At the same instant, he caught the mutineer by the leg, and ere the last syllable of his exclamation fell from his lips, Roland was plunged headlong into the sea. All hands on deck had heard the captain's apparent warning, but none had seen his deed.

"A man overboard!" shouted Wallack, as he sprang to the wheel and took the helm

from him who held it. "Mr. Roland is overboard! Cut away the life buoy there, one of you! Main and maintop-sail braces, both sides! Main clew-garnets and buntlines! Mr. Faulkner, rouse up all hands, quick! Let go the main tack and sheet, and clue up! Ease off the lee braces and round in to windward! Work lively, men, or we shall lose him! Haul out the spanker! Now spring to the stern davits, boys! Cut the lashings—don't stop to cast off anything!"

These orders had been given at intervals, as rapidly as they could be obeyed, and by the time all hands were up from below, the ship was hove to, with the main-top-sail to the mast. The boat was lowered from the davits and hauled under the quarter, and those who were the most anxious to save the mate, were the first to leap into it.

"Let every oar be manned!" shouted the captain, "and you'll save him yet. I can see him. He's caught the life-buoy."

The boat pulled eight oars, and with a hand at the tiller, she had nine men in her when she put off, and, as Wallack had expected, these comprised the men he most feared. Faulkner saw the whole in an instant, and, unobserved by the rest of the crew, who were too intently watching the mate, whose white shirt could every now and then be seen as he rose and fell upon the life-buoy, he sprang forward and secured the fore-castle companion-way, so that the men could not readily obtain their arms. When the boat had got nearly to where the mate was rolling about in his salt bath, the captain gradually gave the ship weather helm until the main-top-sail was filled abast. Then, as if the affair was the result of accident, he exclaimed:

"Holloe, I've let her off! Mizzen braces, boys, and we'll wear round on the other tack."

The men mistrusted not, and in a minute the mizzen-top-sail was squared.

"Belay that, and jump to the head braces. That will do—belay."

As soon as the head braces had been belayed, part of the men came aft to the main, not even yet suspecting that anything but accident had to do with the movements of the ship. The wind was now nearly astern, and of course the ship was rapidly sailing away from the boat, which had just picked up Roland and had turned to come back.

"Here, Howell," said the captain to one of the men who had stopped at the starboard main brace, "take the helm a moment. Lay aft here, all hands," he ordered, and he stop-



ped back and beckoned Faulkner to his side.

Instinctively the men obeyed his order. "Shall I keep her off, sir?" asked Howell.

"No!" thundered Captain Wallack, as he drew a heavy pistol in each hand, while Faulkner did the same. "If you move the wheel a single spoke, or leave the helm without my order, you are a dead man! Stop there!" he continued, turning to the five men who had now come aft. "The first man that moves an inch till I bid him dies on the spot! Aha, my fine fellows, you are well caught. That boat astern never will return to this ship. I threw your scoundrel leader overboard, and then I sent nine more after him. They may find the same resting place that they gave poor Gwynn and Russell! Ten of the sixteen individuals who thought to murder me have I disposed of by stratagem, but by heavens, I shall need no stratagem with the other six, for if one of you dare speak a mutinous word—ay, if you dare even look a mutinous look, that man is dead on the next instant! Walleigh, Burnham and Vaughn, step forward here."

As the captain spoke, the three men thus designated advanced from their companions, and trembling at every joint they awaited his will. A moment he looked at them as though he would have utterly annihilated them with his very gaze, and then he said:

"Tell me, my men, and mind that you tell me truly, were you frightened into this bloody mutiny, or did you join it of your own free will?"

"O, Captain Wallack," exclaimed Walleigh, as he fell upon his knees and clasped his hands, while the other two followed his example, "we were drawn to it, sir. Gwynn and Russell had both gone, when Roland threatened us if we didn't join him. As true as there is a God in heaven, we did it to save our own lives."

"And you, Howell?" said the captain, as he turned to the man at the wheel.

"Walleigh knows, sir," answered Howell, not daring to let go of the wheel, but laying his right hand upon his heart, "that I refused at first, but there were twelve of them, sir, and we couldn't help it."

"Well, my men, I believe you," returned Captain Wallack, in a frank tone, "and if you prove faithful now, I will not only forgive you, but I will never speak of your fault to your harm."

"O, God bless you, sir," ejaculated they all in a breath, and the tears of gratitude rolled

thick and fast down their weather-beaten cheeks.

"That will do—I will trust you now," said the captain, who saw that they were sincere in their protestations. "Now bring me some seizing-stuff from the long-boat, Walleigh, and we will soon dispose of Mr. Roland's two remaining companions."

The two men were bound without trouble, and placed in the long-boat for safe keeping. They begged, and they prayed, that they too, might be pardoned, but Wallack knew that fear of punishment alone actuated them, and he would not trust them.

The ship was soon got in good sailing trim, head put northeast by east, and in four days she was anchored in Funchal Road, where the two mutineers were delivered up to justice, and where Captain Wallack obtained men enough to man his ship once more for his voyage.

When the Jacob Morgan returned to the United States, Captain Wallack learned that her owners had given her up as lost. A homeward bound East Indiaman had picked up one of her boats, which was found bottom upward in the water, twelve hundred miles to the northward and westward of the Cape Verde.

The villain Roland, and his companions in guilt, had indeed met the same grave to which they had consigned poor Gwynn and Russell! They had thought to make the blue bosom of the Atlantic bear them on in their ungodly enterprise, but its rolling waves were only destined to burst open the gates of eternity, and usher their souls into the presence of Him who had crushed them in their path of sin!

#### THE ANDES.

The range of mountains called the Andes or Cordilleras extends 4300 miles along the coast of the Pacific Ocean, from the Isthmus of Panama to the Straits of Magellan. The highest peak is Sorato, in Bolivia, which has been ascertained to be 25,250 feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest peak of land in the world, with one single exception, that of Jahavah, one of the peaks of the Himalah Mountains in Asia. It is supposed by many that the Cordilleras of Mexico are, together with the Rocky Mountains, part of the chain of Andes. The highest volcanic peak in the world is that of Cotopaxi, one of the peaks of the Andes, near Chimborazo. Volcanic mountains are generally isolated, and nearly all solitary mountains are volcanic.

## MARTIN LUTHER.

A coarse, rugged, plebeian face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild amount of passionate energy and appetite! But in his dark eyes were floods of sorrow, and deepest melancholy, sweetness and mystery were all there. And often did they seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in a man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said that his words were half battles, he, when he first began to preach, suffered unheard of agony.

"O, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the vicar-general of his order, "I cannot do it! I shall die in three months. Indeed, I cannot do it."

Dr. Staupitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well, Sir Martin, if you must die, you must; but remember that they need good heads up yonder, too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die, as it happens."

So Luther preached, and lived, and he became indeed one great whirlwind of energy, to work without resting in this world; and also before he died, he wrote very many books—books in which the true man was—for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay! Look at the table-talk, for example. We see in it a little bird, having alighted at sunset on a bough of a tree that grew in Luther's garden.

Luther looked up at it and said, "That little bird, how it cowers down its wings, sleeps there so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces, and the great blue depths of immensity! Yet it fears not—it is at home. The God that made it, too, is there!" The same gentle spirit of lyrical admiration is in other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipsic in the autumn season, he breaks forth in living wonder at the fields of corn. "How it stands there," he says, "erect on its beautiful taper stem, and bending its beautiful golden head in it—the bread of man sent to him yet another year!" Such thoughts as these are as little windows, through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visible, across its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted, he might have sung—could have been beautiful like Raphael, great like Michael Angelo. As it was, the streams of energy and modesty met in his active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of his genius, one quality strongly developed might force out other qualities. Here was Luther, a savage kind of a man, as people thought him—a wild Orson

of a man—a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild torrent that went tearing down rocks and trees—and behold him speaking like a woman or child!

## THE TWINKLING OF THE STARS.

According to M. Arago, astronomers and others have failed to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the twinkling of stars on account of their failure to give an exact definition of the term scintillation. He affirms, then, that in so far as naked-eye observers of the heavens are concerned, scintillation, or twinkling, consists in very rapid fluctuations in the brightness of the stars. These changes are almost always accompanied by variations of color and certain secondary effects, which are the immediate consequences of every increase or diminution of brightness; such as considerable alterations in the apparent magnitude of the stars, and in the length of the diverging rays, which appear to issue in different directions from their centres. It has been remarked from a very early age that the phenomenon of twinkling is accompanied by a change of color. It is asserted that the name of Barakeach, given by the Arabians to the star Sirius, signifies the star of a thousand colors. M. Arago also asserts that the planets twinkle.

## DEPRECIATION OF GOLD.

Every year witnesses a recurrence in England of the fear that men of fixed money income are to be seriously troubled by a depreciation in the value of gold through its over production. The Cassandra cry this year comes from Mr. Henry Fawcett, who, in a paper read lately before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, makes the calculation that if the present yield from Australia and California continues during the next ten years, £200,000,000 of gold will have to be absorbed. After making the most ample allowances for the additional gold which would be required in consequence of the increase in wealth and population, he thought that during the next ten years not more than £80,000,000 of gold could be absorbed by Europe without a depreciation in its value. The moral of the statement was that this depreciation would fall with particular severity on persons of fixed incomes, and that it was sufficiently probable to induce every prudent man to take every precaution to obviate its consequences.

[ORIGINAL.]

## TO MY OWN LITTLE COT.

BY EVA ALICE.

In my own little cot let me live, let me die,  
With the cherished and true let the time glide away;

Softly the breezes blow,  
Gently the waters flow,  
Love ever reigneth there,  
Each hour more bright and fair;

Fresh is the mountain air, smiling the sunny sky—  
Earth's fairest, dearest spot, O, still here I would  
stay!

'Neath my own cottage shade let me pass the sweet  
hours,

Where the birds warble clear from each blossoming  
tree;

Life's not a desert drear,  
Friendship is ever dear,  
True hearts are ever bright,  
Shedding their cheerful light—

Influence sweeter far than summer's bright flowers;  
Cot where the cherished dwell, O, still there I  
would be!

What place nearer heaven than the dear sacred  
spot

Where all the bright joys cast their heavenly spell?

Where life is dutiful,  
Home there is beautiful,  
There doth contentment rest,  
Filling each gentle breast;

Whilst life on earth doth last, here, in my little cot:  
O, here I would linger, where the dearest ones  
dwell!

Soon from our circle here we, too, shall be flying,  
Leaving these earthly scenes, and dear friends that  
we love:

Many will linger here,  
For us shed the parting tear;  
Many have gone before,  
Flown to the brighter shore;

Death is the pearly gate, O, fear not when dying!  
We enter bright mansions, the Blest Cottage above.

[ORIGINAL.]

## THE PRISONER OF CABEZAS.

## A STORY OF WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

BY GEORGE L. ALKEN.

THE ruins of the old castle, of which the following legend is extant, are still standing, a dozen leagues from Seville.

Many, many years ago, when Ferdinand, Duke of Medina Sidonia, of happy memory, was viceroy, or governor, of the provinces of

Seville, the old Castle of Cabezas was used as a state's prison for offenders of rank and importance.

Towards sunset, one day in summer, the old jailor, Pacheco by name, and his pretty black-eyed daughter, Rosetta, awaited in the courtyard the return of the jailor's assistant, or turnkey.

"Fidelio not yet returned!" said the jailor, a little impatiently. "He must have been detained a long time at the forge."

"Here he comes, father," answered his daughter.

A youth, apparently not over eighteen, entered the courtyard, as she spoke. He was coarsely attired, in the fashion of the peasants of the neighborhood. A tin-box, which answered the purpose of a post-office, was suspended from a leathern belt that circled his waist. He bore a huge basket upon his back, and carried an iron chain in his hand.

There was something in the appearance of this poor boy which was ware to prolong the gaze of the passer-by. He was slight almost to fragility, but well-formed and graceful. His features were regular, his complexion a pale olive, and his curly curls were as black as ebony. A large, dark, earnest eye, fringed with long lashes, lighted up his pale face, and spoke eloquently of a mind and soul within. Some great sorrow had left its traces upon the lineaments of the prison boy.

He dropped the chain upon the pavement and sighed wearily, whilst the jailor and his daughter hastened to relieve him of his other burdens.

"My poor Fidelio," cried the jailor, with much kindness in his coarse voice, "you have labored hard to-day."

"True; I am tired," answered the boy, in tones that were strangely sweet and gentle. "I thought they would never have finished mending that chain."

"By the mass!" exclaimed Pacheco, raising the chain, and testing its strength; "the prisoners will never succeed in breaking it again. Have you the bill?"

The boy handed it to the jailor, who examined it, shaking his head with satisfaction.

"I cannot tell the reason," he pursued, "but since you have been with me, I have saved more for the six months than I did a year before."

"I do the best I can," answered the boy, modestly.

"You cannot have more zeal and intelligence," continued the jailor, "and every

day I become more attached to you. You are unknown to me; yet, ignorant of your birth and friends, still will I cherish you and give you my daughter for a wife—for I do believe you to be honest."

"How soon, dearest father?" asked the blushing Rosetta, casting a side glance at Fidello, and wondering that the intelligence did not make him as happy as herself.

"As soon as the governor returns to Seville," answered Pacheco. "He pays his monthly visit, shortly, to render an account of the prisons. Till then be patient. Your old father will pinch himself, but you shall have gold enough to purchase happiness."

"Nay, Master Pacheco," responded Fidello, quickly; "the union of two hearts is the only source of true happiness; and conjugal love—ah, that is the first of treasures! There is still, however, one which is not less precious to me; but all my efforts, I see with grief, are not able to obtain it."

"A treasure? What is it?" asked the jailor, in surprise.

"Your confidence," replied Fidello. "Forgive me this reproach. I often see you return from those dungeons exhausted with fatigue. Why will you not suffer me to accompany you? It would be grateful to me to assist your labors and partake of your fatigue."

"You know well that my orders are most strict," answered Pacheco; "and that the heaviest injunctions are laid on me not to suffer any one to accompany me in my visits."

"We must perform our duty, 'tis true," responded Fidello, sadly, and with a look of disappointment; "yet the fatigues daily experienced will one day exhaust you."

"It is certain I cannot long resist so many labors," returned Pacheco; "the governor, notwithstanding his severity, must allow me to take you in my visits to those dungeons." A sudden look of joy illuminated the face of Fidello—it was like sunlight breaking through a sombre cloud. "There is, however, one to whom (although I can confide in you) Don Basilio will never suffer you to accompany me."

"Is it the prisoner of whom we speak at times?" asked Rosetta.

"The same."

"Has he been long confined?" asked Fidello.

"Two years."

"Two years?" repeated Fidello, with visible agitation.

"He must have been a great criminal!" exclaimed Rosetta.

"Or must have had great enemies, which is the same thing," said her father. "We never could learn from whence he came, or what his name is; and often, as I conveyed him his slender pittance, he begged to speak with me. In my profession we can keep no secrets—I would not listen to him; but he will not trouble us long?"

"Why not?" demanded Fidello, with anxiety.

"Orders have been given to starve him," answered Pacheco, in a low whisper.

Fidello grew ghastly pale, and clutched at Rosetta's shoulder, as if to save himself from falling.

"For a month past," continued the jailor, "Don Basilio has ordered me to reduce his allowance. He has now but two ounces of bread, and a half measure of water in twenty-four hours—no light but the glimmer of my torch—no straw to rest his wearied head upon—his clothes are all decayed, and his appearance is misery itself."

"O, father! no more. Look at Fidello! His face is like death, and he can scarcely stand," cried Rosetta. "Do not take Fidello there. He is not accustomed to any such sights."

"No, dearest Rosetta," replied Fidello, striving to recover his composure, and forcing a smile to his lips; "but in our calling we must be familiar with terrifying objects; and I have both strength and courage."

"Right my boy!" said Pacheco; "I am pleased at your disposition. This will embolden me to ask the governor's permission for you to attend me in my visits to the dungeons."

The rolling of drums at this moment announced the appearance of the governor. He came into the courtyard, followed by a captain and a file of soldiers.

Don Basilio, Governor of Cabezas, was a short, stout man, somewhat inclined to obesity, with coarse features—marked by a look of malignity—reddish hair, and a full beard of the same color, giving him a cunning, "fox" appearance.

He made a change in the sentinels, placing new ones, and then turned to Pacheco, saying:

"Where are my despatches?"

Pacheco handed him the tin box, and Don Basilio examined its contents. One letter did not seem to please him. Let us look over his shoulder as he reads it. This is what it contained:

"I inform you that the viceroy is acquainted that the prison you command contains several victims of arbitrary power. He sets out to-morrow to examine your conduct personally. Take your precautions and endeavor, if possible, to evade his researches."

"So," mused Don Basilio, crumpling the letter in his hand, "he may know that I now hold in fetters that very San Lazar whom he thinks dead, and on whom I have such just cause for vengeance! I shall find means once more to deceive him." He referred again to the letter. "He arrives to-day—there is no time to be lost."

Don Basilio stationed a sentinel upon that part of the battlements which overlooked the Seville road, with orders to sound a trumpet at the first sight of the viceroy's carriage, which he could easily distinguish by the escort; and then bade Pacheco follow him to his private apartment.

After being closeted an hour with the governor, Pacheco rejoined Fidelio in the courtyard.

"Good news, Fidelio!" he exclaimed. "The governor has granted you permission to visit with me the secret dungeons this day."

"To-day?" echoed Fidelio, with joy.

"Yes; and we shall begin by visiting this unknown of whom we spoke. He must in one hour—die!"

"Die?"

"Die! And no vestige of his existence must remain. I at first shuddered, like you; but Don Basilio informed me the interest of the state depends upon it. And I have promised—"

"To assassinate this unhappy man?"

"No, not so. We have agreed upon this plan."

"Let me hear it."

"It is near three o'clock; the prisoners of the little pavilion are going to take the air. We will avail ourselves of that moment to descend, unperceived, into the dungeon in which that man is confined; there, without exchanging a word with him, or answering a question, we shall begin to clear the rubbish from the mouth of a deep cistern, which is near him. When our work is completed, I am to give the signal which the governor has ordered. We will then open the door to a masked person, who will perform the rest. We will afterwards ascend and divide this purse, which the governor has given me. It contains one hundred pieces of gold—fifty for

each; but it is on condition that not a word shall escape you, that the governor has permitted you to attend me."

Though the boy seemed much agitated, he consented to assist the jailor in the vile scheme against the prisoner; and when Pacheco, feeling his despondency, attempted to cheer him, he replied:

"We dare not dispute the orders of the governor, even if their import is criminal."

It was a subterranean dungeon to which the jailor and his turnkey descended—dark, slimy, noisome. The torch, which the jailor held in his hand, faintly illuminated this scene—sombre as a tomb. The stone staircase, crumbling and decayed by the damp of ages, was broken in many places, and afforded an insecure footing.

In the centre of the dungeon was a well, choked up by its own curb and detached portions of the wall. Near this well, extended at full length upon the floor, with an iron chain, massive and heavy, fastened to his waist at one end, and the other attached to a huge iron ring in the floor, lay what appeared to be a man.

The traces of humanity were almost obliterated in this victim of oppression. His garments were a mass of filthy rags. His hair and beard had grown to an inordinate length. His attenuated fingers, with their long nails, looked like the talons of a bird. He was emaciated to the last degree. Lying, as he did, upon his back, he presented more the appearance of a corpse than a living man.

"How cold it is!" said Fidelio, shivering, as they reached the dungeon floor.

"It is not surprising," answered Pacheco, "this dungeon is so deep."

Fidelio had perceived the prisoner, and, hastening to him, knelt beside him and eagerly scanned his features.

"It is he!" he murmured; and convulsive sobs shook his bosom, and the hot tears coursed freely down his cheeks.

"Come, come!" cried the jailor, impatiently; "you are too tender hearted. We have no time for pity. Assist me to remove these stones."

"He is dead!" sobbed the boy.

"That saves us a deal of trouble," responded Pacheco, advancing to the prisoner's side. "You are mistaken, Fidelio; he is only asleep."

A cry of joy burst from the boy's lips.

They now commenced their work of remov-

ing the rubbish from the well. The noise aroused the captive from his broken slumber. He raised himself upon his hands and gazed at them, recognizing the jailor.

"Are you still insensible to the voice of innocence?" he asked, plaintively. "Will you never have pity on the unfortunate San Lazar?"

"What can I do?" answered the jailor, gruffly, still continuing his work. "I but obey my orders."

"I ask of you nothing contrary to your duty," the prisoner went on to say, "but could you not tell me who commands in this fortress?"

"No harm in that," whispered Pacheco to Fidello. Then he answered: "The governor is Don Basilio."

The prisoner smiled, bitterly.

"Don Basilio, say you? I do not wonder, then, at my captivity. It is he, then, whose speculations against the state I had discovered, whose life and fame rested in my hands, who has found the means to plunge me in this abode of misery. He has obtained power over me to exercise the most cruel vengeance. You are not made to be the accomplice of an assassin. Save me, then, from this frightful dungeon!"

The jailor was strangely moved, and for a moment Fidello thought he would grant the prisoner's prayer; but he said, at length:

"No, it is impossible."

The prisoner sank back with a despairing groan, and the jailor worked on in the well; but his turnkey seemed smitten with a sudden palsy. The unhappy captive roused himself for a fresh appeal.

"If you will not break these chains," he said, "do not desert me; let not my only hope forsake me. Send to Seville; we cannot be far from it. Facing the public square stands the hotel which bears my name. Ask there for Beatrice San Lazar; let her know I still live. Inform her of the place where I am in chains, the name of the barbarous man who thus persecutes me, and she will obtain my release."

"Impossible," again answered the jailor. "I should destroy myself without serving you."

The prisoner moaned feebly.

"Since then I must end my days here," he murmured, "soften the bitterness of my sufferings; let me not expire with misery and want. The dampness of the dungeon cramps my limbs; for a whole day I have not tasted

food. O, could you feel my sufferings! For pity's sake, give me a drop of water! It is but little; do not refuse it."

Even the rough heart of Pacheco was moved by this pathetic appeal.

"All I can offer," he said, "is the remains of a bottle of wine."

"It is here!" cried Fidello, snatching it up eagerly, and carrying it to the poor captive.

The prisoner seemed startled by the sound of his voice, and gazed at him earnestly, as he took the bottle from his hand.

"Who is this youth?" he asked.

"My turnkey," answered Pacheco.

A sigh of disappointment burst from the captive's lips.

"I thought it was—" He was evidently communing with himself. "But no—I am weak—delirious—and strange fancies are in my brain."

He placed the bottle to his lips and drained its contents to the dregs. The wine seemed to inspire him with new life.

Pacheco observed that Fidello was silently weeping, and remarked upon it, conscious that his own eyes were not altogether dry.

"You also weep with me," returned the boy.

"True; that poor fellow has such a melting voice, it goes right to a man's heart." Then, in a whisper, he added: "Fidello, we may assist him now without fear, for in a few moments he will die."

The boy took a piece of bread from his pocket.

"See here; this little piece of bread, which I took for luncheon—"

"Beware, Fidello! should the governor—"

"O, do not deprive me of so great a pleasure."

"I cannot consent to this extreme imprudence."

"You said, but now, without fear we may assist him, for shortly he must die."

"Well, give it to him."

And as Fidello held the morsel of bread to the prisoner's lips, he closed upon it ravenously. His short repast ended—and it was astonishing how much that little wine and bread had recruited his exhausted strength—he passed his attenuated hand over the smooth brow of the boy, and looked eagerly in his eyes.

"No, no," he cried, with sudden animation, "this cannot be fancy—I am not mad—you are—"

The utterance of further words was checked

by a shrill whistle. Pacheco had given the signal.

A man attired as a soldier, and wearing a mask, descended the staircase.

"Is everything ready?" he asked, his voice sounding hollow and discordant beneath his mask.

"Yes," answered the jailor.

"Send that boy away."

Pacheco motioned Fidello to withdraw, and then inquired:

"Shall I unchain him?"

"No," answered the mask; and then unsheathing a dagger, he advanced upon the prisoner. But he found himself confronted by the slight form of Fidello, who exclaimed, with great determination:

"Hold! he shall not die; I will defend him."

The astonishment of the mask was equalled by that of Pacheco, and they cried out, almost simultaneously:

"Stand aside, rash boy!"

"Fidello, what do you mean?"

"He shall not die," repeated the youth, doggedly, "or I will perish with him. Pacheco, I will tell you what this means. Yes, here—even here, will I disclose all. Know that this orphan whom you have protected—this turnkey, who for six months has served you faithfully, is—a woman! a woman inspired by the holiest feeling that ever filled a human breast. In a word, behold *Beatrice San Lazar*, the WIFE of this suffering man!"

Three exclamations followed this declaration. A cry of thanksgiving from the lips of the captive, who struggled up, all chained as he was, to clasp his wife to his heart; a cry of astonishment from Pacheco; and a howl of rage from the mask.

"Do not suffer the blood of my husband to be shed by that monster," Beatrice (as we must now call her) continued, appealing to Pacheco. "Heaven has directed my steps to this abode of horrors to prevent the blackest of murders. Assist me, you whom he has chosen for his support, and obey the decrees of eternal justice!"

"Would you yield to a woman," cried the mask, furiously, "and forget at once your duty and your fortune? See who I am!"

He tore away the mask, disclosing the features of Don Basilio.

"The governor!" faltered the jailor.

There seemed to be nothing but surprises in store for the jailor that day.

"Here are an hundred pieces of gold," con-

tinued Don Basilio, knowing that cupidity was the jailor's weakness. "You know my power, my credit, my treasures—will you desert me? Separate them!"

Pacheco had little time for deliberation, for at that moment the blast of a trumpet echoed above. The viceroy was approaching. Don Basilio hastened rapidly from the dungeon, bidding Pacheco follow.

"Do not forsake us!" cried Beatrice, clinging to Pacheco, as he was going; "do not betray us to that vile assassin!"

Unheeding her entreaty, he cast her rudely off, and hastened up the stairs. The heavy door clanged to, and she heard the iron bolts shoot into their sockets. She also was a prisoner.

Had all her exertions ended in this poor result? Had she but discovered her husband, to share his captivity?

Sick, heart-oppressed and hopeless, she stole back to her husband, and lay down to die by his side. But the long-suffering captive had forgotten his sorrows in her dear presence. He raised her caressingly in his arms, forgetful of all else.

"Is it not an illusion?" he cried. "Do I hold you in these arms? This moment repays an age of sorrow. But say, for I cannot comprehend it, by what prodigy did you discover me?"

"By the eagerness which Don Basilio used, to make himself governor of this fortress," answered Beatrice, "I was assured you were confined in it. I left Seville, without imparting my project to any one, and came alone, on foot, and was admitted, under this disguise, as the turnkey of the prison, and succeeded in interesting the jailor, his daughter, and even the governor himself."

"How could you bear so many fatigues?"

"You inspired me, and my strength was inexhaustible."

"And suffer so many humiliations?"

"That I did not. Nothing is humiliating when it exalts the heart."

"Never, O, never before was the heroism of love carried to this extent!" cried San Lazar, fervently, as he pressed her to his heart.

Beatrice had her reward. She felt that if the next moment should be her last, the blessing her husband had pronounced upon her richly repaid her for all her trials and sorrows past.

The bolts grated, and the heavy door swung open.

"Hark!" whispered Beatrice, clinging im-



pulsively to that form once so powerful, but now so fearfully wasted; "they approach; these are our last moments."

"There is no hope left," returned San Lazar, with fortitude; "but in suffering death, my consolation will be to die in your arms."

There was the gleam of so many torches descending the stairs, that even this gloomy dungeon became quite light.

Foremost among the group who entered the dungeon—for there was quite a number of persons—was a man of noble presence richly attired. He was closely attended by Don Basilio and Pacheco.

"There they are, my lord," exclaimed Pacheco; "save them."

"Whom do I see?" cried San Lazar, in amazement; "Don Ferdinand?"

"Even so."

"I come to break your chains and end your misfortunes," answered the noble-looking personage, who was no other than the good Duke of Medina Sldonia, Viceroy of Seville. "Unchain this victim of persecution," he continued, turning to his attendants. "Stay; give me the keys of these unmerited fetters." The keys were placed in his hands, and, upon receiving them, he presented them to Beatrice. "It is to you, heroic woman," he proceeded, "the honor of delivering your husband is due."

And Beatrice undid the chains, and raised her husband to his feet, free once again. Who can doubt that a proud heart swelled within her bosom?

And now a strange and fearful retribution was enacted. By order of the viceroy, Don Basilio was chained in the very spot from whence San Lazar had just been removed. In vain did San Lazar and Beatrice plead for him; the viceroy was inflexible—his confidence had been too terribly abused.

They all quitted the dungeon, leaving Don Basilio to his fate. But the captivity of the detected villain was not destined to be of long duration. He went mad one night and freed himself by dashing his brains out against the ragged edge of the well.

San Lazar returned to Seville, and was re-instituted in all his former offices of trust; and he and Beatrice forgot their past sorrows in their present happiness.

The first vessel built on this continent, says the Historical Magazine, was the Virginia, of Sagadoc, which made its first voyage in 1608, from the mouth of the Kennebec to Europe.

## SLEEP.

Death from old age has been compared to falling asleep, never to awaken again in this world; and hence the transition is easy to a lucid consideration of the phenomena of sleep, "nature's soft nurse," so necessary to our existence. Death or madness must be the result of a long-continued absence of this great restorer; so felt and said Byron in his last illness. Sir Benjamin Brodie mentions the case of a gentleman who, from intense anxiety, passed six entire days without sleep. At the end of this time he became affected with illusions of such a nature that it was necessary to place him in confinement. After some time he recovered perfectly. He had never shown any signs of mental derangement before, nor had any one of his family, and he has never been similarly affected since. Those who have been subjected to cruel tortures have declared that the most intolerable was the deprivation of sleep; and as this was one of the modes of treating the unhappy old women who fell into the hands of the witchfinders, it may account for some of their illusions, and the crazy confessions they made. The sick-nurse frequently has recourse to stimulants, which indeed remove for a time the uneasiness and languor occasioned by the want of sleep. But the temporary relief is dearly purchased, and those who have recourse to alcohol on such occasions, should know that it does not create nervous power, but only enables the recipient to use up that which is left, leaving him more in need of rest than ever, when the stimulus has ceased to act.

## THE LION AND ITS YOUNG.

In bringing home food for its young, the lion has recourse to an expedient well worth the consideration of scientific men, and calculated to puzzle those who disbelieve in the magnetic power of animals. As the lair inhabited by the lioness and her young is always at a considerable distance from the Arab encampments, it would be a difficult task for the lion to carry or even drag an ox or a horse so far. To avoid this labor, he brings home a living animal. Yes, reader, incredible as it may appear, the lion possesses the power of compelling a bull to leave the herd, and can force him to precede him, in whatever direction he pleases, for a whole night, thus leading him into the most inaccessible mountains.

Ambition is but avarice, masked and walking upon stilts.

[ORIGINAL.]

## MY WIDOW.

BY N. P. DARLING.

I saw her first at the springs;  
 Ah, think you I shall ever forget  
 The glance of her soft, dark eyes  
 When sweet Jennie and I met?  
 'Twas a tender and pleasing thrill  
 When her dark curls swept my cheek,  
 And a smile played round her rosy mouth,  
 That more than words could speak.

A widow!—but young and fair;  
 And a man must be a dunce  
 To suppose that a heart that could love at all,  
 Could only love but once.  
 And she told me again and again,  
 As I pressed her to my breast,  
 That of all she had ever seen,  
 She loved me the dearest and best.

We were married next day in church,  
 And our guests were the highest ton;  
 And jewels that glittered like starry skies  
 Shone upon the bride I won.  
 But what availed her wealth?  
 I longed to be drowned in the Styx;  
 At home she'd a sad incumbrance:  
 Fine children—but gad, there was six!

[ORIGINAL.]

## A NIGHT ON MOUNT MONROE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

It was a gay party that rode out of the courtyard of the Crawford House, that beautiful August morning, equipped for the tedious ascent of Mount Washington.

The gentlemen were laughingly prophesying the speedy repentance of the ladies, when they should see how really rough and frightful the bridle path would grow by-and-by; the ladies protesting that only the gentlemen were frightened; and amid the pleasant hilarity, the weather-stained guides touched their hats to the crowd of loungers on the piazza, spoke to the little shaggy mountain horses, and the cavalcade was lost to view in the spruce and hemlock thicket which covers the first part of the Crawford bridle path.

There were but ten of the party—four ladies, and six gentlemen—besides the guides. All were mounted on the tough, rough-coated horses that are alone suited to this hard service; the gentlemen in nondescript suits of

clothing, borrowed at the hotel—the ladies in coarse riding habits and straw hats.

A few words will suffice for the introduction of the larger portion of the party. Three were family men—New York merchants, with their ladies, two were Harvard students, acquaintances of the families; one was a strange gentleman who had reached the mountains from Canada, and had been recommended by the landlord to take this opportunity of ascending in company with the others, instead of waiting, as he had proposed, till the following day, and then going up with a guide by himself.

He had been presented simply as Mr. Ridgewood of Philadelphia, and this was all his companions of to-day knew of him. His appearance was, however, in his favor. He was indisputably handsome, but there was a certain look of enmity, varied at times by something almost reckless, in the expression of his great dark eyes, that might have satisfied a close observer that Mr. Ridgewood had drunk deeply of what we call the pleasures of life, and found them but the apples of Sodom.

The other member of the party deserves more than a passing notice. A beautiful woman like Constance Leach always receives more. She was a New York belle, in her third season, chaperoned to the mountains by Mrs. Randolph, the stately lady whose iron gray horse led the cortege.

Close behind Miss Leach rode Arthur Hurst, the only one of her satellites who had followed her on her northern tour. Mr. Hurst was just let loose from Harvard—two years advanced in his legal studies—an aristocrat with wealth amply sufficient to keep up his state, and deeply in love with Miss Leach. The lady's mother favored the high bred suitor; Constance said little on the subject. Mr. Hurst was an agreeable companion—she felt no particular respect or regard for him beyond that. She was content to let him remain as her friend.

Men called her beautiful. This morning she was more than that. The keen mountain air had flushed her cheek to a more vivid crimson, and threw the loose masses of hair into ripples of ebony light. Her dark, earnest eyes glowed as she looked out over the magnificent picture opening around her, her soul stood dumb amid those altars built by the hand of the living God!

She took no part in the merry conversation going on around her—indeed, it was doubtful if she heard it. She wanted to keep silence,

and worshipful, the infinitude of grandeur in which all thought of self was lost.

The path grew rough and toilsome. The rugged brow of Mount Clinton was reached and passed. Mount Pleasant and Franklin were gained, and then they descended into the valley going between Franklin and Monroe, that twin brother of the Imperial Mount Washington.

Constance was weary of riding, and despite the protestations of the guide, she would dismount and walk awhile. Mr. Hurst dismounted also, and the two scrambled over the rocks, gathering unique mosses, and burdening themselves with bits of stones as souvenirs. Hurst soon became fatigued, and returned to his horse, but Constance begged to go on foot a little longer, it was such a relief from the unsteady seat on her pony.

Now it happened she hardly knew—she had only stepped aside over the rocks for a moment, to gather a cluster of scarlet berries that hung from the cleft side of a huge boulder; and when she looked about her, the entire party were out of sight. She was alone! She started at a swift pace, to follow them, as she thought, but it was growing strangely dark around her, and there was a cold mist over everything, like that which surges up at random from the heart of the ocean. The golden rift of sunshine that a moment before had illuminated the granite forehead of Mount Franklin, was struck out, and only a dense white vapor remained in its place.

A terrible sense of desolation swept over her, as she hurried through the almost blinding fog, stumbling over sharp stones, and bruising her flesh against unseen masses of rocks.

A sudden turn brought her face to face with some dark object, and before she uttered the scream that rose to her lips, Mr. Ridgewood addressed her.

"Harden me if I frightened you? I knew the danger you incurred in turning aside from the beaten path; for one moment, and I took the responsibility of following you. Let us go back!"

She yielded her trembling hand readily, it was so pleasant to have his companionship in this dreary gloom. On they went, always ascending, across rocks so sharp that they tore the tender feet of the lady, and over chasms so wide that she had only to submit passively while this stranger lifted her across.

For an hour they proceeded thus, but no trace of the white beetle-path appeared. All

was whirling mist, and gaunt, black, shapeless rocks. Nothing to tell that ever the foot of man had passed that way. Slowly the conviction forced itself upon the mind of Mr. Ridgewood, that it was useless to go on—they were lost! He stopped under the shelter of a great cliff, and put his travelling shawl over the shoulders of his companion.

"Miss Leach," he said, "I think you have a brave heart—can you bear to know that we are lost?"

"I have known it all along," she said, quietly. "What shall we do?"

"I judge it best to remain here until the fog clears. A single misstep in this uncertain light might send us to destruction. See?"

Even as he spoke, the spray momentarily lifted, and showed them, lying at their very feet, the black, fathomless abyss of a vast ravine filled with clouds of seething vapor. Constance shuddered and drew back.

"Men have perished on these mountains before now," she said, reflectively. "I wonder if their fate will be ours?"

"I trust not. This is the forerunner of a mountain storm, perhaps, and at this season of the year, such visitations are brief, I think. We shall have the sun out soon. We must be patient and wait."

Constance leaned back against the rock—Mr. Ridgewood stood near with folded arms. The wild desolation of the situation was terribly sublime. Below them, hundreds of fathoms away, they could hear the sullen cry of a mountain stream, all around them sounded the hollow wall of the wind in the stout trees, and afar off, over all, rose the ominous peal of thunder.

Then there fell a soundless calm. The very silence smote on the ear ten times more dreadful than the voice of the fiercest tempest. There was a blinding flash of lightning from the cloudy gulf below, accompanied by a burst of thunder almost deafening, echoed from cliff to cliff till the whole place seemed alive with the roar, and then the thick cloud swooped down, and the rain fell in a torrent.

Ridgewood sheltered Constance the best he could, but both were drenched. The shower lasted only a few moments; then rolled away in regal state with its awe-inspiring panoply of lightning and thunder, to invest some other towering cliff. But the air did not clear. It was still vapory and indistinct; and the darkness grew slowly, but surely, warning them that early night was at hand. Mr. Ridgewood sat down beside Constance, and looked at her

with a strange expression of interest. It had been long since the man's heart had suffered itself to open to kindly sympathy.

"Miss Leach," he said, "it is inevitably certain that we must remain here to-night. There seems no other way. If I could only find the path, I might bring you assistance."

She clung frantically to his hand.

"O, do not leave me! I would rather die than be left here alone! You will stay, Mr. Ridgewood?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. But I had feared my presence might be objectionable. You know nothing of me—you would prefer the uttermost solitude to my company, if you could look into all the secret sins of my past life. It may be a singular time and place for a confession of this kind, but I am impelled to tell you just how vile a man I have been, and then see if you will still ask me to stay. I was the son of poverty," he went on rapidly—"my father died while I was yet a boy, leaving my mother to my care. She loved me—I loved her with my whole soul. Only the remembrance of her sweet love has kept me from utter ruin. After awhile another love came between us. I do wrong to call it love—I should say passion. O, Isabel, Isabel! false and fair! To me she was the loveliest thing this side of heaven. For her sake I left my mother in her age, and went to a foreign land that I might win gold with which to purchase the hand already pledged to me. Five years I toiled, cheered by her letters, made happy by the thought of what was to come, and then, a rich man, I returned to my native land. Returned to find Isabel two years married, and ready to laugh at what she called our heartless flirtation. It was wicked, I knew, but then and there I cursed her, and the curse was not a vain one. To-day she is the wretched inmate of a madhouse, her husband perished by her hands, and her children blush at the mention of their mother's name. Well, after that, I plunged recklessly into dissipation. My mother was dead—died without giving me her blessing. Whom had I to live for? Little a man like me cares for the approbation of those who do not love him. I tried every excess. I drank, I gambled, I sinned deeply and darkly, but thank God! the memory of my mother kept me from wronging a single one of her sex. That, and only that, kept me back. For years I have been what the world leniently calls a 'man of fashion.' I have been flattered and caressed in society because of my wealth. Beautiful women have

smiled on me, and innocent girls would have bound their white souls unto mine, so deeply stained. Lately, I have grown restless; this kind of life is terrible. I have felt at times an almost unconquerable desire to end it off entirely, and know what comes after death. But I weary you. I have told you what I am—will you let me stay now?"

"You loved your mother—you love her still?" she said, slowly.

"Love her! My mother! a single word of hers, if she could speak to me out of heaven, would bend me to her will like a very child. My mother! but for my faith in her, I had sworn the God who made me."

Constance laid her hand on his.

"I trust the man who loved his mother, Mr. Ridgewood. I am not afraid of you. I want you to stay with me."

A strong emotion shook the frame of Guy Ridgewood. He bent down over the little soft hand, and when he lifted his face, it was wet with something besides the rain.

"Will you help me to lead a better life? If we escape from this peril alive, will you be my friend afterward?"

"Afterward, and always," she said, solemnly.

"And I—so help me Heaven, from this hour forth, will never think a thought, or do a deed, the knowledge of which would cause the cheek of Constance Leach to redden for him whom she had once called friend?"

A little silence fell between them, broken by a wild, wailing cry, coming up from the pathless wilderness below. The blood in Ridgewood's veins grew cold; once before he had heard a cry like that, the cry of the terrible caracal in the forests of Asia. There was but one other animal of that kin, the dreaded Siberian lynx, which even the well-armed hunter shrinks from attacking. These creatures were very rare, and confined almost entirely to the tangled ravines in the heart of the mountains, where they preyed upon the smaller beasts, but sometimes, driven by hunger, they had been known to ascend to the highest cliffs, and attack whatever came in their way.

Ridgewood's courage had been tried more than once in his life, and now he nerved himself for the contest. He was unarmed, his only weapon a keen pocket knife, which he drew forth and unclashed.

Constance, white as the fog itself, stood just behind him, waiting breathlessly the appearance of the unknown foe. She had but a moment of suspense. Through the gloom gleam-

ed a pair of eyes like fiery coals, and over the rocks crept the long lithe form of the lynx, swaying from side to side, lashed slowly with the cat-like tail.

Ridgewood cast one glance back at the girl, and then sprung forward just in time to save her from the clutches of the animal. He put out his arm to ward off the blow of the savage paw, and it was crushed to the elbow in the powerful jaws of the brute.

Ridgewood's nature was brave and indomitable. He had never yet yielded—he scorned to now. He closed with the lynx in a deadly embrace, and though his flesh was fearfully torn, and he was wet with his own blood, he never relaxed his efforts. Back and forth across the throat of his assailant, he drew the fatal knife. It reached the vital part at last, and with a fearful cry the monster rolled back among the rocks, dragging the man with him. There was a struggle, but it ended soon. Ridgewood had triumphed. The lynx was in the death agony.

Constance sprang to the spot, and with her feeble strength unclasped the gripe of the dying beast from the body of her deliverer. Ridgewood, faint from pain and loss of blood, could only drag himself a few feet from the scene of the conflict, and sink exhausted upon the ground.

She brought water from the hollows of the rock and bathed his forehead, she bound up his lacerated arm with her silken scarf, she held his head in her lap and besought him to rally, if only to speak to her once more.

All the night through he lay in that deadly stupor, but when the morning broke, fair and calm, the first ray of sunlight aroused him. He rose to a sitting posture and looked around; realizing but dimly his situation. The dead lynx restored his memory.

Clear and distinct, marked by the white stones that had been thrown out in its construction, he saw the bridle path, not twenty rods distant. He pointed it out to Constance.

"Save yourself," he said. "Yonder lie safety and life. For me, it matters little. You are young, beautiful, and beloved; secure your safety now, before another storm cloud sweeps down upon the mountain."

But she never moved from her old position. Smoothing back the soft hair from his forehead, she answered, steadily:

"No, I will wait to have my deliverance with you."

It came even sooner than they had dared to hope. A wild halloo from far above them

rent the air, the name of Constance, called in the voice of Mr. Hurst. She answered him back strong and clear, and a few moments later the whole party of the previous day was on the spot. Of course Constance was caressed and congratulated; and of course all the ladies admired, and exclaimed over the bravery of Mr. Ridgewood.

For themselves, they had little to tell, except the agony they had suffered on Miss Leach's account, and of the fruitless endeavors the guides had made to discover her. They had been all night at the search, assisted by the gentlemen of the party, while the ladies, under the guard of a foot traveller who had come along opportunely, proceeded to the Summit House.

A rude litter of the boughs of trees was constructed, and thus they carried Ridgewood down to the Crawford House. A surgeon stopping there dressed his wounds; but all his efforts of skill were not sufficient to ward off the fever that had already fastened upon him. That night he was in a raving delirium.

And that very night, sitting within the mountain shadows on the piazza of the hotel, Arthur Hurst asked the hand of Miss Leach in marriage, and was refused. Why, she could not have told. A week ago, she might have answered him differently—but now, there was no other course.

Three days later the party left the Mountains, but before they departed, Constance went to the sick chamber of Mr. Ridgewood. He was not able to converse much, but he hoped to see her that winter in New York. She gave him her hand to kiss, said good-by, and went away.

That winter Constance Leach went down to the wharf to see a company of friends set sail for Europe. They were on board; she stood on the quay waiting for the boat to start. Some one brushed hastily past her. The indescribable thrill that passed through her frame made her turn to look after the stranger, but it was no stranger; she saw Guy Ridgewood. His eyes met hers, he came towards her. He was dressed for travelling, and the pile of baggage near by spoke of a long absence, perhaps. He touched her extended hand.

"Will you wish me a *bon voyage*, my friend?" he asked, with agitation.

"Where are you going?"

"To the East." Something in her face must have encouraged him to speak, for he contin-

ued: "I shall never return. This whole continent is not wide enough to hold you and I, Constance Leach, unless we dwell together! I, even I have dared to love you, and as the only recompense I can make, I will put the ocean between us."

She laid her other hand on his arm.

"O, Guy," she said, "do not go! Stay with me. We will dwell together."

His fingers closed over hers, his lips murmured some low, impassioned words, lost to all ears but hers, and then the steamer sailed without him.

A week afterwards they were married. The fashionable world wondered and commented, but Constance Ridgewood cared little. She was happy in her husband's love.

To-day there is no one more esteemed, more widely known for his benevolent humanity and Christian virtues, than Guy Ridgewood; but to his wife, under God, he attributes it all.

#### JAPANESE FISHING.

During the last days of April the sea-shore was lined with natives of both sexes, who were busily engaged in catching a curious species of fish, which, it seems, visits these parts for a few days at this season of the year. The mode of catching the fish was novel and interesting. Each fisherman has a pair of decoys—that is, living fish of the same kind as the intended prey. A long line was attached to each fish, being fastened to the skin on the top of its head. The slack of this line was wound up on a piece of wood, and unrolled at the pleasure of the fisherman. Then a net was fastened to and slung between two bamboo poles, these forming the two sides of a triangle. The third side of the triangle was open, with the mouth of the net hanging beneath it, and in this state it was pushed forward into the sea. The line was now unrolled, and the decoys were sent forth into deep waters, to make friends with other members of the tribe who were still free. A sufficient time being allowed for these gay deceivers to get a congregation around them and to expatiate on the luxuries of the land, the fisherman hauls the line gently home until the decoys and their near friends, who have followed them, get into the water above his net. The net is then lifted rapidly upward out of the water, and decoys and decoyed are entangled in its meshes. The latter are taken out, and put in a basket on shore, while the former are sent to sea again in search of new friends.

—Yedo and Peking.

#### THE WOLF IN A TRAP.

When the wolf is once within a trap, he becomes the most cowardly of animals, and will permit itself to be handled without showing the least signs of animation, or attempting to resist the hand of its destroyer. The sensation of imprisonment appears to deprive it of all energy, and it sometimes happens that a trapped wolf is so entirely destitute of self-control, that it has permitted the hunter to drag it from the trap and to make it lie passively by his side, while he re-sets the trap for the occupancy of another victim. On one occasion, a pitfall trap contained two occupants, one a wolf and the other a poor old woman, who had unfortunately fallen into the pit when returning from her work. The wolf was so cowed by finding itself entrapped, that it made no attempt to injure its fellow-prisoner, but lay quietly at the bottom of the pit, and was shot in the morning by a peasant.

#### METHOD.

We are in danger of ruining our promising plans, in themselves very good, by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. "That letter may be answered to-morrow; that request of my friend may be attended to to-morrow, and he will be no loser." True, but *you* are the loser; for the yielding to one such temptation, is the signal for the yielding up the whole citadel to the enemy. "That note and that valuable fact may be recorded in my commonplace book to-morrow. True, but every such indulgence is a heavy loss to you. Every hour should be perseveringly filled up. But this is not all. It is not sufficient to take for your motto, with the immortal Grotius, "*Hora ruit*," but let it be filled up according to some plan. One day filled up according to a previous plan is worth more than a week filled up without any plan.

#### PANAMA HATS.

Guayaquil is the great depot for Panama hats, eight hundred thousand dollars worth being sold annually. The grass of which they are made, is found chiefly in the neighboring province of San Cristoval. They can be braided only in the night or early morning, as the heat in the daytime renders the grass brittle. It takes a native about three months to braid one of the finest quality, and I saw some hats which looked like fine linen, and are valued at fifty dollars apiece, even here.—*Three Years in Chili.*

[ORIGINAL.]

## BELLS.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

Bells—hear the chiming bells!  
Precious words their music tells—  
Chiming, ringing,  
Ringing, chiming:  
Morning bells are sweetly pealing  
At the daylight's first revealing.

Bells—hear the tolling bell!  
Solemn sounds its echoes tell—  
Tolling solemn,  
Solemn tolling:  
'Tis a voice that starts from slumber,  
Sadly pealing, strikes the number.

Bells—Sabbath bells are sweetly pealing!  
Their joyous notes o'er parish stealing—  
Pealing joyful,  
Joyful pealing:  
Bids the Christian's heart to praying,  
Warns the steps of all from straying.

Bells—evening bells are tapping lightly,  
Stirring tocsin greets us nightly—  
Lightly tapping,  
Tapping lightly:  
Bids us haste to cot and chamber,  
Bids to rest, and calls for slumber.

Bells—some are pealing notes of gladness,  
Others peal deep strains of sadness:  
Gladness, sadness,  
Sadness, gladness:  
All are teachers, strict in measure,  
Some of sorrow, some of pleasure.

[ORIGINAL.]

## COUSIN ROGER'S LETTER.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

It was very hard upon me that Cousin Roger should take a fancy to go into the army. Father and mother I had none; nor yet sisters. Two brothers were living far away in the West, whom I had not seen since I was a child, and whose years and attainments, as dimly known through the medium of letters, were almost a terror to me. But dear Cousin Roger was my familiar friend. He was a little older than I—just enough to put us upon the same level; for I think the feminine mind comes to maturity sooner than the masculine, I suppose upon the same principle of fitness that brings the rose to perfect

tion in a few brief summers, while stronger things, like the oak, are yet in the crude state of incomplete growth. There was a time when I patronized Cousin Roger, and held myself not a little above him; but, all at once, he took a sudden step forward, cast his boyhood behind him, and stood before me a grown man. Now I did not dare criticise his opinion, or laugh at his taste, and he became too gallant to ridicule my Latin and my girl-fashion of driving.

When the war broke out, Roger was one of the first to go. I might have known it would be so from the way he had talked all that winter when the tempest of war was brewing. But when he told me his intention, I more than half repented that I had ever fanned his patriotism by warm words, and was almost tempted to try to dissuade him from going; not that it would have been of any use, as I knew in my inmost heart, and would only have lowered me in his eyes.

You see I am not formed in a very heroic mould. Indeed, I frankly confess that I am a coward; certainly in respect of cows, dogs, fire-arms, thunder and similar terrors. In any sphere quite beyond my reach, as braving a pestilence, or in the midst of a shipwreck, I have no doubt I should be a heroine. Why should I have? My courage in those matters has never been disproved, and, of course, no one can impugn it. But my heart was overwhelmed with anxiety for Cousin Roger. It seemed impossible that he should survive the first battle. It is a mystery to me to-day that any one escapes.

Consequently, when a longer time than usual elapsed, and I did not receive a letter, I was a prey to all sorts of nervous forebodings. I imagined poor Roger lying on the terrible battle-field untended—thirsting, fainting, dying. I had no peace by day or night. And so for this reason I hesitated when I was asked to teach the school in the south district at Wrexford. It was two miles and a half to the post-office, said Mr. Cutler, the committee man.

"Dear me! that would never do. How often do you go?"

"O, every day almost; some one of the neighbors goes up, except in haying or rainy weather, and then sometimes we don't hear for a week."

Dubious prospect, certainly; but you know there is an old proverb that "beggars can't be choosers," and I think that the multitudes of applicants for every petty school are not far



from the mendicant condition. Sometime, when I have matured several valuable thoughts which have grown out of my own experience, I intend to publish a book, vindicating women's ability and right to be artisans and merchants. It will be a scathing satire upon men-milliners and other small-hearted bipeds in similar positions, and will, I hope, deserve to have an immense sale. Meantime, while my book was growing, I was glad to teach school; no, not glad, but resigned.

I accepted the school in the south district, and trusted good fortune and a kind Providence for getting Cousin Roger's letters. At least I could walk, and two miles and a half was no bugbear to such a believer in muscular development as I was.

My new home was out in the open, breezy country. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile distant, and that, by the way, was the school-house. Beyond the school-house were the rich, cultured farms that made the valley famous, dotted frequently with neat white houses. But I had chosen my home on the lonely side of the school-house, first, because it was a trifle nearer the post-office, and, second, because I had a mind to try real country solitude. You unhappy people, who spend your lives between brick walls, fancy that you go into the country because every summer you take board a few miles out of town, in one of those suburban villages which are the overflowings of the great metropolitan Babel. You are within sound of the shriek of the steam whistle, your dinner consists of city-bought meat and vegetables and fruit; the very Biddy in the kitchen wears a fashionable bonnet, and flaunts before your eyes fabrics that came from Stuart's or Hovey's. These places are delightful in their way; I am glad that cherry trees blossom, and birds build, and the grass is wet with dew of a morning less than three miles from Washington street. Yet, to know the real country, the infinite country, you must go far away where the train passes but seldom; where there are great tracts of land; where field and orchard and woodland join field and orchard and woodland, till they touch the horizon's blue rim; where people have salt meat for dinner six days in the week, and baked beans on the seventh; where they wear the fashions of three years ago, and eschew the vanities of dress; where they still believe in the C——, and think McClellan the Napoleon of the age.

It was a grand old farm-house where I was

established; just the place for a floating waif like myself to take root in and cling to. There were spacious square rooms with wide fire-places filled with sprays of asparagus and lilac blossoms, many-paned windows and broad, winding staircases; there was a garret with plenty of old-fashioned lumber—antique spinning-wheels and chairs and tables that came over with the Pilgrims. My chamber looked into the orchard, and beyond that to the pastures, and still on to where Monadnock cuts a sharp line upon the sky, and round Watatick swims under the clouds in a blue mist, like another cloud.

It was pretty to see the quaint ways of the children. I went home after the first day of school, unpacked my Shakspeare and Theodore Winthrop's last work, cut the leaves of Harper, and said to myself that I should be very happy and entirely at home here.

Saturday was the day to expect a letter from Cousin Roger. To Saturday, therefore, I looked with a good deal of impatience, and, as might have been expected, it came in due process of time. My school had but one session that day, and I resolved to walk over to the post-office in the afternoon and get my letter. With that view, I made some inquiries at the dinner-table in regard to the direction.

"Do you want to go up to the village?" asked Mrs. Cutler.

"Yes. I expect a letter," I replied.

"O, wait till to-morrow, then! We shall go to church, and the post-office is always open at noon. That's the way we always get our letters."

"O, no indeed, I thank you, but I can't wait so long as that," I said, with a kind of alarm.

Mrs. Cutler looked at me curiously. I interpreted the look, and rose from the table as soon as practicable.

It was plain enough that the family considered me a little out of my head; but I have no scruples of going counter to other persons' prejudices when it is necessary or convenient to do so, and accordingly about two o'clock I put on my hat, and started.

It was a sweet June afternoon. A few feathery white clouds were drifting over the sky, and the tall grass, bowing before the wind, grew dark and light as their shadows came and passed. The wild lupine was just spreading its purple petals, and the fragrance of the azalia came alluringly from the wayside swamp. I could not resist the temptation to load myself with flowery spoils; I lin-

gered so long that it was four o'clock when I reached the village—just the loveliest time of a summer afternoon. But where was the post-office? I had not exactly made up my mind how it should look, but certainly I saw nothing that suggested it. There was the station-house, a neat little box, painted white with brown trimmings, and looking like a large-sized bird-house, and a few dwelling-houses. After a few minutes' reflection, I decided that the proper way would be to step into the station-house and inquire.

I went in. A man sat in a chair reading a newspaper. I was taught at school that it is impolite to interrupt people who are reading, and I therefore waited, hoping it would please him to come to the end of a paragraph and look up. But he did not lift his eyes from the paper during the five minutes that I stood there. At the end of that time I said:

"Will you be good enough to tell me where the post-office is kept?"

He put his left forefinger on the newspaper, to keep the place, and pointed the right one over his shoulder. I stepped to a window and looked out.

"Do you mean in that brown house over there?"

"Yes."

I crossed the street. An unpainted wooden house with a low paling of laths, some roses inside the yard, and a huge althea bush by the door, which in August would be a blaze of beauty, but just now was a collection of dry sticks, looking like last year's pea brush—and this was the post-office. There could be no question about it, for over the door were the words in gilt letters. An old lady sat by the window mending stockings. Was it best to knock, or walk straight in? It would be proper to knock at a dwelling-house; and this was such, indubitably. On the other hand, I should feel entitled to enter the post-office unannounced; and that this was the post-office, the letters on the door testified. Finally, like any other doubtful-minded person, I compromised by stepping in and rapping at the inner door. The old lady went on with her work as unconcernedly as if there was nobody within a hundred miles. I began to think I must be mistaken. The room was like an ordinary farmer's sitting-room. But I remembered the sign, and taking courage, walked across the floor. As soon as my shadow crossed her sunshine, the old lady looked up. "Shall I ask if this is the post office?" I queried. "Nonsense!" said com-

mon sense; "you know it must be." So I said, after a preliminary "how do you do?"

"Are there any letters for Elsie May?"

The old lady shook her head doubtfully. Possibly she was deaf.

"Are there any letters for Elsie May?" I repeated, a little louder.

She looked puzzled, and said:

"I'm a little hard of hearing, my dear."

"Are there any letters for Elsie May?" I cried, my face in a glow. She didn't hear.

Again I shouted out the words. Think of screaming your own name in a tone loud enough to take the roof off!

"It seems to me you must have a very weak voice," said the old lady, reflectively.

Weak! "Elsie May" came echoing back so loudly that I was almost stunned. However, it was my only chance to get my letter, and I tried again.

"Are there any letters for Elsie May?"

It was a shriek that tore through the house and startled the swallows on the eaves. I trembled lest people should come rushing in to see what was the matter. But it was effective. The old lady's face brightened. She got up and went to the mantel-piece, and began looking over a pile of letters that lay there. I swallowed two or three times to cool my over-strained throat, and presently the old lady turned around and said:

"There's no letters here for Ansel Day, or any of her folks."

My heart sank. How could I repeat the programme? But I did, and at last the old lady, with a very positive look, said:

"O, yes; there was one, but Mr. Felix Preston took it this morning."

I was indignant.

"What right has Mr. Felix Preston with my letters?" I exclaimed. "And who is Mr. Felix Preston?"

"What did you say, my dear?" asked the old lady, blandly.

I turned away in despair, and went to the door. Looking about the house, I espied an urchin of ten years or so see-sawing upon a board stretched across the fence, in company with two smaller boys. In my anxiety and sorrow, I took him into my confidence.

"O, it's likely Aunt Milly made a mistake; she often does such things. You needn't worry; he'll bring it back when he finds it aint his'n."

"But I can't wait!" I exclaimed, almost in tears. "Where does Mr. Felix Preston live?"

"'Bout five miles from here; or p'raps

'tain't more'n four and a half. Know where Mr. Cutler lives?"

"Yes."

"O, you're the school-ma'am, aint you? Well, it's two miles from there."

I walked off homeward, thinking this was the coolest affair I had ever heard of. It was a long and weary walk home. The lupines dropped their purple banners, and looked as if they had no expectation of ever being anything again in the world; and the pink-white corollas of the azalias shrivelled up and withered away. Arrived at the pleasant, cool farmhouse, I put my flowers into a pitcher of cold water, and then imparted my grievances to Mrs. Cutler, who sat in the doorway, hulling strawberries for tea. The kind woman pitied, but could not help me.

"It's a real shame, that's a fact; and if it wasn't that the axle-tree of the wagon's broke, Mr. Cutler should harness up after tea, and take you over to Mr. Preston's. But as 'tis, I guess you'll have to wait till to-morrow."

"Why do you have such a person keep the post-office?" I asked.

"O, Aunt Milly can't do much else, and it's kind of amusement and company for her."

I went up stairs in a pet, thinking of Cousin Roger and my letter two miles off. But I repented, presently, and went down and offered to help Mrs. Cutler about the strawberries, by way of making amends. While I picked the stems off the luscious, rosy globes, a bright thought struck me.

"Mrs. Cutler, have you a side-saddle?"

"Yes, dear, but—"

"Will Mr. Cutler let me have Dobbin to ride over to Mr. Preston's?"

"Of course he'll let you have him, but bless you, Dobbin trots so hard, he will shake you all to pieces."

"I'll let him walk, then. At all events, I'd rather use his four feet, if they are awkward, than my own tired ones."

As soon as tea was over, I had Dobbin saddled and brought round. He was an ungainly beast, with protrusive ribs and angular hip bones. He evidently belonged to the pachydermata, for my applications of the whip produced not the least impression either upon his nerves or sensibilities.

He proceeded in a slow, shambling walk, and the shades of night were falling fast when I came in sight of Mr. Felix Preston's residence. I knew the place at once from the description that had been given me, and I forgot my letter for a moment in admiration of

its quiet beauty. A square, gambrelled-roofed house hiding under stately elms; slopes of green, broken by winding pathways, before it; at one end an old-fashioned garden, full of hollyhocks, petunias, four o'clocks, and such sweet but homely flowers; a porch overrun with woodbine and wild grapevine, the latter exhaling its delicious odor upon the soft, evening air. A little bird was chirping, at intervals, from an apricot tree in the yard, and far off, in the thick woods that filled the valley, the whippoor-will was reiterating his vehement song. Otherwise it was so still, you might have fancied the whole scene an unsubstantial dream. At last there came to be something almost fearful in the silence and solitude, and I drove Dobbin up to the steps of the porch and slipped down from the saddle. My knock echoed through the house. After I had repeated it twice, an old woman partly opened the door and peeped out.

"Is Mr. Preston at home?" I asked. "I should like to see him," I said, after she had replied in the affirmative.

She looked at me doubtfully. I suppose she wondered at the visit and its time.

"You will oblige me by letting me see him directly," I said. "It is growing dark, and I must be getting home."

With that, she threw the door open wider, and I followed her into a room, of which, in the dusky light, I could see nothing except that it was full of books, and of antique furniture.

I had scarcely time to think thus much, when a gentleman entered, and, after bidding me good evening, threw open the west window and let in light enough to make himself visible.

He was not young, nor yet old, wore a dressing-gown, had a gentlemanly appearance, and looked like what he was—a scholar and a recluse. I told him my errand in the most direct terms possible. He looked surprised.

"I do not know that such a letter is in my possession. My cousin, Alice Gray, left us last week, and I asked for her letters as well as my own. The post-mistress may have given me yours instead."

He went to a desk, took therefrom a package of letters, and turned to the window to look them over. Presently he smiled, selected one, and handed it to me. It was Cousin Roger's superscription.

"I am very sorry for the inconvenience it has caused you," he said. "If I had glanced at the letter, I should have discovered the

mistake; but I did not. Will you excuse my carelessness?"

I exonerated him from blame, but added:

"I think you are a strange people here in the country."

"Why?"

"To choose such an incompetent post mistress."

And I told him my adventure that afternoon, rising to go as I concluded. He laughed at my story, and glancing from the window, said:

"Is that your stud?"

"It is."

"How did you ever get here?" he asked, wonderingly.

"By dint of diligently putting one foot before the other," I replied.

"You must have been eager to get your letter."

"I was."

"Excuse me a moment."

He went out, was absent a minute, and coming back, detained me a few minutes, I scarcely knew how. Then he showed me to the door. In place of my rusty Dobbin, there stood, "all saddled and bridled," a brown, silken-maned pony, who gave a low, affectionate whinny as I patted her head and rubbed her nose upon my sleeve.

"Floy recognizes you as something akin to her," remarked Mr. Preston, as he put me into the saddle. "You love horses, I see."

Ah, yes! I stroked Floy's neck, to hide my tears. Too vividly came back the dear days at home, and the pretty pony in whose company I had cantered in happy rides with Cousin Roger.

Mr. Preston mounted a stately chestnut, and directed his stable-boy to follow with Dobbin.

"I am giving you a great deal of trouble, Mr. Preston. I could have gone home as I came; Dobbin is sure and safe, if slow."

"It is not a trouble. It would have been dark before you had reached the valley, and the road through the woods is gloomy."

It was indeed dark when we reached my home, and I found Mrs. Cutler quite anxious about me.

"You have such a dread of encountering Aunt Milly, that I will relieve you from it with pleasure, Miss May. I pass your door on my way from the post-office, every day; and I should be happy to leave your letters, if you wish," said Mr. Preston, before I bade him good night.

I thanked him, and congratulated myself upon being thus put in communication with the village. Josie Cutler came dancing to meet me.

"Ah, Miss May, you've fairly bearded the lion in his den—the Douglass in his hall!" she exclaimed. Josie had just been reading Scott.

"What do you mean, Josie?"

"Why, didn't you know Mr. Felix Preston is a bachelor? Of course you didn't suppose the old woman you saw was his wife. And he is so highly educated and fastidious and fussy, that nobody has ever been found half good enough for him. I should never have dared to go to him."

"It didn't occur to me to hesitate," I said, quietly. "I wanted my letter."

And here I ran away to read it. Cousin Roger was quite well, but, alas! in a little time more began the battles upon the Peninsula, and glad was I when, one Saturday, Mr. Preston rode up with a letter that had come all the way by express just to tell me that Roger was safe.

There were not many days, now, when I did not see Mr. Felix Preston. My correspondents suddenly became profuse in their favors, and when their warmth diminished, Mr. Preston found reasons of his own for calling. I dare say the solitude of the country was sometimes irksome to him. I had also invitations to ride Floy, with Mr. Preston's services as escort; and being dearly fond of riding, as well as of agreeable society, I readily accepted them.

One day he brought me a letter from Cousin Roger, and sat down to wait till I had read it. He expected soon to go into battle. How could he escape again? I read the letter sadly.

"Have you bad news?" said Mr. Preston.

"No. Nothing but good news."

"You look very grave over it."

"Because I do not know how soon it may be changed to ill."

He said something about the wisdom of not borrowing trouble, and then proposed a ride, that evening, to Blue Lake—a sheet of water, with charming environs, which I had not yet seen.

I assented indifferently, and Mr. Preston went away, his usual sashime apparently a little overclouded. This troubled me a little. Had I anything to do with it? Then my thoughts went back to Cousin Roger. Altogether I had a nervous, uncomfortable day,

and was glad when I turned the key in my school-room door, and bade the last wee scholar good night.

An hour before sunset, Mr. Preston rode up with Floy.

"It promises to be a beautiful evening," he said.

"Wont there be showers? Those clouds in the west are rather threatening," I returned.

"Not at present, I think. We shall have time to go to the lake and back."

We rode on in the pleasant summer evening, threaded the woody paths that wound around the lake, looked at its waveless waters a little while, and started to go home. The clouds in the west began to roll up toward the zenith—their edges dropped down upon the clear, underlying sky—torn and vapory, and having that peculiar purple tint that makes thunder clouds so beautiful and so fearful.

"How strangely still it is!" said Mr. Preston, as we rode, putting our horses to a swift pace.

"Yes. I do not like it. Don't you think there is something singularly exciting in the air? I suppose it is the electricity, but it affects me strangely."

Mr. Preston put his hand upon my bridle as we rode, and said:

"You are not looking well to day. I wish you would let me share your trouble."

I hesitated. I am accustomed to have nervous forebodings, and I am shy of speaking about them. All day I had felt as if some disaster were impending. After all, it was simply a slight disturbance of the physical system, excited, I was sure, by the thundery atmosphere. Just as I was about to say so, a chain of forked lightning leaped from the cloud before us, and seemed to enter the ground at our very feet. Simultaneously the thunder came in sharp, rattling strokes. Floy sprang madly forward; if it had not been for Mr. Preston's hand upon the bridle, I could not have controlled her. Even that did not save me, for, checked by the tense pull upon the rein, Floy wheeled abruptly, and, terrified by the lightning more than by her unruliness, I lost my hold and fell—fell under her trampling fore-feet. There was one moment of mortal terror, and then I became mercifully unconscious.

When I came to myself, the thunder was still rolling, and groups of frightened people filled the room. I was not clear, at first, where I was; but presently the face of the old woman who was busy about me, grew familiar.

Then I recognized Mr. Preston, pale and changed as he was.

"Where am I?" I whispered.

"In my library."

The doctor came in sight, just now. I had had a wonderful escape, I heard them saying about me. The doctor said I was better—a fiction, I was convinced, for I certainly was feeling worse. My poor, bruised head was full of pain, and figures swam before my eyes and assumed strange shapes.

It was a miserable night; but by mid-forenoon the next day, I was able to sit up. Once in the library, its sofa received me. Mr. Preston came in with a newspaper. He said the showers of the preceding night had been terrific.

"I don't want to hear about the showers. Tell me the news. There has been a battle, I know."

He tried to divert me, but I insisted. At last he sat down, and read me the details of the battle of South Mountain. I listened trembling. By-and-by he came upon one of those incidents of personal bravery which thrill our hearts. As the name of the soldier who lost his life in rescuing the colors of his regiment, was pronounced, I sprang up from my pillows.

"O, my Cousin Roger—my brave Cousin Roger! Now I have nobody left in the wide world."

Mr. Preston put down the paper and came to me.

"Am I nobody?—I, who love you so?" he said.

Ah! that my great joy should come to me mated with a sorrow.

"Roger! Roger!" I still cried, half-unwilling to accept the alleviation of the love that so tenderly sought me.

"It may not be true," urged Felix. But when the evening paper came in, it confirmed the fatal story.

Dear Cousin Roger! He was rescued from the unknown grave, that awaits our thousands of heroes, and laid in the green churchyard. From the windows of the library Felix and I can see the white stone glimmering in the sunshine, which tells where he died. Looking upon his face, so beautiful in death, I did not ask why it was. Our country is not shamed by the sacrifice of her bravest and best. Theirs are not wasted lives, if they are given to death by blundering generalship or official mistakes. It is we who live unworthily, if we falter in perfecting our work.

**RAISING CATTLE IN SWITZERLAND.**

In the last report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, we find an interesting chapter devoted to the breeding of cattle in Switzerland. The last statistics give the number of cattle in that ancient republic at 850,000, of which 475,000 are cows, 85,000 oxen, and 200,000 heifers. The report represents that the condition of the cattle in the Alps, notwithstanding the breed is hardy, as generally far from prosperous. But little attention is paid to stabling, and in some places, no matter how severe the weather, cattle are compelled to endure the cold in the open air; and although our Western farmers seem to think that cattle thrive best without shelter, leaving them for months exposed to the full force of the gales of sleet and snow which sweep over the prairies, we do not think that the cattle of Switzerland are improved by the exposure. But they are very knowing animals, and when the time arrives for them to migrate from the valleys to the mountains, which occurs in the spring of the year, they manifest great joy. They know that they are to move by the appearance of a bell, which always goes with them. The cows all get together, low and frisk about, recognizing the signal for the approaching migration. Their spirits are often overflowing during the march, and those left behind in the valleys often follow the rest of the herd of their own accord to the distant heights. In fine weather it is indeed a glorious life for them up there. The bear's-foot, motherwort, and the Alpine plantain, afford them wholesome and palatable feed. The sun is less scorching than down in the valleys, and there are no gad-flies to disturb the young in their midday drowse.

The report states, among other matters of interest, that cows on the mountains are thought to be more active and intelligent than those raised in the valleys. Their life is more natural and their instincts more fully developed. An animal left very much to itself is more on the watch, and shows more memory than one which is always tended. The Alpine cow knows every shrub and puddle, knows where to find the best patches of grass, the time of milking, the call of her keeper, whom she approaches with confidence, and knows when to return to the hut. She scents the approach of a storm, watches and protects her young, and is careful to avoid dangerous places. In this last, however, she does not always show judgment, as hunger will sometimes lead her too near a dangerous patch of

rich grass, and walking on loose soil, the ground sometimes gives way, and down she goes. If escape is hopeless, she drops to the ground, shuts her eyes, and gives herself up to her fate, sliding down over the precipice, or if stopped by some overhanging root, waits the cowherd's help.

One of the singular traits of the Alpine cattle is their ambition, and the strictness with which they maintain the right of precedence. The bell-cow is the strongest as well as the prettiest of the herd, and never fails to take the first place in the march, and no other ventures to step in before her. The animals next in strength, the aristocracy of the herd, follow. The bell-cow, fully conscious of her power, leads off to the shed, and has often been seen, when she has lost her rank and been deprived of her bell, to pine away with melancholy. If a new cow is added to the herd, she has a duel of horns with each of her new companions, and takes her rank according to the result of the fight. If two animals are of equal strength, the struggle is obstinate.

We have a few cattle in this country imported from Switzerland. They are represented as hardy and good milkers, and do not require near as much care as the English stock; but we always thought that the more attention cattle received, the better they paid their owners.

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**PRAYER.**

Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? you shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings rumble, their wheels sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing about to come.

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**PERSONAL THOUGHTS.**

A work or thought,  
Is what each makes it to himself, and may  
Be full of great dark meanings like the sea,  
With shoals of life rushing; or like the air,  
Benighted with the wing of the wild dove,  
Sweeping miles broad o'er the far western woods.  
With mighty glimpses of the central light:  
Or may be nothing—bodiless, spiritless.

## The Florist.

"Not useless are flowers; though made for pleasure,  
Blooming o'er fields and wave by day and night;  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
Harmless delight."

### Asalea.

This is a genus of highly ornamental shrubs, of which many species are indigenous. The only species common in the vicinity of Boston is *A. viscosa*, which may be found in abundance among the brushwood in low grounds, and is much admired for the fragrance of its flowers, which are produced in terminal, umbel-like corymbs; mostly pure white, but sometimes varying to blush or variegated; hairy and glutinous on the outside; stamens longer than the corolla, which in all the species is bell or funnel form, terminating in five unequal segments. As we advance further into the interior, thirty or forty miles, the beautiful *A. nudiflora* occasionally presents itself to the enraptured traveller, tempting him for a while to forget the objects of his journey, and admire the elegance and fragrance of its flowers. This, as well as *A. viscosa*, is called by the country people Swamp Pink, probably on account of the odor of the flowers, which has some resemblance to the garden pink. By them they are eagerly sought after, and form a conspicuous part of the decoration of the mantel-piece, in its season, the month of June. The color is commonly a fine pink, varying to a deep red, which is rare. Their beauty is much increased by the length of the thread-like stamens, being much longer than the corolla, which is naked or destitute of a calyx, from which its specific name is given, *nudiflora*, or naked-flowered.

### Amygdalus.

The Greek name for the almond. The species are fruit-trees, or ornamental trees and shrubs, much esteemed for the gay color and early appearance of their flowers.

*A. Persica plena*—Double-flowering Peach—is very beautiful in the shrubbery. The flowers are large and full, like small roses. There is a white and pink variety. Unless the trees are kept headed down, or pruned in well, they become straggling or unsightly. Particular attention should therefore be paid to this point.

*A. pumila plena*—Double Dwarf Almond. This is a beautiful dwarf shrub, loaded in the spring with its elegant flowers, resembling small roses. It is not inferior to any shrub whatever when in blossom, and makes a fine appearance in the shrubbery; easily propagated by suckers.

A most beautiful way of growing it is by budding it upon the plum stock. In this way it is much more hardy than when grown on its own roots. Thus a magnificent head may be formed, at any distance from the ground that may be desired. The Double Peach may also be budded on plum stocks, and, properly pruned, will make a great show when in flower.

### Portulacca.

Every person who has had any experience in the garden is too well acquainted with the weed Purslane, or Pursly, and would gladly see an extermination, not only of that plant, but all its kindred. It is indeed a troublesome weed; but no one should be condemned because he happens to have bad relations, nor should *Portulacca splendens*, although a splendid Purslane. In speaking of it we leave off the Purslane, and call it the Splendid Portulacca, for, were its family connections generally known, we should fear it might not receive the attention it deserves; for, truly, it is a great acquisition to the flower-garden, and no plant presents a more brilliant show than this, when planted in masses. The flowers are rosy-crimson, large and beautiful, opening with the bright morning sun. It makes a rich bed from July to October. The plant is dwarf and trailing; leaves small; about six inches high. All the other varieties have the same habit, and equally beautiful.

### Petunia.

*Petunia Phœnicia*.—An ever-blooming hardy annual, now well known, but not many years an inhabitant of our flower-gardens. Flowers purple; from June to November. *P. nictagyniflora* has large white flowers, coarser in its growth than the last, but of the same spreading habit. From these two species have been produced innumerable varieties, which can be perpetuated only by cuttings or layers, and kept in the greenhouse through the winter. Seedlings will vary essentially from the parent plant. These varieties are various shades of white, rose or light purple, beautifully veined, striped or shaded with crimson or purple, with dark throats. Single plants should be trained to a trellis or frame-work, and will grow three or four feet high. Planted in masses, they present an ever-blooming, beautiful sight. The plants are repulsive to the smell, and unpleasant to the touch, as the stems and leaves are covered with a viscid substance.

### Kerria Japonica.

Japan Globe-flower.—This is an elegant shrub, growing three or four feet high, producing a profusion of double yellow globular flowers, from June to September. The branches are bright deep green; the foliage handsome. It is a little tender in some locations, the tops being frequently killed down; but it sends up fresh shoots, which flower the same season. It is easily propagated by suckers.

### Scabiosa Atropurpurea.

Mourning Bride.—A hardy ornamental plant, suitable for the border; it may be sown any time in May, and will produce its flowers from July to October; two feet high. There is a great variety in the flowers of different plants; some of them are almost black; others a dark purple, and various shades, down to lilac; they are produced in heads.



## The Housewife.

### To make Macaroons.

These little cakes are much admired, and are a very agreeable addition to the dessert. The following is a receipt for preparing them:—To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, take four teaspoonsful of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs, and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds (remove the brown skin), and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then whisk the whites of the eggs and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil," or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin, or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

### Preparing Glue for ready use.

To any quantity of glue use common whiskey instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight and set it by for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass made in the same manner is an excellent cement for leather.

### The Queen of Puddings.

One pint of nice fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar, in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly, or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream. Is second only to ice cream, and for some seasons better.

### Mince Pies.

Take four pounds of boiled meat (a boiled beef's heart is very good), half a pound of suet, four ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of mace or nutmeg, one ounce of cloves, four pounds of raisins, one pint of molasses, one quart of brandy, and sugar enough to make quite sweet. To all the above add an equal weight (nearly twelve pounds) of tart apples chopped fine. It will keep five or six months. As used for pies from time to time, add just before baking a tablespoonful of vinegar or old cider to each pie.

### Poison Antidotes.

For oil of vitriol or aquafortis, give large doses of magnesia and water, or equal parts of soft soap and water. For oxalic acid, give magnesia, or chalk and water. For saltpetre, give an emetic of mustard and water, afterwards mucilages and small doses of laudanum. For opium or laudanum, give an emetic of mustard, and use constant motion, and, if possible, the stomach pump. For arsenic, doses of magnesia are useful, but freshly-prepared hydrated oxide of iron is best. If frost-bitten, take and rub with spirits of turpentine. For insects taken into the stomach, drink a small quantity of vinegar and salt. For corrosive sublimate, give the whites of eggs mixed with water, until free vomiting takes place.

### To preserve Grapes.

The French preserve grapes the year round, by coating the clusters with lime. The bunches are picked just before they are thoroughly ripe, and dipped in lime water of the consistency of thin cream. They are then hung up to remain. The lime coating keeps out air, and checks any tendency to decay. When wanted for the table, dip clusters into warm water to remove the lime.

### Black Ink.

One quart of soft water, four ounces nutgall, one and a half ounce gum arabic, one and a half ounce copperas. Soak the nutgall in three-fourths of the water, the gum arabic in one-half the remainder, warmed, and the copperas in the other half. Let them stand in separate vessels forty-eight hours, then mix ready for use. This ink will not spoil by freezing.

### Artificial Honey.

Infusion of slippery elm and peppermint, one pint; brown sugar, four pounds; bees' honey, one pound; cream of tartar, four drachms; essence of roses, two drachms. First dissolve the sugar in a sufficient quantity of hot water and strain it; then mix the ingredients in a kettle lined with porcelain, heat to a boiling point and stir it for a few moments.

### Rich Cream Cakes.

Three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, and half a pound of butter, stirred together till very white. Beat separately to a froth the whites and yolks of seven eggs, and add also a wineglass of brandy, a grated nutmeg, and a pound and a half of sifted flour. Just before it is baked, add half a pint of rich cream, and a pound of seeded raisins.

### Simple Way to preserve Tomatoes.

Pack them in a jar as you would pork in a barrel—a layer of tomatoes, then one of salt, and so on. If the tomatoes are large, cut them in halves. Cover the mouth of the jar closely, and the work is done. Although preserved in salt, they will be found when taken out for use to be almost as fresh as newly-gathered fruit.

## Curious Matters.

### A Mexican Amazon.

Among the Mexican prisoners brought to France was a young Indian woman, twenty-three years of age, who was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment of Zacatecas, and who, in the course of seven years, rose step by step from the ranks by her courage and talents. She followed her husband to the army, and was soon promoted to the rank of second lieutenant for her distinguished bravery. The death of her husband, killed in action, afforded her an opportunity of avenging him and of rising another step. The French defeat at Guadaloupe on the 5th of May, 1862, obtained for her the rank of lieutenant-colonel, second in command of a regiment, in which position she again greatly distinguished herself during the siege of Puebla. This singular woman handles the sword like a first-rate fencing-master, and she made herself not only respected but feared by her soldiers, who looked upon her as a supernatural being. After Ortega surrendered at discretion at Puebla she was brought to Vera Cruz, and was lodged on board the Rhone until that vessel sailed for France. Her order of embarkation mentions her rank, and gives her a right to sit at the field officers' table. She is said to be of agreeable personal appearance, although, as might be expected, rather more masculine in her ways than altogether becomes her sex.

### An imbedded Toad.

Not long since a workman engaged in laying the foundation wall of a building in Oil City, Pa., broke a piece of the rock with his hammer, when, much to his astonishment, he discovered a live toad imbedded in the solid rock. The rock was a gray sandstone, and the toad was contained in a cavity just large enough for his body. One of the hind feet was extended a short distance in the rear of his body. Just opposite this hole was another one of similar size, filled with yellow clay. These holes were not more than half an inch apart. The toad is of the ordinary size, as lively as a cricket, and of the color of the stone from which it was taken.

### Singular Incident.

In a town near Danbury, Conn., some men engaged in putting up lightning-rods, called upon a fore-handed farmer, well known in the county, and proposed to put some rods upon his buildings. He peremptorily declined the offer, saying that "if God Almighty owed him any grudge, he could destroy his property." Strange to say, that in less than a week afterwards a heavy storm passed over his premises, and a bolt descended upon his dwelling, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to any other person in the house, although there were several in it.

### A fatal Sneeze.

A very singular accident occurred lately in the Rue de Grondelle, Paris. A number of men were seated on a ladder, each passing to the other above him large stones for building purposes. One of the topmost men was seized with a violent fit of sneezing, so uncontrollable, that he dashed the stone on the man's head below, smashing out his brains, and sent him rolling into the street, dislodging on his downward way four more of the laborers.

### Bat Stories.

A French paper—*L'Abeille Cauchoise*—records the following instance of the voracity of rats, which it declares has just occurred at a farm near Yvetot: The proprietor of the farm, M. Panchout, had a pig so exceedingly fat that it could scarcely move, and was nearly always asleep. Three nights since he was awakened by hearing the squeals of the animal, and on going to the sty found that a number of rats had attacked it and eaten their way into its fat to the depth of four inches. The pig was so much injured that it was found necessary to kill it immediately. The *Journal de Rouen*, after giving the above account, mentions a circumstance which occurred to a gentleman of that town not long since:—On returning from a residence in the tropics he wished to bring back a serpent about six feet long. He accordingly put it into a large box, and along with it a number of live rats for it to kill and eat when so disposed. On opening the box, however, he found that during the passage the rats had not only eaten all the food enclosed for them, but had also devoured the serpent itself.

### A Butterfly Raid.

A correspondent of the *Mountain Messenger*, writing from Gasdiner's Point, Sierra county, California, describes a curious phenomenon which had been in progress for several days. Large quantities of brown butterflies, of full size, were passing in a constant torrent toward the north as far as the eye could reach. A similar migration was observed a few years since, followed by their return southward a month later, in a very exhausted state, apparently, as many of them strewed the ground, filling the ditches to such an extent, in some cases, as to choke up the streams. The succeeding seasons were followed by small millers and worms, which in some places destroyed almost every sign of vegetation.

### Revelations of Pompeii.

Pompeii has revealed new secrets. A late letter from Naples says that five fresh rooms have been laid open in that part of the buried city which has been uncovered this year, not far from the Forum. Among the articles discovered in these rooms were a number of pieces of bread, which must have been wrapped up in a napkin, the tissue of which is still in a perfect state of preservation.

# Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

## THE DEPTH OF SPACE.

In 1837, Professor Bessel, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance to the fixed stars, a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used, in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called a Heliometer (sun measurer). After three years of hard labor, he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials and working out the results, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to sixty-one sygin. We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 10,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us! Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; one year, then—8760 hours—gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten, gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Professor Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. All astronomers confirm the correctness of Professor Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the distance of the Milky way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way are so remote, that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars, or rather nebulae, five hundred times more remote! Now make your calculation: 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the product by 600. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can't realize it—it is too vast even for comprehension. David says, Psalm 103: 19: "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom (or government) ruleth over all."

**REASON FOR MARRYING.**—"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

## ORIGIN OF CARRIAGES.

The oldest carriages used by the ladies of England were called *whirligigotes*. These became unfashionable after Anne, daughter of Charles IV., and queen of Richard II., about the end of the fourteenth century, showed the ladies how gracefully they could ride on a side-saddle. Coaches were first known in England in the year 1530. They were introduced from Germany by the Earl of Arundel. They came into general use among the nobility in the year 1605. The celebrated Duke of Buckingham was the first who rode in a coach and six horses; to ridicule this pomp the Earl of Northumberland put eight horses to his carriage. Coaches let to hire were first established in London in 1625. There were, in all, only twenty of them kept at the principal inns. In the year 1637 there were fifty hackney coaches; in 1654 there were 200; in 1694 they were limited to 700; and in 1755 to 800.

**OUR MINERAL WEALTH.**—It is estimated that the Rocky Mountain mines will this year yield twenty millions of dollars to the national supply, and each succeeding year will greatly increase their product. In California the mining prospects were never better than now, new veins being discovered where it was formerly thought gold did not exist. The discovery of new lodes of silver and other metals is announced by every arrival from that State, while Nevada is proving rich in silver and gold over nearly her whole extent, and Arizona bids fair to rival the California of 1849.

**IMPOSTORS.**—Of all the impostors and calumniators in the world, we most despise those who entrench themselves behind church pews, and the sanctity of religion.

**THE TIME.**—Chevreau, in his history of the world, tells us that it was created the 6th September, on Friday, a little before four o'clock in the afternoon!

**ENVY.**—How can we explain the perpetuity of envy—a vice which yields no return?

## MILLIONAIRES.

What constitutes a fortune? With us, a man who possesses a capital of \$100,000 is honored with the brevet of "millionnaire." In England there are hundreds upon hundreds of private gentlemen, each with \$100,000 per annum, who are rather looked down upon as only indifferently well off, by magnates, with half a county for their territory, and the revenue of a principality for the income. We do not allude to the Marquis of Westminster, with \$2,000,000 a year, or the Dukes of Buccleugh, Portland and Devonshire, each of whom is nearly as wealthy. The curious thing is, how little the wealth of the British middle classes is made a matter of ostentation. The other day, Mr. Muntz, who had been a member of Parliament, went to his long home. He had been patentee of a new method of copper sheathing for ships, and was believed to be wealthy. His manner of living, plain, with all his comforts, never indicated vast wealth. His will was proved, and the mere personality, which is wholly irrespective of his landed estates, amounted to \$3,000,000. He left \$5000 and the use of his furnished house to his widow; \$125,000 to each of four sons; \$10,000 to a son in New Zealand; \$1,000,000 to his daughter; \$5000 to his brother (the executor); and all the rest, according to the law and fashion of English primogeniture, to his eldest son. Had so wealthy a man passed away from us, he would have been duly advertised. In England, a few lines, without any glorification, simply announce how his property was disposed of. There is no surprise whatever at a tradesman's having realized, in addition to his other wealth, the sum of \$3,000,000. In England, the least ostentation is displayed by the wealthiest. Some years ago, a friend of ours dined at a private house in Manchester, the cotton-opolis of England, and among the half a dozen of whom the company was composed, our friend, a man of letters and therefore poor, being the best dressed of the lot—one owned £5,000,000, two had £3,000,000 each, a fourth had £2,000,000, and the host, who was comparatively poor among such millionnaires, was worth about £1,000,000. Here were £14,000,000, or \$70,000,000, owned by five men, plain-spoken, plain-mannered, and plainly attired.

**POPULARITY OF PIANOS.**—In the department of the Seine, Paris, it is stated that there are 63,000 pianos out on hire.

## A GREAT ARTIST.

Nature is a great painter—and October the season for her grand annual exhibition. With all North America for her canvas, she has ample scope for breadth and graceful pencilling. And then what a palette she sets! What infinite variety and splendor in her autumnal tints! It seems as if with a muller of unapproachable power she had ground up topazes, and emeralds, and rubies, and cornellians, and amethysts, and sapphires, and lumps of lapis lazuli, and the pure yellow gold of California, to form her chromatic scale. Vain the attempt to imitate her coloring, unless we could snatch the rainbow from the evening cloud, separate its subtle dyes and manipulate them on our palettes. Let us step just out of the city limits, and glance at her handiwork. Look at that glorious sugar-maple standing forth in the sunshine. Every leaf is a masterpiece; for in every leaf there is a gradation from pale yellow to glowing crimson. And there stands a walnut, with all its foliage of beaten leaf gold. And there is a vine blazing with scarlet that no verbena can match, so reflected in the calm stream that creeps beneath it, that it seems as if the much-talked-of problem of setting a river on fire had been solved at last. Note the Indian red of the oak leaves contrasted with the bronzed hue of the cedars, and the vivid green of the white pines. See the vines trailing their purple and red glories along the gray old mossy trunks; and then, in one sweeping glance, take in the whole panorama of gloriously-tinted scenery melting into the blue ethereal distance, and blending on the horizon with the delicate sky, and you will confess that Nature is a great, an unapproachable artist.

**ACTIVE VIRTUE.**—Many a virtue is locked up, like Ginevra in the oaken chest, until it becomes a mere skeleton of itself. Virtue, like everything else, rots and wastes if not used.

**TRUTH AND ERROR.**—Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations, you cause its fall.

**CERTAINLY NOT.**—Because a man who goes into the grocery business is a grocer, it doesn't follow that a man who goes into the horse business is a hawser.

## Facts and Fancies.

### HOW TO CURE A SMOKY CHIMNEY.

A correspondent, who lives in New Hampshire, states that in those parts resides a man called Joe, a fellow noted for the tough lies which he can tell, and as a sample, relates the following:

Joe called in at Holton's one day, and found him almost choked with smoke, when he suggested, "You don't know as much about managing smoky chimneys as I do, squire, or you'd sure 'em."

"Ah," said Holton, with interest, "did you ever see a smoky chimney cured?"

"Seen a smoky chimney cured?" said old Joe. "I think I have! I had the worst one in Seaboard county once, and I cured it a little too much."

"How was that?" asked Holton.

"Why, you see," said Joe, "you see I built a little house out yonder, at Wolf Hollow, ten or twelve years ago. Jim Bush, the fellow that built the chimneys, kept blind drunk three-quarters of the time, and crazy drunk the other. I told him that I thought he'd have something wrong, but he stuck to it and finished the house.

"Well, we moved in, and built a fire next morning, to boil the tea-kettle. All the smoke came through the room and went out of the windows, no a bit went up the flues. We tried it for two or three days, and it got worse and worse. By-and-by it came on to rain, and the rain begun to come down the chimney. It put the fire out in a minute, and directly it came down by the painful. We had to get the baby off the floor as soon as we could, or it would have been drowned.

"In fifteen minutes the water stood knee deep on the floor. Then I went out and took a look. It didn't rain half so hard outside, and I pretty soon see what was the matter. The drunken cuss had put the chimney wrong end up, and it drew downwards; it gathered all the rain within a hundred yards, and poured it down by buckets full."

"Well, that was unfortunate," remarked Holton. "But what in the world did you do with the house? Surely, you never cured that chimney?"

"Didn't I, though?" answered old Joe. "Yes, I did."

"How?" asked Holton.

"Turned it the other end up," said the incorrigible, "and then you ought to have seen it draw. That was the way I cured it too much."

"Drew too much?" asked Holton.

"Well, squire, you may judge for yourself," said old Joe. "Pretty soon after we got the chimney down the other end up, I missed one of the chairs out of the room, and directly I see another of 'em shooting towards the fire-place. Next the table went, and I seen the back-log going up. Then I grabbed the old woman under one arm and the baby under tother and started; but just as I got to the door, I seen the cat going across the floor backwards, holding on with her claws to the carpet,

yelling awfully. It wasn't no tea. I just seen her going over the top of the chimney, and that was the last of her."

"Well, what did you do, then?" asked Holton. "Of course you couldn't live in such a house?"

"Couldn't I, though?" said Joe, "but I did. I put a poultice on the jamb of the fire-place, and that drew t'other way, so we had no more trouble."

That is what we call hard lying.

### RATHER COOL.

A gentleman from the country, stopping at one of our hotels, the other day, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the fair, etc. After a few minutes' conversation, the boarder drew his cigar-case, saying:

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Wall, I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him; also the one which our boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed him in his pocket, and took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, saying:

"It aint often that a man from the country runs afoul of as clever a fellow in the city as you are."

### A RICH LETTER.

A principal in one of the public schools has been sending circulars to the parents of his pupils, which, signed and returned, will authorize him to "inflict such punishment, corporally or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. The following answer proves that some of the parents are pleased with the idea:—"Dear Mr. Rattan—Your flogging circular is duly received. I hopes as to my son John you will flog him jus so often as you kin! Hens a bad boy—is John. Although I've been in habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will never learn anything—his spelling is specially ottraguously deficient. Wallup him well, sur, and you will receive my hearty thanks. Yours, Moses Spanker. P. S.—Wat accounts for John being sich a bad scoller is that he's my sun by my wif's first husband."

### MR. BROWN AND HIS HOT CORN.

In Philadelphia, policeman Brown has been accustomed to indulge o' nights in the piping hot corn and oily butter vendied by a female African on the steps of the station. Searching for a culprit, the other day, he came upon the woman in the backyard of a shanty, boiling her corn and the neighbors' dirty clothes in the same seething caldron. Being asked if that was her usual practice, the venerable Ethiopian indignantly responded:—"Why, of course. Can't afford to buy coal to bile de clo'es an' de corn separate." The dulcet strains of "hot corn" have lost their appetizing melody for policeman Brown.

## LOST THEIR BREAKFAST.

Some years since, while a party of clergymen were journeying in a stage-coach towards a conference meeting, which was held in the west of England, the brethren were compelled to stop for breakfast at an inn, for a journey of twenty miles in the morning had given them an appetite, and when the brethren drove up to the inn they were almost famished with hunger. "Now, gentlemen, just ten minutes for breakfast," said the coachman, as he entered the landlady's snug little parlor to have his own. Ten minutes! The time was short, so they must make the most of it. They rushed into the room where the breakfast was spread, and there, basking his ample person before the fire, stood a portly gentleman, dressed somewhat like a dignitary of the Church of England.

Their appetite was keener than their curiosity, so they scarcely looked at the stranger, but concentrated all their attention on the viands. Half way in the air, before the morsel had reached their lips, their hands were arrested by a sudden cry of "stop!" It was the supposed dean or bishop. "Good heavens, gentlemen!" he exclaimed; "have you so far forgotten your sacred profession as to partake of food without invoking a blessing?" The brethren looked like schoolboys detected in some flagrant fault; but before they had time to remonstrate or explain, the same voice exclaimed, in a tone which enforced obedience, "Let us pray." They instinctively sprung to their feet, and assumed the attitude of decorous devotion, while the stranger offered up a prayer which, they themselves admitted, was superior in unction and expression to those of Dr. Drawlout himself. He had only one fault, he did not know when to stop. The minutes rolled rapidly away, but the stream of fervent supplication flowed on without a break. They had a terrible struggle—the brethren had, as they closed one eye in devotion, and ogled the savory viands with the other; but whenever a hand approached, it drew back before the stern glance of the stranger, which seemed to comprehend them all. The sufferings of Tantalus were nothing to the sufferings of the deputations from the synod of Cleishmaclaver; but all things must come to an end. "Time is up, gentlemen," said the coachman, opening the door, and wiping his mouth with the air of a man who had enjoyed his breakfast. The appearance of the coachman and the sound of his familiar voice broke the spell. But there was no time to be lost; the horses were shaking their heads and pawing the ground in their impatience to start, so they had to take their seats, and turn breakfast and dinner into one. "Was that the Bishop of D——?" said one of the famished brethren. "That the Bishop of D——!" said the coachman, contemptuously. "Why, that was Lord P., the maddest wag in all the kingdom." The brethren said nothing, but chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, till they reached the next halting-

place, where they got something more substantial to chew.

## "AMONG THE HAYS."

Dropping yesterday into the counting-room of a hardware merchant, we were slightly amused at an incident showing the usefulness of the letter "Haitch," when misapplied by that class of persons born within the hearing of Bow-bells.

"I want a bill, sir," said a cockney to the proprietor.

"Whose bill?"

"Mrs. Habit's, sir."

Proprietor to entry clerk—"James, make out Mrs. Habit's bill."

"Yes, sir."

Entry clerk looks over ledger with great diligence, but can't find Mrs. Habit's name in the list of debtors. He puzzles for some minutes without avail. Cockney grows weary:

"I wish you'd please 'urry, young man."

Proprietor steps up, a little irritated, and comes to entry clerk's assistance.

"There's no such name as Habit here, sir," he says; "there must be some mistake."

Proprietor looks frowningly over the ledger, and makes up his mind that the entry clerk is correct.

"Do you know what Mrs. Habit purchased?"

"Yes, partly, for I hordered some of the things. There was a 'ickory 'andled 'ammer and a clothes 'orse sent 'ome last Tuesday."

Again the books were searched, but without avail. The proprietor was about giving up in despair of finding the account of "Mrs. Habit," when Mr. Cockney drew up and looked over his shoulder at the ledger. The mystery was then solved.

"Why, sir, no wonder you can't find it," said the cockney. "Blessed if you aint looking under the wrong letter! The name aint among the Haitches—it's among the Hays."

The leaves were further turned, and among the "Hays" was found the proper account, properly charged to Mrs. Abbott. The bill was duly made out, and the cockney paid it. He then went on his way grumbling over the stupidity of people that can't discriminate between the Haitches and the Hays.

## READING THE PAPERS.

In one of the prettiest and most enlightened towns of the Prairie State, the children were assembled one Sabbath afternoon for a Sunday-school concert. A newly-arrived clergyman being present, was invited to address them. He explained the parable of the Prodigal Son. Seizing fancy's pencil, he gave a graphic picture of the old gentleman's circumstances immediately previous to the arrival, in this manner:—"The sun had not yet sunk beneath the western horizon. There, in his easy chair, before the door, sits the aged father, reading the papers!"

## A DANISH STORY.

In the village of Ebberup, in Funen, there lived a very wealthy farmer, who had to go one day to Assens with a load of barley; so one of his neighbors, a cottager, asked leave to go along with him for the sake of fetching home some goods in the empty cart. The farmer had no objection, so the cotter followed the cart on foot, and as it was a very hot day, he pulled off his worsted stockings and wooden shoes, and stuffed them under the barley in the back of the cart. It happened to be Sunday, and they had to pass close by a church on the roadside. The man had got a little way behind the cart, so he could hear that the minister was in the pulpit. It struck him that as the farmer was driving very slow, he might as well turn in and hear a bit of the sermon; he could soon make up to the cart again. He did not like to go so far into the church that the minister could see him, so he stood inside the door. The gospel for that day was about the rich man and the beggar. Just as the traveller entered the church the minister shouted out:

"But what became of the rich man?"

The Ebberup man thought the minister was speaking to him, so he stepped forward and said:

"He drove on to Assens with a load of barley."

"No!" thundered the minister, "he went to hell."

"Mercy on us!" cried the other, running out of the church, "then I must look after my shoes and stockings!"

## A RIGID DISCIPLINARIAN.

General Mackenzie, when commander-in-chief of the Chatham (England) Division of Marines, was very rigid in his duty, and, among other regulations, would suffer no officer to be saluted on guard if out of his uniform. One day the general observed a lieutenant of marines in a plain dress; and, though he knew the young officer intimately, he called to the sentinel to turn him out. The officer appealed to the general, saying who he was. "I know you not," said the general; "turn him out!" A short time after, the general had been at a small distance from Chatham to pay a visit, and returning in the evening in a blue coat, claimed entrance at the yard gate. The sentinel demanded the countersign, which the general not knowing, desired the officer of the guard to be sent for, who proved to be the lieutenant whom the general had treated so cavalierly.

"Who are you?" inquired the officer.

"I am General Mackenzie," was the reply.

"What! without a uniform?" rejoined the lieutenant. "Turn him out! turn him out! The general would break his bones, if he knew he assumed his name!"

The general made his retreat, but the next day, inviting the young officer to breakfast, he told him "he had done his duty with very commendable exactness."

## AN OMNIBUS SCENE.

It is not many years since a young man of rather dashing exterior, and cool, assured manner, occupied a seat in an omnibus, which, having nearly its full complement of passengers, was rattling up one of our streets. There was a rather nice looking young lady on one side of the young beau, and he was evidently using the wiles and manoeuvres known in such cases to become acquainted with her. So intent was he on this pleasant occupation, that he was totally unaware of the fact that the vehicle had suddenly stopped, and the only vacant seat in the omnibus next to himself was occupied. He presently turned round, and there, looking steadily at him, and immediately by his side, was a man whom he knew too well—a creditor whom he had put off with one pretext and another, until he dreaded to meet him.

"Good day, sir. I saw you passing and stopped the omnibus. You have put me to so much trouble to find you, that I have resolved to follow you every step you take until I obtain a definite settlement of the business between us."

"Yes, it's very fine weather," remarked our young man, complacently.

"I want none of your politeness. I want my money."

"Are you? Well, I never should have thought so to look at you. Now, as for me, I can't but honey."

"Honey! Who's talking to you about honey?"

"Yes, I admire her very much. Miss, this gentleman is exactly to my taste," said Master Impudence, turning round and smilingly addressing the young lady by his side.

"Look here, mister, you can't fool me in this way! I want my money. Do you hear? My money, sir?" and the creditor spoke and looked fiercely.

"Lend you some money? Certainly—with the greatest pleasure, my dear friend," and the debtor began to fumble in his pockets.

This was too much to bear. The creditor's hand suddenly came in contact with the debtor's nose: a struggle ensued, the women screamed, the creditor's hat was knocked out of the window, the driver swore, the male passengers insisted upon both parties leaving the vehicle, the creditor got out to pick up his hat, the young miss had fainted upon the young man's shoulder—he of course could not move—the omnibus drove on, the driver swearing worse than ever, our young man was suddenly cured of his deafness, and the fierce creditor's anger may be imagined when a piece of postal currency fell at his feet just as he fished his hat out of the gutter, whilst a voice cried out:

"Put that to my credit, old fellow!"

"Figures won't lie, will they?" muttered a sly gentleman, holding on to a lamp-post. "Well, perhaps they won't lie, but I see a figure that won't stand, anyhow."



**The Wing and Feather Fever as displayed on Washington street.**



**The boarding-house keeper.**



**The female politician.**



**The wife of a shoddy contractor.**



**An escaped contraband.**



**The female lecturer.**



**The coquette.**

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